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THE RECOGNITION

OF

FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

111612

BY THE

LORD BISHOP OF RIPON.
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A. M'AUSLANE.
NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.
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JOHN BURNET, D.D.
&c., &c., &c.

There is a voice which sorrow hears,
When heavie t weigh life's galling chain,
'Tis Heaven that whispers, "Dry your tears:
The pure in heart shall meet again."

LEGGETT.

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PREFATORY NOTE.

WE are free to acknowledge that in the views we entertain of Heavenly Recognition, the feelings of the heart may sensibly affect the opinions of the intellect. The stream of the affections may mingle in with the current of reason and evidence, and give, perhaps, a strong colouring to the belief that we shall know our earthly friends when we meet them in the heavenly world. For when called to part with them here, when forced, by a stern and inevitable necessity, to bid farewell to those with whom we have held sweet converse on earth, and around whom our warmest affections are entwined, the heart cannot admit, for a moment, the sentiment *that we shall never see or know them again.* We instinctively follow them in thought to the bright regions

above, and anticipate the pleasure of ere long meeting them in the society of the blessed, and participating with them in the employments and joys of their Father's house. They are not *lost* to us, but are only *gone before;* and, with increased affection, will wait our arrival at their blissful home. As the stars are not lost when the morning sun throws his light over the firmament, but are simply invisible to our vision; so the spirits of the departed saints shine in the moral heavens, though we cannot see them with the natural eye.

To the bereaved, this volume comes to heal their wounds and soothe their anguish. It bids them hasten their preparation for a higher life, and for sweeter and holier Christian intercourse than this earth can afford.

The Editor is greatly indebted to the Authors who have, with the utmost readiness and cordiality, permitted the use of their contributions. J. W.



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Glimpses of Heaven.

Oh, talk to me of heaven! I love
To hear about my home above;
For there doth many a loved one dwell,
In light and joy ineffable.
Oh! tell me how they shine and sing,
While every harp rings echoing;
And every glad and tearless eye
Beams like the bright sun gloriously;
Tell me of that victorious palm
  Each hand in glory beareth;
Tell me of that celestial calm
  Each face in glory weareth.

Oh, happy, happy country! where
  There entereth not a sin;
And death, who keeps its portals fair,
  May never once come in.
No grief can change their day to night;
The darkness of that land is light.
Sorrow and sighing God hath sent
Far thence to endless banishment.
And never more may one dark tear
  Bedim their burning eyes,
For every one they shed while here
  In fearful agonies
Glitters a bright and dazzling gem
In their immortal diadem!

BOWLES.

Oh, happy, happy land, in thee
Shines th' unveil'd Divinity!
Shedding through each adoring breast
A holy calm, a halcyon rest;
And those blest souls whom death did sever,
Have met to mingle joys for ever.

BOWLES.

IT is natural for man to look forward with solicitude to the future circumstances of his being. The immortal spirit, which distinguishes him from all the other creatures of earth, will not be chained down to any present enjoyment. Time is too short, and earth too mean, for its desires. They were formed for eternity, and will be satisfied with nothing less than everlasting blessings. It is a serious consideration, however, that while the whole human race are conscious of feelings which bespeak their immortality, they cannot all contemplate the state beyond the grave with delight. Conscious guilt awakens present fear, and invests the future with terror. It embitters the recollections of the past, and makes them dread a dying hour as the most gloomy and eventful in their history.

But, blessed be God! this is not the universal experience of mankind. While "the wages of sin is death," and while all are transgressors, "the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord." Through faith in the Redeemer, the original sentence of condemnation is reversed, and the power of sin brought under a gradual process of reduction. This mighty principle sustains the heart amidst the complicated sorrows of time. It converts the wilderness of life into a fruitful field, or rather a lovely garden, blooming with immortality. It smooths the pillow of the dying Christian; and it will never abandon him, till, like Bunyan's pilgrim, he shall have crossed the swellings of Jordan, and the bells of the heavenly city shall have rung, and the trumpets shall have sounded, a joyous welcome to the stranger that cometh in the name of the Lord.

But where, or what is heaven? "It is beyond the blue mountains," says the Indian hunter, "and there I shall meet again with my favourite dog, and engage in the chase without weariness, and always with success." The Pagan will tell you, that at the outskirts of creation are the happy fields of Elysium, the scenes of perpetual felicity to virtuous souls. Mohammed describes, in bombastical and incredible terms, the magnificence and splendour of the seventh heavens, the paradise of Allah, in which the chief of the faithful shall be congregated at death. It would serve no good purpose, however, to collect the opinions of the different nations and tribes in regard to this matter. They have no affinity with the

statements of the Scriptures, and are therefore unworthy of particular consideration. There are other persons, whose general ideas of religion are correct, but who, on this point, seem entirely mistaken. They imagine that heaven is not a particular locality, designed as the final residence of the pious; but merely that equable and blessed state of mind to which men are brought by the spirit of holiness. But this opinion is at variance with the general intimations of the Word of God, which warrant us to consider it, not merely as a state of moral and intellectual enjoyment, but as a place, a chosen spot, selected out of the universe by Infinite Wisdom, and expressly prepared by the Redeemer for His disciples. "In my Father's house," said He, "are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go, and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." This language is in accordance with other passages, which represent the souls of believers as departing at death to be with Christ; and as continuing in a high state of conscious enjoyment, in the presence of the Lord. We cannot, indeed, form an adequate idea of disembodied spirits. We cannot tell how they subsist, or associate together, and find their happiness in the service of God. But of the fact of their existence and enjoyment, we are fully assured in the sacred writings. In like manner, we cannot tell in what district of the creation these holy spirits are convened. We cannot point out the spot where the soul, already blessed,

shall, when re-united to the resurrection-body, possess all the felicity secured by new-covenant arrangement to the righteous. But we have no doubt of its existence. We confidently regard it as the world to which we shall immediately go, when we depart from this at death; and, from the grand and interesting scenes which some spots of our world display, notwithstanding the deteriorating effects of sin, we can easily conceive that it will be glorious and satisfying, beyond human description. We cannot, indeed, look with the bodily eye on its excellencies, for this is the privilege of another and happier period of our being. But we can stand, as it were, on Pisgah, and in the visions of faith look abroad on the heavenly Canaan. We can ascend the mount of promise, and with joyful hearts contemplate our future home. We can gaze with delight on the fair panorama of the land of the blessed. We can take the telescope of revelation, and look at the "blessed hope," as it is laid out before us, in all its attractions and loveliness. We can behold and admire; and while we give glory to God for the prospect, press onwards to the full enjoyment of its blessedness.

There are various allusions by which heaven is represented to our faith. It is Mount Zion, the antitype of the earthly hill which bore Jehovah's temple, and the palace of Judah's kings; and which David celebrated, as "beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth." It is a magnificent temple, whose courts are thronged with adoring myriads, and lighted up with the beams of Jehovah's pleasure; while its arches resound with the loud

hosanna, expressing the devotion of sanctified and enraptured worshippers. It is the "green pasture," where the Saviour "feeds His flock like a shepherd, gathering the lambs with His arm, and carrying them in His bosom, and gently leading those that are with young." It is the "rich pasture," where He leads them by that living stream which flows from the throne of God, and feeds them with "the corn of heaven," the celestial manna. It is "the good fold on the high mountains of Israel," where He causes them to repose in perfect security from all their enemies. It is a paradise planted by the hand of God, where the tree of life grows in all its beautiful luxuriance, and there is nothing to tempt or to destroy. It is the "new Jerusalem," whose foundations are garnished with precious stones, and whose streets are paved with burnished gold, like transparent glass. It is "the city of the great King," whose wall is jasper, and whose pearly gates, and ample accommodations, are worthy of its Architect, the Lord of hosts. It is "the city of the living God," whose inhabitants are saints, and whose watchmen are angels that excel in strength, the first and the highest of the creatures of Jehovah,—a splendid city, that hath no need of the sun to shine in it, nor of the moon to enlighten it, for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the light thereof. It is a kingdom of vast extent and illimitable power, having Jesus Christ the blessed and only Potentate for its sovereign,—a kingdom, comprehending all the myriads of the redeemed,—a kingdom, all-glorious and happy, where the subjects have all

been warriors in their day, but now are conquerors, and more than conquerors through Christ,—a kingdom, where the "crowns" and the "palms" of the inhabitants are expressive of their triumph, and of the immortal blessedness and honour in which they have been enthroned,—a kingdom, that can experience neither change, nor revolution, nor decay, because the eternal God fills it with His presence, and upholds it by His power.

By such metaphors is the place of our future rest described. In their separate and individual form, they represent heaven as worthy of our fondest anticipation and desire. When gathered together, they convey a full idea of its importance, as distinguished, not merely by the absence of evil, but by the presence and enjoyment of all that is good. Here we live as in a vale of tears; but there every cause of weeping is excluded. Here there are pains and sorrows in succession; but there, there is superlative and everlasting blessedness. And how shall we duly estimate such a state? Would we consider it a high privilege to be established in a locality where the evils of earth, the natural products of sin, are unknown? Would we esteem it a blessing of indescribable magnitude, to be entirely released from every physical and mental evil? What would we think of a world where there is no night, no "natural night," with its damp and its cold, its darkness, and dreariness, and dangers,—where there is no "moral night," with its ignorance and error, its guilt and its fears, its wickedness and woe,—where there is no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall

there be any more pain,—where there are no tears, because God has, with His own hand, wiped them all away? Would it not be ground of sincerest congratulation and triumph, could we speak of our future lot only in such negative terms? What then shall we think of heaven, where there is blessedness in the most emphatic sense of the expression! There, all is one eternal day, a high Sabbath-day, joy instead of sorrow, smiles instead of tears, joy unspeakable and full of glory. Every thought and every feeling shall be raised to ecstasy, for heaven is the very perfection of pleasure.

It would be vain, however, to attempt a particular description of the "inheritance of the saints in light." "It doth not yet appear what we shall be;" and yet we are not altogether ignorant. We shall be like the Saviour, when He comes for judgment; and our portion shall be complete, including every ingredient that can constitute the perfection and happiness of creatures. The place of the believer's rest exhibits the most attractive external magnificence, for it is "the heaven of heavens," "the habitation of God's glory." But it has a moral excellence that is lovelier and more attractive still. There, in the best and happiest of all worlds, "the pure in heart see God." They dwell in the presence of that mighty One, who alone can satisfy their most extended desires. They are furnished with every moral and mental attainment suited to their high position in glory. Their pious and devotional feelings have reached perfection. They live in the exercise of the purest love. They are without

spot before the throne of God, and serve Him night and day in His temple. They are secured in the possession of holiness, and satisfied with those pleasures which are at God's right hand for evermore.

In the present state, sin has debased and injured the whole mental constitution. It has alienated man from his God; and its invariable tendency is to hinder our spiritual improvement and joy, even when the heart is brought under the operation of grace. But, in heaven, we shall be freed from every tempting and destructive influence. All our imperfections shall be removed. Our minds shall be enlarged and illuminated in accordance with the sphere we are to occupy. The vail that now obscures our vision shall be drawn aside, and we shall look abroad without interruption on all the ways and wonders of the Almighty. A flood of light shall be thrown around all that was dark and unintelligible. The clouds which now encompass us, especially in afflictive seasons, shall be dissipated; and the whole scheme of providential dispensations shall exhibit a perfection worthy of God. The plan of redeeming grace shall shine gloriously, in all its ineffable splendour. Adoring reverence will occupy the mind in reference to all that was wrapt up in mystery; and, while the love of the Redeemer, and the consequences of His atonement, will be better understood, a new tone will be given to the grateful feelings of the ransomed, and a louder and sweeter note added to their anthem of praise. Eternity shall be to them one glorious period of satisfaction and

triumph, which none but the glorified themselves can describe.

There is another feature in the character of heaven that may be noticed,—namely, its social happiness. Already may you look abroad on the heavenly society; and what an interesting sight meets your eye! Thrones and dominions, principalities and powers, angels and archangels, seraphim and cherubim, are there. The wisest and the best of every generation of mankind are there convened. All who in their day were "the lights of the world," and "the salt of the earth," the master spirits of every age and nation, are gathered there in the social enjoyment of perfect purity and peace. Patriarchs have met with prophets in a common portion of joy; and are associated with apostles, and evangelists, in the reward of godliness. The first martyr is there, and all who in subsequent times loved not their lives even unto the death, when they had the truths of God to maintain. Enoch and Elijah, who ascended to heaven without passing through the valley of the shadow of death, have there met together; and are now associated with believing souls, that were yesterday, or during the last hour, conveyed to their eternal home. Your own departed Christian friends are there,—those friends who shared with you the comforts of life,—who sympathised with you in your sorrows,—who knelt with you at the same family altar,—who sat down with you at the same communion-table,—and who, when the hour of your own departure shall have come, may be the first to hail your emancipated spirit, and welcome you to the

abiding scene of their joys. What an illustrious society! What a noble convention! What a joyous throng! As the ransomed of the Lord they have returned to Zion, and there is not one sin or one grief among them all. While many of them shone, like leading stars, among their compeers in the Church on earth, the humblest of them shine like the brightness of the sun, in the kingdom of their Father. Whatever might be the strength of their faith, they are all perfected in holiness, and placed beyond the possibility of even sinning and suffering again. While they have been gathered together from every clime, and throughout successive generations, they are all united in Jesus Christ; and however different might be some of their views and feelings on earth, they now see eye to eye, and thought precisely corresponds to thought, because they are equally light in the Lord. They have now one heart, and one song—a new song—a joyous song—which shall be for ever chanted by the ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands of the redeemed, without one jarring, discordant note: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing!"

Yes, Christian, all this is awaiting you hereafter. This is your final portion of grace; and, in the meantime, you may contemplate it with believing expectation and desire. Are our hearts gladdened when the Lord's-day comes, and we are invited to take our part in the services of the sanctuary? Is it pleasing to throng the courts of Zion,

where God has promised to enrich His people with His blessing? Do we account it a privilege to hold fellowship with those who, in Jehovah's temple, are all talking of His glory? Do we value the interchange of Christian sentiment, and tender affection in the house of God, beyond all the courtesies and suavities of life? Are we delighted when, amidst the ordinances of the Church, we feel like the enraptured Peter on Mount Tabor, that it is good to be with the Lord? Are we animated and encouraged, when our souls are satisfied with the provisions of grace, and refreshed, like the herbage of the field that has been plentifully covered with the dewdrops of the morning? Are we cheered, and elevated by the songs of salvation, as they ascend from our worshipping assemblies to the throne of God? Can we say of the Redeemer, even when contemplated by us through the dim medium of ordinances, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His,—He is the chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely?" Oh, what shall we think of heaven! What shall we say of the upper temple! How shall we prize the everlasting Sabbath! How shall we value its services and joys! With what elevated affections shall we mingle with our glorified brethren in the Lord! How rapturously shall we listen to the harpers around the throne! With what ecstatic delight shall we hear, and join in the full chorus, as the swelling, thrilling notes of praise, like the sound of mighty thunderings, or the voice of many waters, and yet with a symphony worthy of the heaven of heavens! With what intense emotions of wonder, and gratitude,

and delight, shall we gaze on the illustrious Sufferer of Gethsemane and Calvary, wearing our nature, and constituting the joy and the glory of the redeemed! There is something of heaven in such a prospect of heaven. May God prepare us all for the full enjoyment!

Rejoice, Christian, rejoice in your future home. The blessings prepared for you are perfect and everlasting: and oh! what is there in the present world of which this may be affirmed? Your choicest earthly delights are transient like the tender flower, blooming to-day, and to-morrow withered and gone. The health that is apparently most confirmed will decline. The greatest strength will speedily change into weakness and decay. The highest and apparently best secured honours will depart like a faithless friend. The most abundant riches will fail, and leave the man who had his only portion in them poor and comfortless. But it is otherwise with heaven. There all is eternal as the being of the Almighty. External violence cannot break its repose, and there is nothing within itself to hinder or to terminate its blessedness. Could you number the stars that sparkle in the firmament, or count the sands along the shores of every sea,—could you tell the leaves of all the fields and forests on the globe,—could you calculate the particles of light that emanate from the sun, or compute the atoms which compose the universe,—could you add the whole together, and multiply them by the number of the angelic hosts, or of human beings that shall have existed, from Adam to the last born child at the time of the Saviour's

advent to judgment, still you would not have numbered, and you never can number the years of the glorified righteous, the period of the rest that remaineth for the people of God! The sun of their glory shall never set. God is the portion of their souls, and with Him there is neither variableness nor shadow of turning.

Blow on, then, blow on, ye stormy winds of life! and howl, ye raging tempests! the Christian shall escape your fury. There is a refuge for him: a safe asylum where sin and suffering shall trouble him no more! There is a blessed scene

> "Where seraphs gather immortality
> On Life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God!"

There is a glorious world where

> —"Golden joys, ambrosial, clustering glow
> In God's full beam, and ripen for the just,
> Where momentary ages are no more!
> Where time, and pain, and chance, and death expire!"

"Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away!" (Rev. xxi. 3, 4.)

DEATH.

Translated from the French of Dr Cæsar Malan, by Mrs Gother Mann.



O—call it not to die;
To close the eye on earth's uncertain light,
Its misty air and overclouded sky,
To open on a world where all is bright.

No—call it not to die;
To pass the threshold of that region blest,
Stain'd by no tear, polluted by no sigh,
Wherein the weary find eternal rest.

No—call it not to die;
Lamb, lost and lonely! whom the Shepherd's hand
Leads from drear wastes, and herbage scant and dry,
To the green pastures of the better land.

No—call it not to die;
Sad mourner! sever'd from thy heart's best friend,
When Jesus' hand rejoins the broken tie,
In that fair home where friendship knows no end.

No—call it not to die;
Soul, summon'd by thy Saviour to His breast!
There throughout all eternity to lie
Supremely and unutterably blest!

HEAVEN



HEARD the voice of harpers harping sweetly
On harps of gold.
I saw a crystal river, calmly, widely
Its waters roll'd.

I caught the flash of turrets wrapt in splendour
Of sunless light,
Like to a star most lustrous, shedding glory
Out of the night.

I dream'd of lands Elysian, emerald islands
In shining seas;
Soft perfumes wafted by sweet whispering breezes
From fadeless trees.

I saw the ranks of angels, silver-pinion'd
And golden-crown'd;
Swift radiant forms, that like a sunbeam passing
Touch'd the bright ground.

I saw the ancient Worthies, heroes saintly,
Resting in calm,
Clad in white robes, out of great tribulation
Bearing the palm.

I saw a King in beauty cloud-encircled,
Shrouded in light;
The likeness of a throne, a sea of glory
Dazzling all sight.

A voice as of great waters—myriads falling
Low on the sod:
A silence—harps struck louder—seraphs singing
"Glory to God!"

JERUSALEM.



ERUSALEM, thou city fair and high,
Would God I were in thee!
My longing heart fain, fain to thee would fly.
It will not stay with me.
Far over vale and mountain,
Far over field and plain,
It hastes to seek its Fountain,
And quit this world of pain.

Oh, happy day! and yet far happier hour,
When wilt thou come at last?
When, fearless, to my Father's love and power,
Whose promise standeth fast,
My soul I gladly render;
For surely will His hand
Lead her with guidance tender,
To heaven her fatherland?

A moment's space, and gently, wondrously,
Released from earthly ties,
The fiery chariot bears her up to Thee
Through all these lower skies
To yonder shining regions;
While down to meet her come
The blessed angel legions,
And bid her welcome home.

J. M. Meyfait, 1634.

Departed Friends in Heaven.

BY THE

REV. JOHN BURNET.

Departed, say we? is it
  Departed, or come nigh?
Dear friends in Christ more visit
  Than leave us when they die.
What thin vail still may hide them,
  Some little sickness rends,
And, lo! we stand beside them—
  Are they *departed* friends?

Their dews on Zion mountain
  Our Hermon hills bedew;
Their river from the fountain
  Flows down to meet us too.
The oil on the head, and under,
  Down to the skirts hath run;
And though we seem asunder,
  We still in Christ are one.

The many tides of ocean
  Are one vast tidal wave,
That sweeps in landward motion
  On pearl coast and dark cave.
And life from Christ outflowing
  Is one wave evermore,
To earth's dark borders going,
  Or heaven's bright pearly shore.

Hail, perfected immortals!
  Even now we bid you hail!
We at the blood-stain'd portals,
  And *ye* within the vail!
The thin cloud-vail between us
  Is mere dissolving breath;
One heavens surround and screen us,
  And where art thou—O death?

Rev. W. B. ROBERTSON, Irvine.

I count the hope no day-dream of the mind,
No vision fair of transitory hue;
The souls of those whom once on earth we knew,
And loved, and walk'd with in communion kind,
Departed hence, again in heaven to find.

BISHOP MANT.

I HAVE at all times preferred following our friends into their enjoyments, to dwelling upon our separation from them. The separation of every one of us from the circles in which we respectively move, is certain. It is fixed by the ordinance of Heaven; it is a part of the will and the arrangement of God; it is illustrated by the history of all the families, of all the nations, and of all the ages upon the earth. Why, then, should we be surprised, when that which is the known purpose of God, and the known doom of all men, has actually taken place? Should we not rather follow our friends into the immortality into which they have gone, than dwell on their separation from us?

Were they taken away from us, never to be restored; were they taken away from us, under circumstances that

would lead us to conclude them lost, we might then dwell with inconsolable affliction upon the separation. But when we follow them to "the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven;" when we follow them to "the spirits of just men made perfect," and "an innumerable company of angels;" when we look to the decaying body casting off its connexion with the spirit it has encumbered, and when we look to that spirit set free, with all its faculties enlarged and enlightened; when we look to the sanctity of those who have departed as complete, and see them mingling with kindred spirits before the Father's throne; if we really believe what we read, if we really believe what we profess, we must exult with them in their joy, and have a fellowship with them in their triumph. Never were they complete before, in that freedom of soul from the power and the dominion of iniquity, by which all on earth are enthralled; never did they before taste the real sweets of that gospel, on which they rested, in this imperfect condition of their Christian profession; never before did they experience the full vigour of their faculties, the full grasp of their intellect, the full power of sanctified affection and of boundless love; never did they before know the real efficacy of the right working of their mental constitution; and never, until they lost sight of the clouds and the shadows below, and soared to the brightness and the glory of their Father's house, did they understand the testimony of the word of truth —"God is light, and in him is no darkness at all."

And if the entrance of the people of God into His own kingdom be thus an entrance of freedom and enlargement; if it be an entrance of light and joy; if it be an entrance of spiritual power and moral vigour; where is the tear that should not be dried up, when we contemplate so high, so pure, so holy, so exalted a destiny? If we are made for the enjoyment of God, this is the consummation of our nature; if we received our powers and faculties that we might enjoy Him, this is the very moment when we have first come to their right and vigorous occupation.

Think of the arrival of a spirit within the confines of that "House," in which "there are many mansions." Think of the spirits of the just made perfect, that become its immediate companions. Think of the prophets, and the kings, and the righteous men of old, that desired to see Messiah's day. Think of the patriarchs that preceded them, and anticipated the coming of a bright period, only a glimpse of the glory of which had been vouchsafed unto them. Think of sitting down with Isaiah in the kingdom of glory and of God, and recounting with him the accomplishment of the predictions, which, when—

"Rapt into future times,"——

enabled him to scan the days of the Son of man. Think of sitting down with Daniel, to recast his numbers, and apply heaven's own light to heaven's own arithmetic, for the carrying out of what yet remains of the grand

purposes of the Ancient of days. Think of sitting down with Malachi, who came to the very verge of prophecy in the anticipation of the revealed will of God in the person of His Son, and congratulating Him on "the fulness of time" that afterwards followed, indicated not merely by the recollection that Christ came upon the earth, but by the great fact that He is there, the grand object of worship in heaven. Think of meeting with the disciples of the Lord himself, relieved from all their darkness, their uncertainty, their perplexities and their doubts, by which they were so often bewildered, even under the tuition of their Master upon earth; and seeing them seated upon the throne with Him, having with Him "overcome." And reflect too upon the "innumerable company of angels," intermingling with this host of worthies, of whom the earth was *not* worthy, but who have now taken their place among the worthies of heaven. Let me ask, are these "the true sayings of God?" Are they imaginations of mine? They are not; they are the plain declarations of Scripture; they are involved in the straightforward statement of the apostle. "Ye are come to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to the spirits of just men made perfect." Then, if this is the condition of our friends who depart in the Lord, where is the foundation for our grief?

It lies, I allow, in the mere fact of our separation: the breaking up of a long acquaintanceship, the cessation of

a long communion, the close of many loved recollections, that are never to return on this side the grave. We grant, that upon these grounds nature may feel, and grace does not forbid the feeling; but whilst we thus feel, we must still remember, that the true ground of our grief has no relation to the parties that have departed, nor has it any relation (if we indulge the same hopes and rest on the same foundation) to our future condition in reference to them. We only wait to join this high, this holy company; we only wait to relieve ourselves from our littleness, to become thus great; we only wait to be delivered from our darkness, thus to become "light in the Lord;" we only wait to be delivered from our present corruptions, that we may enter into the unbroken purity of the rest that "remains to the people of God." The fellowship of the just is a fellowship only begun upon earth; but it is carried out into all the realities of the communion of heaven.

If we find this to be the nature of the arrival of our friends who "die in the Lord," in our Father's house, we have to consider their employments. How are the people of God to be engaged? We have seen their glory, their fellowship, their joy; what is to be their avocation?

Little do we think of the nature of the employment of heaven, when we look to heaven merely as a place of escape from the wrath that is to come. No; heaven is not a prison of security, a mere fortification, in which the people of God are shut up from the darts of surrounding foes, or annoying adversaries. Heaven must be regarded

as a field of active employment; a field of living, and holy, and constant, and untiring avocation. And what can be the employment there of the followers of God?

Just such employment as is assigned to them upon the earth, but pursued with greater vigour, with more holiness, with greater devotedness, with greater love. We refer not to those employments on the earth, in which even the people of God are commanded by Himself, through honest commerce and the trade of pure integrity, to support themselves and their households; we shall be relieved from this employment, and our friends *are* relieved from it, when they ascend to "their Father and our Father, to their God and our God." Then what are the employments of the Church below, that may be regarded as in harmony with the employments of the Church above?

"The works of the Lord," the psalmist tells us, "are great; and sought out of all them that have pleasure therein." The study of the works of God now, in connexion with the recognition of the wisdom, and the power, and the goodness, that presided over their formation, is the very highest intellectual employment of the people of God, next after their spiritual fellowship with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ. But the great work of the people of God upon earth, is His own service: the contemplation of the wonders of His moral grandeur, as those wonders are displayed in the gospel of Christ: the contemplation of His attributes, as these are exhibited in the work of Jesus: the contemplation of

"the light of the knowledge of the glory of God," as it shines in the face of Jesus Christ. Combine these two fields of employment, and you have the lawful avocation of the people of God upon earth—the study of the works of God in nature, and the works of God in grace. Now think how limited our views of God in nature are. With all the aids that art and science can contribute, how far do we come short of the wonders of that world where God has displayed His high attributes! How often are our investigations baffled, and our researches nonplussed, when we find that we have made a certain way into the mysteries of nature, and there are at once stayed by the feebleness of our intellect, and by the imperfection of our capacities! How often, too, in connexion with the works of grace, do we find our understandings bewildered in the vast field of overwhelming moral glory, that spreads itself through the revelation of God! How often do we find that inconsistencies, as they appear to us, vex and annoy our researches into the oracles of truth! And how often are our minds impeded by the obstacles, that thus intervene between us and clear and full discoveries, either of the great Creator, or of the merciful Redeemer! When we look to the avocation of the people of God above, we look to an employment, relieved from all these encumbrances, and from all these difficulties. We look to the children of God, surveying nature on a vast scale, without the aid of art. We find nature opened in a vast field of vision, now entirely shut out from the keenest eye of sense. We find the creation of God disclosing wonder

upon wonder, while we seek not the aid of the telescope to bring near that which is distant, or of the microscope to enlarge that which is small. We find every faculty improved and invigorated, and ready for the profoundest research, and for the most successful investigation. We find the same powers and the same faculties equally applied to the wonders of revelation and the discoveries of Divine grace. We have no longer difficulties connected with the character of our Father's administration. The whole government of God lies at our feet. The secrets and the mysteries that now perplex, shall then be altogether disclosed; and a revelation of the unseen things of God will mark the light and the glory of heaven, as clear as our faculties can possibly desire, or our renewed and invigorated intellect can command. If we find, therefore, that the works of God and the grace of God are laid open now in some measure, and that the study of them is our highest and noblest occupation, we have only to carry with us the recollection of this field into another and more commanding point of sight, and to reflect how we shall look down upon all the moral and all the providential administration of the Divine economy, that our admiration may be enlarged and increased, that our love may be constrained and become more affectionate, that our confidence may be established for ever, and that our intercourse with "an innumerable company of angels and the spirits of just men made perfect," may contribute to the strength of the feeling with which we shall raise our song of praise, when we ascribe glory to

the Lamb, and to Him that sitteth upon the throne, for ever and ever!

Now, if this be the employment of the people of God in another and a higher stage of their being, who is there that would not here find legitimate sources of consolation, nay, of "joy unspeakable and full of glory?" Say not, Are we sure that these things are so? As I have said, they are "the true sayings of God;" they are taken from His own Word. I have imagined nothing; I have thrown out no theory; I have adhered to the testimony of Divine truth. And as that testimony tells us, that heaven above, viewed as the Church of the living God, is only the Church on earth enlarged, and that they both even now constitute one in their fellowship, I am warranted in the considerations I submit to you, as reasons why we should even now rejoice with exceeding great joy, when our friends have entered into rest.

I think I am taking the course which our departed friends would desire me to take, could they communicate their desire, when I speak of the joy unspeakable, which they partake. And I think I am pursuing the line which they would say I ought to pursue, when, instead of dwelling in fulsome eulogy on them, I am thus exhibiting the glory of the God they serve, and the Saviour they enjoy.

Ah! then, we come to the fourth and the last particular, What are the duties that devolve upon those who remain behind? Might I not say to the friends of the departed—What would your departed friend now desire

you to do? Would he say, Pursue the affairs of this world with all diligence? Would he say, Involve yourselves in its speculations with all ardour? Would he say, Seek in it your consolation, your comfort, and your joy? Or rather would he not say, if he could, "Come up hither, and I will show thee the things that are yet to come, and learn from them the superior attractiveness of the treasure that perishes not, of the riches that never die, of the strength that never becomes weakness, and of the life that knows no end?" Could our friends preach to us from that field of glory, in which they dwell, they would warn us against all the insignificances of the world; and they would call upon us to employ our necessary connexion with the earth for the advancement of the glory of the majesty of heaven, and for the purpose of giving to ourselves a meetness for that glory. They would give an energy to every announcement of the word of truth, that tells us to "set our affections on things above." They would give a double efficacy to every requirement of revelation which demands our belief in the Lord Jesus Christ. They would illustrate more clearly than we are able to do, and impress more strongly than we are able to do, the importance of that part of our Saviour's testimony when He was Himself upon the earth—that if a man "gain the whole world and lose his own soul," he is "not profited" by it.

The duties that devolve upon us, then, are, in the first place, those which belong to our own safety; namely, our abandonment of all dependence on ourselves for our ac-

ceptance with God, and our looking to the Lord Jesus Christ for acceptance and for eternal life. We can think of our departed friends, with all earnestness, (though shut out from us,) recollecting that we are here; and we can think of their desires that we may be followers of them as they have been of Christ, that we like them may enter into our Master's joy. Think you that they know nothing of us? Think you that their recollection of us perishes with their connexion with us? Think you that spirits, emancipated from the clay which so long fettered them, are less recollective of the past because they are thus free—because they are thus stronger and mightier than we are? By no means. The recollections of earth are necessary to the full enjoyment of heaven. They must recollect that they were sinners; they must recollect that they were called upon to believe in the Son of God; they must recollect that they found His testimony and Himself precious to them; they must recollect the relationship in which they stood to the Church below,—or they could not offer enlightened praises to Him, that "washed them from their sins in His blood, and made them kings and priests unto God." And if the recollections of "the spirits of just men made perfect" are stronger and more minute than ours, do you suppose that they have no reflection in connexion with their families that they have left behind? Does the departed husband never think of his widow on the earth? Does the departed father never look back with interest to the children he has left behind him fatherless? That be far from our

common Christianity; and that be far from the highly elevated condition of the faculties of "just men made perfect."

HEAVEN.



AIL! the heavenly scenes of peace,
Where all the storms of passion cease;
Wild life's dismaying struggle o'er,
The wearied spirit weeps no more:

But wears th' eternal smile of joy,
Attaining bliss without alloy!
Welcome, welcome, happy bowers,
Where no passing tempest lowers;

Where the azure heavens display
The everlasting beams of day;
Where the radiant seraph choirs
Pour their strains from golden lyres;

Where calm the spirit sinks to ease,
Lull'd by angelic symphonies!
Oh, then to think of meeting there
The friends whose grave received our tear!

The child long lost, the wife bereaved,
Back to our widow'd arms received,
And all the joys which death did sever,
Given to us again for ever!

O Lamb of God! by sorrow proved
The Friend of man, the Christ beloved,
To Thee this sweetest hope we owe,
Which warms our shivering heart below!

H. K. WHITE.

REST IN JESUS.

NOW rests her soul in Jesus' arms,
Her body in the grave sleeps well,
His heart her death-chill'd heart re-warms,
And rest more deep than tongue can tell;
Her few brief hours of conflict pass'd,
She finds with Christ, her Friend, at last;
She bathes in tranquil seas of peace,
God wipes away her tears, she feels
New life that all her languor heals,
The glory of the Lamb she sees.

She hath escaped all danger now,
Her pain and sighing all are fled;
The crown of joy is on her brow,
Eternal glories o'er her shed.
In golden robes, a queen, a bride,
She standeth at the Sovereign's side,
She sees His face unveil'd and bright;
With joy and love He greets her soul,
She feels herself made inly whole,
A lesser light amid His light.

The child hath now its Father seen,
And feels what kindling love may be,
And knoweth what those words may mean,
"Himself, the Father, loveth thee."
A shoreless ocean, an abyss
Unfathom'd, fill'd with good and bliss,
Now breaks on her enraptured sight;
She sees God's face, she learneth there
What this shall be, to be His heir,
Joint-heir with Christ her Lord, in light.

The body rests, its labours over,
And sleeps till Christ shall bid it wake;
The dust that earth and darkness cover,
Then as a sun its tomb shall break.
Ah, with what joy it rises then
To meet the perfect soul again!
Redeem'd from death, no more to sever.
At that great marriage feast shall they
With all the saints their homage pay,
And worship there the Lamb for ever.

We who yet wander through the waste,
In faith long after Thee on high;
While here the bread of tears we taste,
We think upon that home of joy,
Where we (who knows how soon?) shall meet
With all the saints at Jesus' feet,
And dwell with Him for ever there.
We shall see God: how deep the bliss
We know not yet that lies in this;
Lord Jesus, come, our hearts prepare.

ALLENDORF, 1725.

I'M GOING HOME.

"I'm going home! I'm going home!"
Were strains in which a sweet boy sung,
As down the avenue he swung
One autumn eve, from childish fun,
Obedient to his mother's call,
Who beckon'd on him from the hall—
"I'm going home! I'm going home!"
Was still the chorus of his song.

Across the path, from tree to tree,
He lengthen'd out his twilight play,
Averse to close that happy day.
Now and again, all o'er away,
He chased the leaf; and wondering why
Such pretty things are doom'd to die;
"I'm going home! I'm going home!"
Was yet the burden of his song.

"The leaves are falling, nurse," he'd say,
As gently down in bed he lay;
"Is summer gone, must flowers decay?
And are the singing birds away?"
The nurse composed the boy to sleep,
Inclined, she knew not how, to weep;
For, as he slumber'd, still he sung,
"I'm going home! I'm going home!"

The morning dawn'd. But where's the boy?
Alas! he's laid him down to die.
As leaves are withering on the tree,
So frost of death, you soon may see,
Has blighted that sweet blooming flower,
Before the chant of matin hour,
Which told the secret of his song,
"I'm going home! I'm going home!"

He's going home -where leaves ne'er sear,
Where flowers aye bloom and skies are clear,
Where cherubs wipe away the tear
That starts as death is drawing near;
For, though a boy, he loved us all,
And named each inmate of the hall
As, with his eye on heaven, he sung
"I'm going home! I'm going home!"

But where's the sire? why absent now,
When sudden death has dealt the blow
That lays his favourite child so low,
And when maternal tears do flow?

On duty bent, afar he's gone,
Nor dreams such dismal work is done.
He comes at length: they hear his moan
As nature cries, "My son! my son!"

"And where's thy home, my darling boy?"
The mother asks. "Where peace and joy
Abound," he said, "without alloy."
And home he's gone! He drops the toy
Of earthly love, and seizes now
The crown which glorifies the brow
Of little children, as they sing
Within the palace of the King!

Then let the chorus of this song,
"I'm going home! I'm going home!"
Be ever ours the while we roam
To climes of life to us unknown;
And then we'll keep our hearts from earth,
And from the germs of heavenly birth
We'll rise in meetness for the throne,
Prepared for us in Jesus' home.

Social Life in Heaven.

BY THE

REV. NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D,

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS FOR SCOTLAND.

Oh, come, thou blessed haven of repose,
Where not one wave of trouble e'er shall roll!
How do I wish these gloomy waters pass'd,
To feel secure within thy stormless shelter!
Wave upon wave is creeping over me,
But, oh! thrice blessed thought, they drive me not
Amid the quicksands, and the eddying currents
I leave behind: each in succession wafts me
Nearer and nearer to that blissful shore.
Lo! I already see the shining cliffs
And glittering temples in the dim horizon;
I hear the cadence of no earthly music
Fall on my ravish'd ear;—it is, it is
The anthem peal of glory! thrilling chorus!
As if ten thousand times ten thousand harps
Were strung to form one mighty orchestra,
Waking the echoes of eternity!
O God, I cannot listen to the thunders!
Hush'd be the music of my earthly strains,
And let the choirs of heaven take up the song.

MACDUFF.

The life etherial, sublime,
  Wastes not beneath the senseless clod.
The folded bud has changed its clime,
  And opens in the light of God --
The soul its mortal chrysalis has riven.
And spread its wings a seraph bright in heaven.

HENRY BATCHELOR.

MAN is a social being. We are made for brotherhood. It was in reference to this craving that God said of man, when he came perfect from His hands, "It is not good for him to be alone." The fact of solitariness is indeed unknown in God's intelligent and moral universe. With reverence I remark, that God has existed as Father, Son, and Spirit, three persons in the unity of the Godhead. Certain it is, however, that for the creature to have joy in himself alone is impossible. He would become insane. Such a state has never perhaps been experienced. The heart will lavish its affection upon the lowest forms of animal creation, or upon ideal beings, rather than feed upon itself. There can be

no solitude to him who knows there is a God, nor who possesses any religion—for religion is love to a person. And even where the society of men is shunned, and solitude fled to by the weary, this is, after all, an unconscious protest in favour of brotherhood; for it frequently but expresses the bitterness of one who has sought it from men in vain, and has been robbed of what he could not but feel he had a right to possess as a portion of his inheritance.

But while God has planted in every breast this passion for congenial society, and made its wholesome play essential for the fulness of our happiness, and supplied to so great an extent its want by the family institution into which we are born in our early years;—by the "troops of friends" who accompany us during our pilgrimage; and above all by the fellowship of the Christian Church, in proportion as that fellowship is not a mere name, but expresses the intention of Christ in gathering His people into a society;—still there are, nevertheless, innumerable drawbacks here to anything like its full gratification. Take away the time spent in the frailties of our first and second childhood; in the necessary and often absorbing labour of life; in unavoidable separations and partings from those we know and love—how little time is left for the cultivation of the truest friendships! We are, moreover, severed as yet by death from all congenial minds among past generations, and from those who are yet to come. Of the many now alive whose hearts would beat to ours, could we only meet them, how few can stand

together on the small space allotted to us on the earth's surface! Then, again, of those whom we know best and love best on earth, and who know and love us best too, oh, what mutual ignorance must necessarily exist of innumerable thoughts and feelings lying deep down in our inner man, half-hidden, half-revealed even to ourselves, but altogether incommunicable and unutterable by word or sign to others. Conscious we may be at times that we stand on the same lofty summit, and gaze on the same prospect; but the atmosphere is too rare to permit of any heard communication. And thus in no case can there be—not a meeting, but—that blending of soul with soul, by which one being, without losing his individuality, seems completed in the being of another. Add to all this the granite walls that rise up between us during our wanderings in this desert:—the differences not only from intellect, pursuits, rank, education, but also from character, and those sins and infirmities of which all more or less partake—pride, vanity, prejudice, envy—one and all making sad drawbacks from the fulness of joy which we are capable of deriving from intelligent and holy society. We are made to feel this in reading the history of the holiest society that ever was on earth, that of Jesus Christ and His apostles. Only three years together! often separated during this brief period by dark nights, stormy seas, long journeys, and the sin and ignorance on their part, which made Him exclaim, "Nevertheless, I am not alone, for the Father is with me,"—but without this sympathy He was indeed

alone in His joys and in His sorrows. After His departure, how soon were the apostles scattered, and how seldom did they meet! For years Paul was unacquainted with any of them, and possibly never met them all; while he was quite unknown by face to many of those Christian Churches which read his letters and revered his name. The apostle John complains that he could not communicate to his friends the many things he had to say, by pen and ink, and longs for personal intercourse:—"I trust," he says, "to come unto you, and speak face to face, that *our joy may be full.*" Ah! there is no tabernacling here with Jesus, nor yet with Moses or Elias. Such a dispensation is no doubt wise. It marks the condition of those who have no continuing city here. It greatly helps to weaken, on the one hand, our tendency to idolise the creature; and to strengthen, on the other, our faith in God who abideth for ever; and thus to unite us to one another more truly and really than we know. But, nevertheless, the joy from Christian intercourse experienced here, has a promise in it of better things to come, and contains a prophecy of the glorious future. Union is the gospel watchword. It is the grand result of redemption—for holy union is holy love—the drawing of heart to heart, because all are drawn by one Spirit, through one Saviour, to one God, a union which is to be perfectly realised in a social state, as dwellers in the *city* of the New Jerusalem.

Now consider what ample resources heaven affords for the cultivation of the social affections among those of

the highest intellect, and taste, and moral worth in God's universe. "We are come," says the apostle, "to an innumerable company of angels, to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect." Here we have summed up the society in heaven to which every saint is introduced, and in which he shall live for ever.

There are the *angels*—These we know *of*, but do not know: and yet how often does it happen with our fellow-men, that those who are unknown to us in our early years even by name, have in our later years become indissolubly bound up with our joy and happiness? And so too the angels, whom the saints on earth have as yet never seen, shall, nevertheless, when the manhood of their being is reached, be their intimate friends and associates for ever. But let us not forget that the angels know each saint here more intimately than the saints are known to their nearest and dearest friends. Thus again we are reminded that as earthly friends, who have known ourselves and our family history during the forgotten days of infancy, are met by us in after-years with feelings akin to those awakened by old kindred;—even so will the saint on reaching heaven find God's angels to be, not strangers, but old friends, who have known all about him from the day of his birth till the hour of his death. It is true that these high and holy ones belong to a different order of beings from ourselves, and this, we might at first imagine, must prevent their sympathising with us if they would; but let us remember

also that while in material forms there is no one common abiding type, by which, for example, the vegetable, beast, bird, and fish are formed, yet that it is quite otherwise with intellectual and moral beings, for these, all and everywhere, are made like God, and therefore made like one another. And, finally, though we might think that beings possessed of such vast stores of knowledge, the accumulated wealth of ages, and of such high and glorious intellects, would necessarily repel us by the awe which they would inspire, and by the sense of weakness which they would awaken in a child of earth, when, with all his ignorance, he enters heaven, yet let us be glad in the thought that in them, as in the great Jehovah, all might, majesty, and wisdom become attractive when they are combined with and directed by love. The love which enables us to look up to God so that we can call Him Father, will enable us to meet the angels in peace, and call them brethren. I am persuaded that a saint on earth, compassed about as he is with his many infirmities, would even now feel more "at home," so to speak, with angels than with many of his fellow-men.

But "just men made perfect" also form a part of the society above. Their number is daily increasing. Day by day unbroken columns are passing through the golden gates of the city, and God's elect are gathering from the four winds of heaven. There are no dead saints—all are alive unto God, and will live together with Him.

But instead of dwelling longer on this point, I remark, in reference to this glorious society in general,

that there shall be *perfect union* among all its members. That union shall not be one of sameness—for there can be no sameness either in the past history, or in the intellectual capacity, of any of its members. How vast must be the difference for ever between the history of Gabriel, the thief on the cross, the apostle Paul, and the child who died yesterday! There is no reason whatever to doubt, that each person shall retain marked individual features of mind, and peculiarities of character, there as well as here. All the stars will shine in brilliancy, and sweep in orbits more or less wide around the great centre, but each "star will differ from another star in glory." Yet this want of sameness is what will produce the deepest harmony, such as one sees in the blending of different colours, or hears in the mingling of different notes. And I repeat it, the bond of this perfectness in heaven shall be, as on earth, love. For it is love which unites exalted rank to lowly place, knowledge to ignorance, and strength to weakness; thus bringing things opposite into a harmonious whole. See how the love which dwelt in "God manifest in the flesh," poured itself into the lowest depths of humanity, and met men far down to lift them high up; so that at the very moment, for instance, when Jesus was intensely conscious of His dignity, "knowing that He came from God and went to God," He showed how inseparable was true love from true grandeur, for, knowing this, "He rose from supper and girded Himself with a towel, and washed His disciples' feet!" And as Jesus, in the

might of the same Divine affection, bridged over the gulf which separated man from Himself and His Father, drawing the impure to Him the Holy One, that they might become holy; and the ignorant to Him the All-knowing, that they might become truly wise;—so shall the same Divine love include within its vast embrace all in heaven, from God seated on the throne, down through the burning ranks of cherubim and seraphim, till it reaches the weeping Magdalene, and the sore-stricken Lazarus, and the infant who has passed from the bosom of its mother to the bosom of its God. How glorious, yet how almost inconceivable, that the poorest saint here—the most ignorant, the most despised, the most solitary and unknown—shall not only admire and love, but be himself the object of admiration and of love on the part of the highest spirit there!—For the King who is not ashamed to call the poorest "brethren," will in His adornments of their mind and heart, as well as of outward form, bestowed "according to His riches," make them appear worthy of the name, and fit them to move in regal grandeur with all saints and angels in the royal palace of His God! "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

After what I have said, it is unnecessary to prove what is assumed as so evidently true, and which I cannot really understand how any one should doubt, and that is the recognition of our Christian friends in heaven. As well ask me to prove this, as to prove that I should recognise them if we met in a different part of the country next

week, after having been separated from them only for a few days. What! shall memory be obliterated, and shall we forget our own past histories, and accordingly cease to know that we have been redeemed men? or, remembering this fact, shall we be prevented from communicating our histories to others? Shall beloved friends be there whom we have known and loved in Christ here; with whom we have held holy communion; with whom we have laboured and prayed for the advancement of Christ's kingdom; and with whom we have eagerly watched for His second coming,—and shall we be unable throughout eternity, either to discover their existence or associate with them in the New Jerusalem? Are the apostles now ignorant of each other? Did Moses and Elias issue out of darkness in heaven which mutually concealed them? and did they recognise one another for the first time amidst the light on Tabor's hill, and then return into darkness again? Oh! what is there in the whole Word of God—what argument derived from our experience of the blessings of Christian fellowship—what in the character of God or His dealings with man—what in His promises of things to come laid up for those who love Him—that could have suggested such strange, unworthy, and dreary thoughts of the union of friends in their Father's home? Tell me not that special affection to Christian brethren, from whatever causes it may arise, is inconsistent with unfeigned love to all, and absorbing love to Jesus. It is not so here, and never can be from the nature of holy love, and was not so in Christ's own

case when He, the perfect One, lived amongst us. With supreme love to God, "He loved His Church and gave Himself for it;" with love to His Church, He yet loved the disciples as "His own," while one of these was specially *the* loved one; while again, beyond this inner circle, He loved Martha and Mary and Lazarus. Tell me not that it is enough to know that our friends are in glory. I know this now in regard to some of them as surely as I know anything beyond the grave; yet my heart yearns to meet them "with the Lord," and I bless Him that He permits me to comfort myself with the hope of doing so. Nor let it be alleged, as an insuperable objection to all this anticipated happiness, that knowledge of the saved would imply knowledge of the lost, and that this would balance the pleasure we hope for, by a great pain which we would be compelled to endure. For, even admitting that such knowledge would be possessed at will, which is very doubtful, or if possessed give *pain*, which is highly improbable,—yet surely at the worst this is a strange way of escaping pain from the knowledge that some are lost, by taking refuge in the ignorance of any being saved! I shall not prove this further, but express my joy in heartily believing, what to you and all of us on such an occasion as the present must be peculiarly delightful, and what I have therefore on that account the more fully dwelt upon:—that we shall resume our intercourse with every Christian friend; remembering all the past, and reading it for the first time aright, because read in the full light of revealed truth, we shall know and love as we

never knew and loved here; and shall sit down at that glorious intellectual and moral feast, not with ideal persons and strangers, but with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, with Peter, Paul, and John, and every saint of God.

But I have not as yet spoken of one friend there who will be the centre of that bright society,—"Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant!" "I will take you to *myself*," is the blessed promise. "We shall see Him as He is," is the longed-for vision. "We shall be like Him," is the hoped-for perfection. To know, to love, to be in all things like Jesus, and to hold communion with Him for ever—what "an exceeding weight of glory!" Jesus will never be separated personally from His people; nor can they ever possibly separate their character, their joy, their security, from His atoning death for them on earth, or His constant life for them in heaven. It is the Lamb who shall lead them to living fountains of waters; and the Lamb upon the throne shall still preside over them; the Lamb shall be the light of the New Jerusalem; and "Worthy is the Lamb!" shall be its ceaseless song of praise. Beyond this I cannot go. In vain I endeavour to ascend in thought higher than "God manifest in the flesh," even to the Triune-Jehovah, who dwelleth in the unapproachable light of His own unchangeable perfections, and endeavour to catch a glimpse of that beatific vision which, though begun here in communion with God, is enjoyed by "the spirits of just men made perfect" there, "according to His fulness," and therefore in a measure which to us passeth all understand-

ing. If any real spiritual intercourse with Jehovah here is "joy unspeakable,"—if the gasping of the soul to possess more, fails often from its intensity to find utterance in words, what must it be to dwell in His presence in the full enjoyment of Himself for ever! There are saints who have experienced this blessedness upon earth to a degree which was almost too much for them to bear; and there are some who have had glories flashed upon them as if snatched from the light beyond, just as the soul was loosening from the ligaments of the body, and preparing itself for flight from the prison-house to its own home,—strange moments when things beyond were seen by the eye closing on the weary world, and overpowering bliss was experienced by the chilling heart. And if men, sinful men, yea, dying men, can ever so feel, what is the measure of the joy which fills the souls of the redeemed at this moment in His presence!

JERUSALEM, MY HOME.



ERUSALEM, my home!
I see thy walls arise;
Their jasper clear, and sardine stone,
Flash radiance through the skies!
In clouds of heaven descending,
With angel train attending,
Thy gates of glistening pearl unfold
On streets of glassy gold.
No sun is there, no day or night;
But of sevenfold splendours bright,
Thy temple is the LIGHT OF LIGHT,
Jerusalem, my home!

Jerusalem, my home!
Where shines the royal throne,
Each king casts down his golden crown
Before the Lamb thereon.
Thence flows the crystal river,
And, flowing on for ever,
With leaves and fruits on either hand
The Tree of Life shall stand.
In blood-wash'd robes, all white and fair,
The Lamb shall lead His chosen there,
While clouds of incense fill the air,
Jerusalem, my home!

Jerusalem, my home!
Where saints in triumph sing,
While tuned in tones of golden harps,
Heaven's boundless arches ring,
No more in tears and sighing,
Our weak hosannas dying,
But hallelujahs loud and high
Roll thundering through the sky.
One chorus thrills their countless throngs;
Ten thousand times ten thousand tongues
Fill them with overwhelming songs,
Jerusalem, my home!

Jerusalem, my home!
Thou sole all-glorious Bride,
Creation shouts with joy to see
Thy Bridegroom at thy side:
The Man yet interceding,
His hands and feet once bleeding,
And Him the angel hosts adore,
Lord God for evermore.
And "Holy holy, holy," cry
The chorus that crowd thy courts on high,
Resounding everlastingly,
Jerusalem, my home!

Jerusalem, my home!
Where saints in glory reign,
Thy haven safe, oh, when shall I,
Poor storm-toss'd pilgrim, gain?
At distance dark and dreary,
With sin and sorrow weary,
For thee I toil, for thee I pray,
For thee I long away.
And lo! mine eyes shall see thee too;
Oh, rend in twain thou vail of blue,
And let the golden city through—
Jerusalem, my home!

J. H. HOPKINS, Jun.

A FAVOURITE OF HEAVEN.



N some rude spot where vulgar herbage grows,
If chance a violet rear its purple head,
The careful gardener moves it ere it blows,
To thrive and flourish in a nobler bed;
Such was thy fate, dear child,
Thy opening such!
Pre-eminence in early bloom was shown;
For earth too good, perhaps,
And loved too much—
Heaven saw, and early mark'd thee for its own.

O Lord! the message from Thy throne has come;
We hear Thy voice, and give them back to Thee;
With tears we lay our children in the tomb,
In faith their spirits at Thy feet we see.

There at the Almighty Father's hand,
Nearest the throne of living light,
The choirs of infant seraphs stand,
And dazzling shine when all are bright.

The Reunion of Friends in Heaven.

BY THE

REV. W. S. THOMSON.

DEAR SAVIOUR of a dying world,
Where grief and change must be,
In the new grave where Thou wast laid
My heart lies down with Thee.
Oh, not in cold despair of joy,
Or weariness of pain;
But from a hope that shall not die,
To rise and live again.

And then—there shall be yet an end—
An end now full to bliss!
How dear to those who watch for Thee,
With human tenderness!
Then shall the saying come to pass,
That makes our home complete,
And, rising from the conquer'd grave,
Thy parted ones shall meet.

Yes, they shall meet, and face to face
By heart to heart be known,
Clothed with Thy likeness, Lord of life,
And perfect in their own.
For this corruptible must rise
From its corruption free,
And this frail mortal must put on
Thine immortality.

Shine, then, thou Resurrection Light,
Upon our sorrows shine!
The fulness of Thy joy be ours,
As all our griefs were Thine.
Now in this changing, dying life,
Our faded hopes restore,
Till in Thy triumph perfected,
We taste of death no more!

A. L. WARRING.

There is a life above,
I 'll meet thee there, my love ;
Thy little head shall wear
A crown of jewels rare,
And death can't enter there.

W. C. CAMERON.

"I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."—2 SAM. xii. 23.

THAT was a foolish doctrine which the Sadducees maintained and advocated—that the soul of man is perishable like his body, and that when the body dies, the soul is annihilated with it. A more gloomy and disconsolate opinion than this never prevailed, or was inculcated by the most illiberal among the sects of heathen philosophy,—a doctrine dishonouring to God, disheartening to men, and abounding with everything calculated to render this world even more cheerless and unhappy than it is. Were the soul to exist only until the body become the prey of corruption, why has it been rendered susceptible of happiness never to be realised, of friendship never to be consummated, or of indefinite improvement never to be per-

fected? Why have so many excellencies been interwoven in its nature? why so much concern manifested as to its comfort? why so much beauty and loveliness entwined about it, as when at the first it was enstamped with the image of God? All this, on such a supposition, had been a prodigal waste on the part of the Almighty; and a mere mockery of man, by rendering him fit for that which it was never intended he should be. Very different from this, however, is the real state of the case. The body may die, and see corruption; but the soul is immortal, and lives for ever. And verily this is a very solemn and a very serious reflection—that the soul of every man, woman, and child, that ever in any age lived upon the earth, is living yet,—that all who ever thought, are thinking still,—and that every individual who has yet departed this life, is still as conscious as ever he was, and will still remain so, for ever and ever. It is not on mere problematical assumption that we hazard this assertion. We have, indeed, many presumptive evidences that this is the truth. The instinctive horror with which the soul recoils from the thought of annihilation, its ardent longing after a perpetuity of existence, and the principles and design of a moral government in punishing vice and rewarding virtue, together with the unequal distribution of rewards and punishments in the present life, are so many facts on which to found a very plausible conjecture, that the soul of man shall live when the body is no more. But this is not left to mere probability or conjecture. Revelation authenticates what reason suggested; and in the

Scriptures of God's truth we are furnished with many direct, and conclusive, and satisfactory assurances, that when the body returns for a season to the dust from which originally it was formed, the spirit still continues to exist, and returns to Him who gave it, to be judged according to its works.

The latter part of David's assertion, that the dead do not return unto us, requires no remark. The experience of ages proves, that though trees and shrubs die and revive again with the return of the spring, yet when man's eyes are once sealed in death, they are not again opened to behold the light of the sun. But I would take occasion to remark—

That they who die in Jesus would not return to us even though they might. The change experienced by the people of God at death, is a change productive of the most consummate happiness to their souls. Having already undergone many of the sorrows and miseries of the world,—having found to their sad experience that this life is but a vale of tears, where no happiness can be enjoyed, where no pleasure can be reaped, and where everything is intermingled with disappointment and sorrow,—having experienced many a trial, and heaved many a sigh, and endured many a pain, and shed many a tear, —oh, it is a welcome thing to them to be released from all the afflictions with which they were so well acquainted, to be manumitted from the slavery under which they had groaned so long, and received into the fulness, and the freeness, and the ineffable glories of that better land,

where all is peace, and all is joy, and where God himself wipes away every tear from their eyes! I say not that the loves, or the friendships, or the affections that they have cherished on the earth will be eradicated from their souls, or forgotten in heaven. No; I am well satisfied that friendships and affections founded on Christian principles will never be destroyed, but will remain firm and unshaken even after death has separated us for ever in this world from the objects of our love. Those whose hearts are entwined together by the strong ties of Christian fellowship and affection, will still maintain in their soul the love that now warms their hearts; and if anything could, this perhaps might excite in the soul of the departed saint a desire to revisit his beloved friends upon the earth. But strong as affection is, it is not so strong as even for a moment to excite such a desire in the souls of the saints in glory. No, love us as they may, and love us as they do, they would not even for a moment relinquish heaven's happiness; no, not to be reunited to us for ever in this world. It is not that they become forgetful of their friends upon the earth,—it is not because their affection for them cools or abates,—it is not because they become indifferent as to their happiness or their welfare. No, very far from it; but it is because they can now measure time as they never measured it before, and see it to be but a point not worth estimating,—it is because they leave their friends only for an instant, as it were, in comparison with the interminable duration they will hereafter spend in their society,—and it is because, when they leave us,

they know we are left in good hands, for they see that the providence of God is still watching over us, and that under the guidance of His providence we shall have reason to fear no evil. These things cheer the spirits of our departed friends, reconcile them to leaving us behind them on earth, and enable them, undisturbed by any melancholy regret, to enjoy all the happiness of their heavenly home. Can we then be so selfish as to wish for their return? Can we be so indifferent, so regardless about their happiness, as for one moment to wish that their happiness should be so abruptly terminated? No, if we love them, we shall never wish for their return. They are far happier there than ever they could be here; they have no desire whatever to return to us, but they have a strong and longing desire that we should go to them. Let us rejoice, then, in the happiness which our departed friends in Jesus now enjoy; and instead of wishing them so much ill, as that they should come back again to earth, let us rejoice their souls by meeting them in heaven.

I remark again, that though our departed friends shall never return to us, we have a strong hope afforded us that we shall meet them again. It appears to us, and I think I may without presumption affirm, that a reunion of friends is necessary to the completion of happiness. What would be our condition in this world, if destitute of the blessing of friendship? How cheerless, how gloomy, how uninteresting would be our lives, were we bound up altogether and entirely in *self*, without a friend with

whom we might reciprocate affection, who could sympathise in our every feeling, to whom we could unbosom our every sorrow, and unburden our whole soul! Without that magic spell that links heart to heart, and soul to soul, this world, peopled though it be with millions, would be to each and to all of us a vast dreary wilderness. It is this that is the cement of society, that is the corner-stone between man and man, and that is consequently more deeply seated in the soul, and exerts a more powerful influence over the mind, than any other principle implanted in our nature. Is it then to be imagined, that an affection which is promotive of so much happiness to us on earth, is in heaven to be uprooted from our nature, and destroyed? Surely no! We wot not that an affection misplaced, as not unfrequently our affections are, on unworthy objects, will be purged away for ever from our hearts; but such affections, as we before remarked, as spring from Christian motives, will ever remain in all their fervour and purity in the soul. Does death, then, separate us for ever from the dearest objects of our love? and in heaven, will there be a barrier reared between those who on earth loved each other so well, and who still retain all the remembrance and the fervency of that affection? No, we cannot believe it. There is something that instinctively urges us to hope that in heaven we may see and know each other again; and as it cannot but be a source of the highest and most refined gratification for friends on earth to meet as friends in heaven, I cannot believe that a source of happiness such as this will be

denied by God to His people. No, He loves too well to see His people happy, to forbid that they should be reunited with the friends of their heart.

We know that Christian fellowship is not a restricted thing; we know that we are to love each and every of our Christian brethren, even as we love ourselves; and they are unworthy of the name of Christians, who can look with warm affection upon one, and with cold indifference upon another. But we nevertheless maintain that the universality of Christian love is by no means incompatible with more private friendships. Whose love was more genuine, sincere, and unrestricted than was the Saviour's? and yet there were a few friends to whom He more immediately attached Himself, and of these few also there was "the disciple whom Jesus loved." And while we too cherish true Christian love universally to our brethren of mankind, none of us but must confess that there is a dear and tender chord which binds our hearts in love to a parent or to a child, to a husband or to a wife, to a brother or to a sister, or to other relatives and friends, with whom in His providence God has connected us, to comfort our hearts, and sweeten our existence. And are they whose hearts are thus united by the hand of God himself to be separated for ever, so far as present friendship is concerned? Are they whose lives on earth have been linked together by a tie so binding and so dear, to meet, when they meet again, as if they had never met before? No, I cannot believe it. Of the lost and the reprobate I say nothing at present; but of

those who are saved through a Saviour's blood I aver, and I think with confidence, that they who were friends on earth will meet again as friends in heaven. Oh! I cannot denude myself of the exciting thought, that on our departure from time, and reception into glory, they will be among the first to welcome us into bliss, whom on earth we loved, and who loved us. Oh! I cannot divest myself of the blissful idea, that the very first I shall see on my entrance into glory, will be those whom I loved in my earthly days. Methinks I see them now, with joy upon their countenances, hastening to heaven's portals to receive me into bliss. And when we, too, have ourselves gone thither, will it not impart a thrill of ecstasy to our souls, to flee to receive into our happy home those whom at our death we left mourning behind us?

I remark that the hope of such a reunion hereafter with our departed friends is in high consistency with the general ideas of mankind. Such an expectation is peculiar to no age or nation of the world. It has been maintained almost as universally as the doctrine of a future state; for we find that wherever the one doctrine has prevailed, the other has prevailed also. Search the records of the heathen mythology, and you will find that, amid all the absurdities with which the ideas of a future state of existence have been intermixed, this has ever held a very prominent place, that friends then meet and recognise one another. Those acquainted with the writings of the ancient heathen, with Virgil and Homer, Cicero and Plato, and others, can bear me out in the assertion

that the future reunion of former friends, and the future revival of former friendships, was a doctrine with which they were all familiar, and a doctrine which they all strongly advocated and maintained. It was to them, as well as to us, a dreary and disconsolate anticipation, that though friends should meet again, all former reciprocity of feeling should be for ever destroyed. Nay, the firm conviction that the very opposite was the case, reconciled the heathen to the pain of dying, assured that death would but renew those dear and tender ties which had afforded them so much happiness in the present life. Not, however, to the pagan is such a belief confined. We, too, entertain the same conviction, and on grounds of assurance far stronger than theirs. What is it, I ask, that moderates the pang, and mitigates the grief, of witnessing the loved ones of our bosom close their eyes on time, but the conviction that, in a very little while, we shall meet them again? What is it that alleviates the pain that our dying friends experience when bidding us farewell, but the assurance that we shall very soon follow them, and in a short time shall meet again to part no more for ever? In Christian and in heathen lands this belief is generally admitted; and if any ground of evidence of its truth may be gathered from the harmony of opinion that prevails among men on the subject, we may, without hesitation, conclude, that it is the voice of nature, —and the voice of nature is the voice of God. For although Scripture nowhere asserts, in so many words, that friends on earth shall actually know and be reunited with

each other in heaven, yet there is nothing in Scripture repugnant to the idea—nay, there is everything in it favourable to the thought. And when we find, as we have now attempted to show, that the general expectations of men coincide with the doctrine of a future recognition of friends in glory, our position I conceive to be strongly authenticated, nay, I may say, to be finally proved.

I know there are some ready to object to our proposition, that such a renewal of former friendships cannot but bring along with it a remembrance of many former scenes and former sorrows, thus giving rise to associations incompatible with the idea of perfect bliss. But I am ready to answer this objection, not by presuming that by the direct agency of the Father such recollections will be obliterated from our minds, but by conceiving, what I think far more likely, that such reminiscences, instead of contributing to our disquietude, will only afford us greater cause to ascribe adoration and praise to Him who brought us out of darkness into His marvellous light. Nay, the remembrance of past sorrows will but augment present bliss; for the contrast will then be the more vividly perceived, and the conviction that they are all for ever at an end, will make us rejoice the more in the heavenly happiness. Then we may recall to remembrance the hour when, in the bitterness of our soul, we witnessed the departure of the friend of our heart; but, at the same time, we shall fix our eyes on that very friend, and rejoice to think that we have met again to

part no more for ever. Think you the remembrance of the sorrows He endured mitigates the happiness with which the Saviour is now crowned? No, verily; for now He sees of the travail of His soul, and is satisfied. And in the dear society of the friends of our earthly days, we will think over all the sorrows which then we endured; and, instead of saddening us, the recollection of these things will but increase our joy.

I remark, that the renewed friendship of the saints in heaven will be characterised by an excellence and perfection it could never have attained to on the earth. The most intimate friendships we may form on earth are marred by many imperfections, and accompanied also by many cares and distresses. How many contingencies, unforeseen by us, intervene to mar our peace! To how many sorrows are not we subjected, and disquietudes exposed, from sin and suffering, and separation and death! Alas! in the midst of our highest enjoyments of friendship and love, casualties will and often do occur, to interrupt our harmony, and terminate our joy. Nay, even when the friends of our heart are spared to us, even when blessed with their fond society, oh, how partial and restricted is all that interchange of thought, and sympathy of soul, which our spirits, crippled and shackled and mutilated by sin, are capable of reciprocating! But, on the future reunion of the saints, all such imperfections will be happily removed. Then shall we know even as we are known; then shall we see even as we are seen. None of those sorrows, incidental to humanity, shall

then interpose to interrupt our enjoyment. In the free and unrestricted intercourse we shall then enjoy, we shall find that friendship, such as we now know it, is but an empty name in comparison with what it will then be,—that love, such as we now experience it, is but an unsubstantial shadow in comparison with that which will then animate our souls. For then shall we enjoy friendship unaccompanied with its anxieties, love unaccompanied by its disappointments, and sincerity will characterise all our intercourse with one another; and reciprocity of affection, and harmony of sentiment, and congeniality of soul, will then be the abiding, and essential, and enlivening principles of that glorious reunion of the saints in light. For oh, it is not a reunion of *person* only, but a reunion also of *spirit*,—a generous, and a confiding, and an unrestricted sympathy of heart to heart, of soul to soul, which then we shall enjoy one with another! Nor shall any of those annoyances or uneasinesses which now mar, and interrupt, and terminate our friendship, again be experienced or dreaded by the saints. They then meet, and meet to part no more for ever; for no sin shall be there to vex them, and no sinner will be there to disturb them, and no disease will be there to grieve them, and no death will be there to separate them any more throughout eternal ages. For that will be a reunion far more intimate, and binding, and dear, than that which subsisted between them on the earth; for they will then be united, not by the frail and feeble tenure of earthly affection in an earthly sphere, but by

that inseparable chain, that imperishable link, which connects the members with the head, and renders them one for ever in Jesus. To this, Christians, let us all look forward; for this let us all with diligence prepare.

The hope of a reunion with our departed friends ought to stimulate us to resignation to the will of God and a humble and confiding reliance on the merits of the Redeemer. To indulge in vain regrets for the loss of friends, is needless as it is improper. To be grieved, and deeply grieved, at their departure, is but natural and to be expected. For while to murmur or repine at any of His dispensations gives evidence of a distrustful and unbelieving heart, He who wept at the grave of Lazarus forbids not to indulge in godly sorrow; nay, He sympathises with our affliction, and imparts to us relief out of His heavenly sanctuary. And oh, ye sad in heart and mourning children of humanity, what a spirit-rejoicing consolation is not this that He affords you,—the assurance that, in a very little while, you shall all meet again! As Jesus said to the mourning widow of Nain, so is He now addressing to you the language of compassion, "Weep not." Dry your tears, comfort your hearts, be of good cheer; for those who have gone before you to glory, you will soon meet again, within the walls of the heavenly Jerusalem, where sin is a stranger, and sorrow is unknown; you will meet again to part no more for ever. Time at the longest is very, very short, and when it has terminated happiness will commence. But be not forgetful of this, that, if such happiness you desire, this happiness you must

seek. An effort must be made, and a strong one too, in order to attain the happiness for which your souls are thirsting. There is a journey before you, and there are dangers on the way; but if you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, you will, one and all, be saved. Humbly and confidingly, therefore, rely on the merits of Him who Himself died that His people might live, and who rose again triumphantly from the tomb to be the first-fruits of those who sleep. Through the merits of that sacrifice which He completed for the sins of men, His people shall be sealed, and sanctified, and saved; and through the instrumentality of that Spirit by whose mysterious operations the merits of His sacrifice are rendered efficacious for His people's salvation, they are enabled to persevere, and to overcome, and to make their calling and their election sure. This then, Christians, is the duty which devolves on you to perform, and a duty which there is a voice in every breeze loudly calling on you to discharge. They who now sleep in Jesus have performed all that work; and if you would meet them again, you must perform it too.

That there is such a place as heaven, is a truth too well accredited to be for a moment disputed; but ah! that there is also such a place as hell none dare deny. Happy as will be the meeting of the saints in the one place, equally terrible will be the meeting of the wicked in the other. Oh, then, as a parting and a meeting there must needs be, see that, by God's grace, and through the Redeemer's merits, you may so live and so die, that when

you meet one another again, it may be in heaven and not in hell.

In all your intercourse in society and avocations in the world, and in all the relations, and connexions, and friendships that may subsist among you, beware of fixing your affections, and centring your hearts too much, on any earthly thing, or earthly person; for this is but idolatry in the sight of God, and sooner or later will bring its own punishment. Consider the evanescent nature of all earthly things, the imperfect character of all sublunary friendships, and that in God alone all real good is to be found. Let your friendships and your affections, therefore, be formed and cemented on true, genuine Christian principles, that however soon they may be terminated here, they may be resumed and perpetuated throughout the world without end. Hold with a loose hand all earthly things; and those that you most value, oh, regard with the eye of spiritual and immortal beings; ever remembering that "the time is short; and that it remaineth, therefore, that both they that have wives be as though they had none; and they that weep, as though they wept not; and they that rejoiced, as though they rejoiced not; and they that buy, as though they possessed not; and they that use this world, as not abusing it: for the fashion of this world passeth away."

ABIDING FRIENDSHIPS.

By the Rev. Robert Maguire, A.M.,
Incumbent of Clerkenwell.

I MUSE and think of years gone by,
Of friends I loved in days of yore,
Who also shared their love with me,
But now are known to me no more;
As summer clouds have quickly sped,
So friends and friendships too have fled.

Some have departed far away,
O'er billows deep and ocean wide;
Some have fulfill'd their little day,
And in the bloom of youth have died.
Ah! I would wish the tale twice told,
And yet recall the days of old.

'Tis earth's affection binds me still
To days and years and times gone by;
And if I had my wayward will,
I 'd still abide in yesterday;
And fill its blanks with goodlier store,
Than once I did in days of yore.

I 'd seek for friends in Jesu's breast,
The people of His choice divine;
Who fear Him most, and love Him best,
The chosen of the Lord be mine.
And one in Christ, and one in heart,
Such friends as these shall never part.

But hush! my dark complaining soul;
The past is dead. It cannot be
That thou shouldst e'er again unroll
The folded book of destiny.
Up from the dust! with vigour rise,
And to the future turn thine eyes.

There's work before thee yet to do,
And future friendships still to find;
With all eternity in view,
To think of all that's left behind;
And meet the friends of days of yore,
Who are not lost, but gone before.

If thou wouldst meet thy friends again,
Seek for them now at Jesu's feet;
If thou wouldst bind affection's chain,
Bind it to yonder mercy-seat;
If ye would be for ever one,
Be one in Christ, in Christ alone.

Then haste, and make thee many friends,
To meet thee yet in yonder skies;
And Heaven to come will make amends,
Where tears were sown shall sheaves arise.
Friendships on earth are form'd to sever,
But friends in Heaven are friends for ever.

THE GATHERED FLOWER.

A GARDENER day by day had watch'd with care
A favourite rose, so fragrant and so fair,
That when to full perfection it should come,
He thought to send it to his master's home:
It was the rarest flower the tree had borne—
He mark'd its growing beauties every morn;
But ah! one day he miss'd his garden gem;—
A hand unknown had pluck'd it from the stem.

Some servant stole the rose, the gardener thought,
And he, with angry brow, the culprit sought;
But soon his feelings of displeasure turn'd
To joy and satisfaction, when he learn'd

That 'twas his master who had pass'd the bower,
And for its special beauty cull'd the flower:
Now at his mansion, in some gorgeous room,
The gardener's favourite sheds its rich perfume.

Then said his master, "You with gladness spare,
To grace my home, your rose so bright and rare;
And yet, because your Lord of late removed
From your home bower one blossom that you loved,
Your heart rebels; you are unreconciled
To God's wise will in reference to your child;
Think, rather, is it not an honour given
That He should take your flower to bloom in heaven?"

How often parents, like this gardener, find
Rebellious feelings rising in the mind,
When the Almighty's gracious, sovereign hand
Removes a babe from out their household band!
Mourners, 'tis hard to part from those you love,
But this remember—they are best above;
No frost, no blight, no stormy winds are there—
All these on earth your flowers might have to bear.

God takes your babes, and they—oh! think of this—
Are by creation and redemption His;
Christ shed for them His blood—a wondrous price;
His Spirit meeten'd each for paradise;
There, no destructive cankerworm of sin
Can carry on its deadly work within,
But pure and perfect, in the realms on high
Your flowerets bloom, and they shall never die.

THEODORA.

The Joy of Recognition.

BY THE LATE

REV. WILLIAM PAUL,

ONE OF THE MINISTERS OF ST CUTHBERT'S, EDINBURGH.

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then I have reason to be fond of grief . . . .
O Lord, my boy, my food, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow comfort, and my sorrow's cure! . . . .
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say.
That we shall see and know our friends in Heaven;
If that be true, I shall see my boy again!

Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your Mother's lamentation!

SHAKESPEARE.

"For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming?" (1 Thess. ii. 19.)

THIS passage turns our thoughts to that grand futurity, when good men shall meet together in the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ, and be placed in one common state of happiness; a prospect which affords the richest consolation under those painful interruptions, to which their friendship and intercourse are liable in this world. Without this prospect, how distressing are the separations, and how mournful the deaths among Christian friends, among those especially who have most deeply interested our affections, whose lot was interwoven with our own,—whose kindness engaged our confidence,—whose counsels made us wise, and whose conversation and company, by the Divine blessing, shed the happiest influence upon our enjoyments! In such circumstances, to compare our situation with that of others, to consider that all are equally subject to such losses as those we deplore, to reflect that time may efface the traces of our affliction, or to think that the acqui-

sition of new friends will supply the place of those who are gone,—these are but poor consolations to the wounded spirit. Yea, the persuasion arising from the character and conduct of our departed Christian friends, that they died in the Lord, and are therefore perfectly blessed, does not yield adequate relief. The solicitude inseparable from those who, having purified their souls in obeying the truth through the Spirit, love one another with pure hearts fervently, leads them to inquire, whether they shall, in a happier world, be hereafter restored to a new enjoyment of those religious connexions which originated on earth, and whether there shall be a remembrance of the pious and holy ties by which they were bound in the present life.

I begin with showing whence it appears that Christians shall meet and renew their acquaintance in a future state. It may be observed,

That the nature of the soul involves a very strong probability of the truth of this doctrine. I do not here refer to the faculties of the mind in general, nor in particular to its immortality and capacity for endless improvement. But I refer to that consciousness and memory, by which we are assured of our own existence, and are capable of recognising our own actions. The reasons which induce us to believe that these powers will hereafter belong to our minds, are various. They appear to be essential qualities of mind. Take away consciousness and memory, and what can give the soul identity or sameness? Suppose them to be destroyed or sus-

pended by death, how dull and joyless a system is introduced! The soul loses its proper functions, and is reduced to a kind of inanity. Nor is it easy to suppose that these faculties should attend us at one period of our existence and not at another. Were they suspended, the mind would be virtually lost until their restoration. Nay, were consciousness and memory, at any particular stage of our being, to cease with regard to past events, and to admit those only which should happen in future, such a cessation would be nearly the same thing as the production of a creature entirely new. It is vain to say that the mind would not perceive its defect. The same argument would hold in the case of final extinction, and it involves an assertion which is completely at variance with every idea which reason teaches us to form respecting the nature and design of a future state. If, then, there is just ground for concluding that consciousness and memory shall, after death, remain faculties of the human mind. the conclusion is irresistible, that Christians at the coming of their Lord shall renew their acquaintance.

The renewal of Christian acquaintance, at the coming of Christ, is a thought which corresponds with the best wishes and emotions of the human heart. Wherever men have entertained the idea of a future state, something like an expectation has generally prevailed, that pious and virtuous attachments are not to terminate with our present existence. The heathens were in a state of great ignorance respecting the condition of the soul after its separation from the body. The systems of their phi-

losophers on this point were a mass of jarring opinions and hypothetical reasonings, and the representations of their poets were mere fictions of the imagination. It is reasonable, however, to suppose that they would not have described the enjoyments of departed spirits, nor would mankind have received such inventions, had there been no foundation in nature or tradition to support them. One of the wisest and best of their philosophers has thus expressed his sentiments:—"O glorious day! when I shall retire from this low and sordid scene, and join the divine assembly of spirits; when I shall depart to the society of those distinguished persons, of whom I have heard, and read, and written." This was a striking reach of thought for one who enjoyed nothing of the light and hope of the gospel. Undismayed at the thought of his dissolution, he exulted in the idea of meeting in a future state with those illustrious characters, who had left behind them, by their actions, a bright and lasting track of glory.

But what is chiefly to be observed here, is, that the renewal of their acquaintance and intercourse in a future state is congenial to the hopes and desires of Christians themselves. For what Christian is there who does not shrink from the gloomy thought that his pious relations and friends, after quitting this earthly abode, are nowhere and under no form of existence to be found, and that their very being is destroyed, or at least for ever lost to him? On the other hand, what Christian is there who does not indulge the pleasing hope, that he shall again

meet with them in a happier world, where separation and death shall be unknown? Here the term of the best men is but short, and the race of life is quickly over. Here there is no rank or station in which their best wishes can be fully gratified, and their purest desires completely fulfilled. Scarcely do they begin to taste the exalted satisfactions of piety, and those sublime consolations which flow from the mutual exercise of Christian affections, when, lo! death interferes, and interrupts the joys of benevolence and religious friendship. But life and immortality are brought to light by the gospel, and Christians have their desires and expectations raised above this mortal state, to communion more glorious and more lasting, in the kingdom of heaven.

And shall this hope make them ashamed? Shall it prove to be but a delusion,—the creature of a bold and heated fancy, forming to itself imaginary enjoyment to amuse and deceive wretched mortals? Shall the expectation of holy and faithful men be at last disappointed? No, this cannot be. The desire of society in the presence of Christ at His coming, inspired by the gospel, is the earnest and pledge of renewed intercourse among the spirits of just men made perfect. Why else is it kindled in the breast of Christians? Would the God of all grace present to them this cup of happiness, just let them sip of it in the vale of mortality, and then withdraw it from them for ever? Impossible! His goodness and wisdom, His truth and justice, are all deeply concerned in fulfilling the desires of His people. And they are saved by hope.

Their earnest expectation waiteth for their manifestation as the sons of God, because they shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

Religion is, in its influence and power, such a strong bond of union among Christians, as warrants us to conclude, that the acquaintance and attachments which are founded on it shall be renewed and perpetuated in the kingdom of heaven. There are relations which will undoubtedly terminate with this world, being such as merely pertain to the mode and condition of our existence in it. Hence our Lord declared, respecting His people, that at the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven. Under that dispensation of perfect felicity, which is to be established at the coming of Christ, connexions suited to earthly and imperfect conditions shall have no place. There is a union, however, formed in the present world, by means of pure and undefiled religion, which shall never be destroyed. This is that union of which the apostle speaks when he says that Christians, in consequence of being saved by grace, and quickened together with Christ, are raised up together, and made to sit in heavenly places; that they are come to Mount Zion, and to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, to the general assembly and Church of the first-born, which are written in heaven. And how near and close is this union! The strictest intimacy is included in it, the idea of the warmest affection enters into its character,

and where it subsists, something more exalted, more refined, more exquisitely tender than any of the attachments of this world, animates their hearts and regulates their conduct. Instead of being strangers and foreigners, they live as fellow-citizens of the household of God; kindly affectioned one to another; loving as brethren; rejoicing with them that rejoice, and weeping with them that weep; putting on, as the elect of God, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering, and above all, charity, which is the bond of perfectness. Under this bond Christians are so knit together in love, as to be of one heart and one soul, united in all their views and purposes and pursuits, and in the enjoyment of one common felicity. Such is the union which, notwithstanding the little jealousies and the narrow prejudices which remaining infirmity frequently begets, is established among those who feel the power and experience the consolations of religion.

Now, all this is the shadow of good things to come, the commencement of friendship not liable to dissolution; of society and affection still more interesting and endearing; of acquaintance and attachment renewed and perpetuated in a future world. Yes, there are precious bonds formed amongst good men by religion, which death shall never be able to destroy. For is there not an intimate connexion between their life that now is, and that which is to come? And is not this connexion of such a nature, that the latter shall take its character and complexion from the former? In this world Christians are united in

the faith and hope of the gospel. Under the same dispensations of providence and grace, besides partaking of similar advantages, and sharing in similar discipline and trials, they enjoy communion with God, and have fellowship one with another. In this infancy of their being, they are educating together for heaven and immortality, growing in grace, approaching to maturity, and aiming at perfection. And shall they not then, when arrived at the stature of perfect men, after a little interruption occasioned by death, be intimate associates in the kingdom of God? Shall not they whom religion has united on earth and prepared for the mansions of everlasting love, be joined together in that affection which they shall know to be the continuation of former friendship? What, in truth, is more reasonable to be believed? Their sentiments and tastes will no doubt be greatly changed, and their judgments regulated by a perfect standard, whilst many former attachments, which in this they had cherished with partial fondness, shall be broken off as unworthy of the future world. No homage that may have been paid to pride, no abject compliance with passions, no weak indulgence to errors and faults, will be permitted to remain. Yet after every unjust claim of affection is cut off, the friendship which is formed by the power of religion will continue and be enjoyed for ever. In the hearts of the just made perfect, every tie of gratitude and esteem, of sympathy and delight, by which the hearts of good men are now bound together, will be drawn more firm and close than ever. All the graces which now

adorn their souls will shine out in perfect beauty, and they shall for ever be united in the employments and blessedness of the heavenly state.

If we turn to the bright and certain discoveries of the gospel, the view they give us leads us to believe that Christians shall in heaven meet and recognise each other. Of the scenes which lie beyond the grave we are permitted to know but little, and it is not perhaps expedient that in this world of discipline, faith should be lost in vision, or that the bright prospects of hope should appear to be bounded. Yet it seems evident from Scripture, that a remembrance of the present state accompanies the soul after death. This our Saviour himself seems to have assumed, in the parable of the rich man and Lazarus. A poor afflicted beggar died, and was carried by angels into Abraham's bosom. A rich man also died, and was doomed to the place of torments. Here he lifted up his eyes, and beheld the patriarch and Lazarus afar off. This relation, it is true, is given us as a parable, and refers to the case of a bad man. But the representation must fill our minds with notions as vain as the fictions of the Pagan poets, unless ideas of a future state are to be derived from it. The rich man not only saw, but recollected Lazarus, and at the same time cried to Abraham for mercy,—circumstances which afford a striking representation of human beings recognising and addressing one another in the world of spirits. The reply of Abraham to the rich man sets the matter in a still clearer point of view. "*Remember*," said he, "that thou in thy

lifetime receivedst thy good things; and likewise Lazarus his evil things;" hereby not only showing his own knowledge of the circumstances of both, but appealing to the memory of the rich man himself, for the truth of his assertion.

Besides, in the case of good men themselves, the Scriptures evidently suppose that at the coming of Christ they shall remember what passed on earth. For as they must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, it is impossible to conceive how they could be there acknowledged and rewarded, without the knowledge and remembrance of former things. How could the wisdom and the justice of the great Judge of all appear, in appropriating happiness to the righteous, unless they, and all who should witness the scene, possessed a recollection of the past, and should be, therefore, capable of acknowledging the just and gracious nature of the sentence which refers to it?

Again, heaven is represented in Scripture as a community. Angels themselves are not solitary beings unknown to each other, and so far elevated above the state and circumstances of man as to derive their enjoyment from themselves, and to stand in no need of reciprocal communications of friendship and love. On the contrary, they are spoken of in such terms as convey the idea of society and the mutual participation of happiness.

But a circumstance particularly to be noticed is, that the saints and faithful of the human race are exhibited to

us in the Scriptures as intimate associates in the kingdom of God. There are in the New Testament various passages from which this animating truth may be inferred. Jesus himself hath declared, that in His "Father's house are many mansions;" plainly holding out the idea of domestic society and social intercourse. In this declaration there seems to be included the pleasant thought of home; of a residence in the presence of a Father, under the roof which His hand has formed, around the table which His love and care have furnished; of brethren dwelling together in unity, each one occupying his place in the mansions of peace. And it is not only asserted in Scripture, that the servants of Christ shall be with Him where He is, beholding His glory, but that He died for them, that whether they wake or sleep, they should live together with Him; an expression which, if it includes the idea of a mutual interchange of sentiments and communication of pleasures, leads us to believe that these shall certainly belong to good men in a future world.

From these considerations, then, are we led to look forward to a state of being, in which those who are redeemed from all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, shall participate in the happiness of each other, and, by reciprocal communications of affection and love, at once receive from and add to the sum of the universal bliss. Hail, thou great and illustrious birthday to another and a nobler life! when the society of good men, assembled in the presence of their Saviour and Lord, shall commence or continue an acquaintance which shall never

end. Welcome the coming of the Lord Jesus! when the cordial affection which has been enkindled among the saints during the first stage of their existence, instead of being extinguished, shall rise into all the ardours of heaven, and glow for ever with a warmth unknown in the cold regions of mortality.

Let us now proceed to consider, what peculiar joy the renewed acquaintance of Christians at the coming of Christ will then afford. Renewed acquaintance and intercourse among good men, who have known and loved one another on earth, will of itself be a source to them of mutual rejoicing. From the social affections of the human mind, men in all conditions of life enter into friendship; and when friends meet after having been for some time absent from each other, there is a scene opened, delightful in proportion to the strength of their attachment. It is indeed one of the dearest blessings, and most sublime enjoyments, which this life affords, to receive a friend home from a far country, where for many years he had taken up his residence, and where he had been involved in many dangers. Hence we may form some notion of the raptures of joy with which good men, whose souls have been knit together in love, will, after the separation which death has produced, meet together at the coming of their Lord. Even among holy and faithful men, sorrows and fears may here be apt to mingle in the prospect of death. Nay, some degree of reluctance they may naturally feel, and even be allowed to feel, concerning an event so solemn as death, and when con-

sidered as a removal from a state of existence which the exercise of Christian love and friendship had consecrated and endeared to them. What an accession of happiness will it therefore be to them, to find each other surviving the stroke of death, and to renew the intercourse which had shed the sweetest influence on the days and scenes of former existence! What divine joy will pervade all their hearts when what they once hoped for they actually behold,—what they once expected is fully come, even the mansions prepared for them from the foundation of the world!

More particularly, let it be observed, that the remembrance will occur of the path in which they trod, and of the scenes of trial and of danger through which they passed, in the present world. When friends meet after a long separation, numerous and interesting are the subjects on which they have to discourse. The situations in which they have been placed; the hardships they have endured; the dangers they have escaped; the prosperity with which they have met, and the favours they have received, become matters of delightful conversation. Of such things they love to speak, and they dwell on them with a minuteness corresponding to the strong emotions of their minds. Is it not, therefore, natural to think that it will be a source of joy to glorified spirits, to take some retrospect of this valley of tears, and of their own path through it; to remember former things, though passed away, as a ground of triumph, and a source of thankfulness; to recollect the relations sanctified by re-

ligion, which they sustained on earth; to think of the scenes of anxiety and sorrow, which are gone for ever; to reflect on the advantages which they assisted each other to improve, and the trials which they helped one another to endure; and, above all, to call to mind the goodness and mercy which followed them all the days of their lives, and to ascribe all their success and their happiness to the sovereign providence and tender mercies of God in Christ Jesus?

The present world is full of temptations and snares; hence many are wrecked in their voyage through the ocean of life; and it is through much tribulation that even good men enter into the kingdom of heaven. Those who are concerned for the best interests of their relations and friends, and who understand the dangers to which they are exposed, often know what it is to be filled with perplexity, and to tremble on their account. To parents, in particular, who love God and the Saviour, and who have compassion for the souls of their children, it is always matter of deep concern to have them wise, and good, and happy. With all their cares and fears, their counsels and prayers, could they obtain even a distant prospect of this, it would afford one of the most delightful satisfactions which can enter into the human mind. But, in an unexpected day, the summons of death arrives; they must go the way of all the earth, and leave their children before their characters are established, and their conditions permanently secured. To such parents, what joy and rejoicing must it prove, in the presence of the

Lord Jesus Christ at His coming, to find those who, while in this world, were dearer to them than themselves, after trials and dangers, and even death itself, safely arrived in the mansions of the blessed! Like mariners after a long and perilous voyage, happily landed on their wished-for shore, they will most cordially hail each other welcome, turn the perils they have escaped into sources of joy, and the safety of each will contribute to and enhance the happiness of all.

The renewed acquaintance and intercourse of Christians at the coming of Christ, will be a source of peculiar joy, from the improved capacities and the perfection of character which they will then attain. During their abode in this world, Christians are but frail and imperfect creatures. Though born from above, and created again in Christ Jesus, they are unfinished parts of the workmanship of God. Sickness and disease press upon their earthly tabernacles, and when these are thus invaded, their spirit feels the effect of the attack. So intimate is the connexion between their bodies and souls, that if the former be disordered, the latter are often debilitated and depressed. To many good men who desire to taste the consolations of Jesus, and the comforts of love in the fellowship and conversation of their Christian brethren, bodily weakness, or bodily disorders, raise an insurmountable barrier, as it were "hedging them about that they cannot get out, inclosing their ways with hewn stone, making them desolate, setting them in dark places, as they that be dead of old." Besides, in their minds

themselves, various failings and infirmities reside, rendering this life a very checkered scene, and greatly abridging their proper enjoyments. There is often much darkness in their understandings, and not a little deceitfulness in their hearts. Those virtues and excellencies which, with peculiar lustre, embellish their characters, are not without a shade. Upon the minds even of eminent Christians, this transitory world has a lamentable influence. The power of inward corruption is only in part subdued, and the great adversary of souls watches the opportunity of blowing the latent spark into a flame. Hence the pleasures of social intercourse and Christian fellowship are often interrupted or destroyed by worldly disappointments or troubles, by multiplied cares or interfering interests, by clashing prejudices and opinions, by peculiar turns and changes of temper, and by the influence of unsubdued passions and unmortified corruptions, the law in the members warring against the law of the mind. It is, indeed, scarcely to be conceived, how much the mental darkness of Christians, and the disorders of their hearts, disturb their mutual joys, and diminish their bliss.

Christians are, no doubt, of one heart and soul, and partake of the same spirit. Yet this is the case only in proportion to their attainments. There are men, for instance, who are united to the Lord Jesus Christ, and who preserve a general sort of peace among themselves. In them the works of the flesh are in a great measure destroyed,—hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, and se-

ditions; but the fruits of the Spirit, love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, appear not in any high degree. They see things but darkly, and their capacities are far from being comprehensive and enlarged. However concerned for the interests of the gospel, and zealous for its truth, they often come short in having compassion one of another, and in forgiving and forbearing one another in love; they seem rather to bite and devour one another, than to bear one another's burdens and so to fulfil the law of Christ. Perhaps envyings and jealousies, dissensions and rivalships take place, and those little unhallowed humours which never fail to show, that although they may have put on the Lord Jesus, they have not yet quite put on the charity which is the bond of perfectness; that they are children in understanding, somewhat wise in their own conceits, not having learned to please their neighbours, for good to edification. In short, it is a mournful truth, that Christians sometimes fall out among themselves, acting under the influence of infirmities and passions, which are hurtful and unbecoming, and which, besides spoiling the peace and comfort of their own minds, render them less agreeable to one another, less amiable in the eye of the world, less like the disciples of Jesus, and less well-pleasing in the sight of God.

But though weeping may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning. A new order of things shall arise; darkness shall give place to light, confusion to order, and every little jarring opinion and humour to harmony and peace. For when reunited to each other, the saints and

faithful in Christ Jesus, having all their troubles and infirmities removed, shall attain a perfection formerly unknown and hardly to be conceived. No pain or sickness shall discompose their own spirits, or be the occasion of grief and vexation to others. Instead of struggling with imperfection, they shall be possessed of abilities and vigour equal to the noblest exertions. As there shall be no more death, so no more sorrow, nor crying, nor any more pain. Their bodies, raised in power, endowed with immortal energies, and fashioned like unto Christ's glorious body, instead of clogging their mutual services and sweetest joys, shall complete their fitness for the employments of heaven, and for joining in the grand unbroken hallelujahs of angels. Nor shall they have prejudices and passions to pervert their judgment, or to excite variance and discord in their social intercourse. The little sect, or party, shall never be seen; the petty dissensions which, in the present world, may exist among Christians, shall appear no more than the shadow of a cloud which has passed over the surface of the earth. No. Perfect light shall create perfect love, and perfect love produce perfect joy.

Reflect, O Christian, on all that is painful and bitter in thy present lot, and suppose it totally and for ever removed; no weakness of body, no disorder of mind, no evil imagination, no vain desire. Call up the remembrance of the best of men and the dearest of friends with whom in any period of thy life thou hast associated; strip them of all those frailties and failings which tarnish

every character upon earth; think on those tender moments which thou didst ever spend in society so dear, so delightful, and so improving, and the reflection may assist thee in conceiving the confidence, the harmony, and love, which shall glow among the saints at the coming of Christ, and which shall constitute one of the purest and noblest joys of heaven.

Christians shall renew their acquaintance and intercourse *in the presence of Christ at His coming*, and this circumstance will be a peculiar source of unspeakable joy. When friends meet after a long separation, the additional presence of a common benefactor, superior in his rank, eminent for his wisdom, and celebrated for his generosity and goodness, contributes greatly to their mutual joy. In such honourable and exalted company, besides much improvement, their happiness and satisfaction are greatly increased. The sentiments of respect, of obligation and gratitude, the idea of favours unmerited and graciously conferred, mingle with and enhance their social delights. If their meeting should happen, too, at some grand period, and upon some interesting occasion, it will tend, by calling forth stronger emotions, to enliven their enjoyments.

What, then, shall be the rejoicing of the saints and faithful, upon renewing their society and acquaintance in the presence of the great God, their Saviour, at His appearing and His kingdom! Upon such an occasion, their meeting together will undoubtedly be no ordinary matter or common event. For if such was Christ's love

to them, that though the brightness of His Father's glory, and the express image of His person, He humbled Himself and became obedient unto death, in order to redeem them unto God and purify them unto Himself, how great must be the joy they will possess, when assembled and associated together at His appearing the second time without sin unto salvation!

The end of all things is at hand, and methinks I see the mighty period already come, the present volume of things closed, the fashion of this world passed away! Methinks I see the heavens opened, Jesus coming with power and great glory, descending with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God! Methinks I see the ransomed of the Lord, friends to Jesus and to each other, assembled together from every quarter under heaven, arrayed in the splendid garments of immortality, shining in all the beauties of holiness, standing before the throne and before the Lamb! Methinks I see them congratulating each other upon their meeting together in the enjoyment of light and life! "Ten thousand times ten thousand are their tongues; their voice is as the voice of many waters, but all their hearts are one." In the glorious presence of their God and Saviour, their intercourse and friendship, refined, enlarged, and perfected, will be fully enjoyed. A mutual exchange of sentiments and affections, glowing together at the sight of Him who loved them and gave Himself for them, will enter at once into their employments and pleasures. Exulting in the society of each other, their joy will become

exceedingly great, in beholding the glories of their divine Redeemer, in contemplating the triumphs of His power and grace, and in hearing from His own mouth the delightful expressions of His love.

The occasion—the event—the prospect, is immensely grand, presenting abundant matter of admiration and delight. Now, the presence of the Lord Jesus, the dignity of His person, the majesty and authority which belong to Him, the power and dominion, the grace and goodness which He is acknowledged to possess, combine in their admiring view. Now, they see Jesus, for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour. Now, they behold the counsels of God taking their full effect, the dispensations of Providence vindicated and explained, the scheme of redemption brought to its completion, the objects of faith realised, and of hope substantiated; the love of Christ displaying its height and depth, its breadth and length, in an exceeding great and eternal weight of glory.

The renewed acquaintance and intercourse of Christians at the coming of Christ, will be a source of peculiar joy, as it shall be eternal in its duration. In the present world, Christian fellowship is among the chief blessings and noblest enjoyments of life. It is liable, however, to manifold interruptions. For, besides those bodily distempers and infirmities which, as was formerly observed, are the occasion of much uneasiness and distress, particular and unavoidable circumstances often separate the dearest Christian friends, and the common occupations

of this imperfect life prevent a personal intercourse among the best and worthiest men. Here, for example, is a family of pure and undefiled religion. The parents, wise, affectionate, and good, are genuine disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ, believing His doctrines, relying on His atonement, and following His example. The children partake of the virtues of their parents, having the seeds of religion, which were carefully sown in their tender hearts, springing up under the divine influence, and promising a fair and joyful harvest. The social intercourse maintained in such a family, springing from the pure source of genuine religion, presents the liveliest idea of friendship and happiness. Yet the joys felt by this pious family are far from being permanent. Times change, and this or that cross incident, it may be, deranges their affairs, disturbs their proper business, and dashes their pleasure with sorrow and sadness. Or, though the family be not entirely dissolved, yet the children as they grow up are dispersed. Under the direction of Providence, they go, each one his own way, one to his farm and another to his merchandise, removing from their parents and from each other; and, in order to carry on the wise, though unsearchable plans of Heaven, have their habitations fixed in different corners and in distant lands.

The effect of death, too, among Christian relations and friends, is awfully distressing. For, besides dissolving the ties of nature, and breaking up the dearest connexions of human life, it separates those whose company and counsels, whose services and prayers afforded mutually the

greatest pleasure and advantage. Here are two Christians, who have singled out each other from all the world to be inseparable companions in the journey of life. They are both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless. They are both well stricken in years, the time of their departure is at hand, and their only wish is, that they may depart together, and in their death be not divided. But ah! the power that brings them to the grave consults not with them as to the time. The one is taken and the other left,—a kind of solitary being on the face of the earth. There, again, are other two friends, joined to the Lord and to each other, to whom God has given pious and dutiful children. Amidst parental anxieties and cares, it is the joy of their hearts to observe their children, as they grow in days, growing also in goodness, remembering their Creator and seeking Him early, increasing in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man. The sight is dear to their hearts, and it is their wish and their hope, that as old age advances they may have consolation and support in their kindness and attention. But lo! death comes up into their windows, and enters into their palaces, and cuts off their children from without and their young men from the streets. "Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and even Benjamin also is taken away."

Yonder, also, are a few chosen Christian friends, kindly affectioned one towards another with brotherly love. Amidst the business of their different stations and de-

partments, they speak often one to another, and consider one another to provoke unto love and to good works. Often do they take sweet counsel together, and tell what things God has done for their souls. They comfort and edify one another, building themselves up in their most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost, keeping themselves in the love of God, and looking for the mercy of the Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life. Should you take part for a little in their employments and pleasures, you would say with rapture, "It is good to be here." "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." "But all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of the grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away." Even those choice spirits are called away one after another, and nothing can exempt them from the power of the grave. The righteous perish,—the godly cease,—the faithful fail from among the children of men. It is thus, brethren, that the society and intercourse of Christians upon earth are suspended and broken; and thus it will be, till the time of the restitution of all things, when the Lord Jesus Christ shall judge the quick and the dead, at His appearing and His kingdom.

Oh, glorious and wished-for period! when mortality shall be swallowed up of life, when Christian relations and friends, redeemed from death, and ransomed from the power of the grave, shall have all their sorrows turned into joy; when, alike pure and immortal, they shall meet to separate no more; when, instead of losing, or griev-

ing for having lost each other, they shall continue to indulge the most pleasing affections, and to enjoy the most delightful intercourse, without the fear of ever parting again. Oh, glorious and wished-for period! the society of perfect spirits, once met in the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ, shall never be dissolved. Their persons, employments, and joys, shall never suffer diminution, or interruption, or end. Christ died for them that they should live together with Him. In His Father's house are many mansions, and where He is there shall they be also. Oh, delightful state! In yonder world, cheered and gladdened by the presence of Christ, they who attain to the resurrection of the just are continually before the throne of God. They feel—they fear no change. Each one occupies his station, without an occasion or wish of absence. Peace reigns undisturbed. Friendships contracted grow for ever. And when ages shall have rolled away, their happiness shall be but beginning.

NOTHING BRIGHT BUT HEAVEN.



HIS world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but Heaven!

And false the light on Glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And Love and Hope and Beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd from the tomb—
There 's nothing bright but Heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day!
From wave to wave we 're driven;
And Fancy's flash, and Reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way—
There 's nothing calm but Heaven!

THOMAS MOORE.

REST REMAINETH.



EST remaineth—oh, how sweet!
Flowery fields for wandering feet,
Peaceful calm for sleepless eyes,
Life for death, and songs for sighs.

Rest remaineth—hush that sigh;
Mourning pilgrim, rest is nigh;
Yet a season, bright and blest,
Thou shalt enter on thy rest.

Rest remaineth—rest from sin,
Guilt can never enter in;
Every warring thought shall cease,
Rest in purity and peace.

Rest remaineth—rest from tears,
Rest from parting, rest from fears;
Every trembling thought shall be
Lost, my Saviour, lost in Thee.

Rest remaineth—oh, how blest!
We believe, and we have *rest.*
Faith, reposing faith, hath been
'Mongst the things that are not seen.

Thus, my Saviour, let me be,
Even here at rest in Thee;
And, at last, by Thee possess'd,
On Thy bosom sink to *rest!*

From "Dark Sayings on a Harp."

MINISTERING ANGELS.



HEY are evermore around us, though unseen to mortal sight,
In the golden hour of sunshine, and in sorrow's starless night,
Deepening earth's most sacred pleasures, with the peace of sin forgiven,
Whispering to the lonely mourner of the painless joys of Heaven.

Lovingly they come to help us, when our faith is cold and weak,
Guiding us along the pathway to the blessèd Home we seek;
In our hearts we hear their voices breathing sympathy and love,
Echoes of the spirit-language in the sinless world above.

They are with us in the conflict, with their words of hope and cheer,
When the foe of our salvation and his armèd hosts draw near;
And a greater One is with us, and we shrink not from the strife,
While the Lord of angels leads us on the battle-field of life.

Seldom do we think upon them, seldom do we believe them nigh,—
Like the child who deems in sunshine that the stars hath left the sky;
So by this world's pleasures dazzled, scarce we feel their presence true—
In foolishness and fickleness are we not children too?

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Seeing all our guilt and weakness, looking down with pitying eyes,
For the foolish things we cling to, and the Heaven that we despise,
They have been our guardian angels since this weary world began,
And they still are watching o'er us, for His sake who died for man.

The Scripture Arguments in favour of Recognition.

BY THE

REV. J. B. OWEN, M.

OF ST JUDE'S, CHELSEA.

WITH roses crown his baby head;
Close with a kiss his tender eyes;
Then lilies o'er his cradle bed,
For he shall wake in Paradise.

What music fills the silent room?
Oh, list! the Guardian Angel sings:
"Our spirit-rosebud springs to bloom—
Our spirit-bird unfolds its wings."

O mother! look with inward eyes;
Dear heart! at once bereaved and blest,
Behold the infant Cherub rise;
He smiles upon an angel's breast!

Rejoice amid thy sorrow's tears;
Rejoice, for unto thee 'twas given
To swell the music of the spheres—
To bear an angel-babe for Heaven!

THOMAS L. HARRIS.

"Now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known." (1 Cor. xiii. 12.)

THE text describes the vague, imperfect, superficial, and confused views which even the believer conceives of present allotments, as they affect his soul or body, the Church or the world, God or man. With our present light, all things are beheld darkly, partially, doubtfully. They are an enigma, for the solution of which we wait in faith; a parable, to read which in humble, filial acquiescence in wisdom not yet understood, and in grace yet to be revealed, is the only becoming attitude of those who call themselves the children of God. Apart from the glimpses of future adjustments and reconciliations of all apparent discrepancies, which the Word of God affords to the eye of faith and to the spirit of prayer, the disordered and entangled affairs of our poor world resemble the wrong side of a piece of embroidery, in which the mass of confusion of colours and shreds, and unmeaning cross purposes and indefinite design, would seem a

wretched, lost labour indeed, to those who had never seen the right side; the balancings of the last judgment will exhibit the general harmony and beauty arising out of the chaos of apparent contradictions and anomalies, to the completion of which every little thread or shade of colour had contributed its share—"all things working together for good," to secure the welfare of man and accomplish the glory of God. This perfect appreciation of the ways of God is reserved for those elevated capacities for knowledge and enjoyment which shall distinguish the saints in light, when "wisdom shall be justified of her children." It would seem to follow from the analogy of association, that we shall then know more of each other than we are capable of knowing now—shall have a deeper insight into "what is in man" the more nearly we assimilate that Being "who knoweth the thoughts and intents of the heart." This induction is surely more in accordance with the general enlargement of intellectual as well as spiritual faculties belonging to scriptural views of the heavenly world, than the cheerless idea, that, among the many things we shall know so much better than we could know them here, the knowledge of ourselves and of each other will form the sole exception. The latter is clearly at variance with the general teaching of the text. If our present obscure and limited attainments in Divine and spiritual knowledge be contrasted with the clear and unlimited fruition of all kinds of knowledge in heaven—if "then I shall know God, even as I am known of Him," it seems the

unlikeliest corollary to such a statement that I should not know my brother-man at all in the same blaze of supernatural light and glorious recognitions. If with an enlightened eye that God had opened, Jacob saw angels, and recognised them as angels, ascending and descending from heaven to earth; if Stephen "saw the heavens open," and recognised "Jesus standing at the right hand of God;" and if John in the Apocalyptic vision distinguished "saints and elders;" I cannot conceive it otherwise than an irresistible conclusion, that when the brethren and sisters of Christ meet each other at the marriage supper of their common Lord, they will recognise and rejoice in each other's presence there, and join in the jubilant anthem, which implies the consciousness of each other's earthly trials being ended in their heavenly triumph, as they sing together—"Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof; for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, *out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation.*" How could they tell that, unless they could recognise the differences of kindred and nation, and "know each other, even as they were known?"

We are not, however, employing the text in its direct theology, but rather as a general indication of the redeemed saints' exalted, perfect, and unlimited capacity for happy, holy, sanctifying knowledge, on which to construct the groundwork of an argument from Scripture in favour of the doctrine of individual recognition in an eternal world, on which I have been requested to

discourse. By the blessing of God, its discussion cannot fail of profit, especially as there will be involved in the inquiry most of the leading truths of redemption. The establishment of the doctrine may serve to comfort many who have been called to mourn over their separation for a season from those they loved, and still love too well, not to make the prospect of reunion with them an additional attraction towards even the beatitudes of heaven—

> "Where all the ship's company meet,
> Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath;
> With shouting each other they greet,
> And triumph o'er trouble and death."

The subject to which I desire to call your attention is, What instruction do we receive from Holy Scripture as to personal recognition in a future state? The terms of the problem will confine my remarks to such deductions in its support as may be afforded in *Scripture only;* and thus I must deprive the subject of such testimony in its favour as might have been drawn, first, from the constitutional sociality of our nature, that renders such an expectation as our mutual recognition hereafter conducive to our happiness, heaven being the scene where all the innocent sources that contribute to felicity would be probably accumulated; secondly, from those enlarged CAPACITIES of knowledge and enjoyment in a future state already adverted to, which further invests the subject with a reasonable probability; thirdly, from the common assent of mankind in all ages and in various creeds to some form of the doctrine, which assent is

ordinarily admitted as an argument of some force in the chain of evidence upon other doctrines; fourthly, from the incidental inference drawn from the like general belief of mankind in the appearances of the dead in this scene of their former existence, and their being recognised by the parties to whom they appeared, as—without expressing any opinion upon other cases of alleged apparitions—was undoubtedly the case in the instances of Moses and Elias on the Mount of Transfiguration, who were recognised by Peter, and of "the bodies of the saints" that arose after our Lord's resurrection, who appeared unto many, and were obviously known to be "saints" by the use of that appellation—the inference from this class of cases will be noticed in another place; and, fifthly, from the analogy of sleep, the scriptural type of death, the persons of individuals, both dead and living, being clearly identified in the dreams of the night, and therefore leading to the inference that such persons would be equally identified after they and we shall have "fallen asleep in Jesus."

Laying aside such considerations as these, we are to inquire if the doctrine be contained, or may be fairly deduced, from Holy Scripture. We shall adopt the affirmative view of the subject, and submit that the following passages of the Word of God may be cited in support of the position. We would, first, refer to the First Book of Samuel, the twenty-eighth chapter, and the eleventh and following verse:—"Then said the woman, Whom shall I bring up unto thee? And he

said, Bring me up Samuel. And when the woman saw Samuel, she cried with a loud voice; and the woman spake to Saul, saying, Why hast thou deceived me? for thou art Saul." And in the fourteenth verse—"And Saul perceived that it was Samuel, and he stooped with his face to the ground, and bowed himself." It does not affect the question here by whose *agency* the spirit of Samuel was raised. It is evident both the woman and Saul recognised the prophet, and the prophet recognised Saul. Perhaps the fact may admit the argument, that if a parted spirit and a living man could be mutually recognised, then it is even more probable, if BOTH individuals had departed—that is, both were occupying the same sphere and condition of existence, they could equally recognise each other.

David, indeed, proposes an express comfort to himself from such an expectation, when bereaved of his child. In the Second Book of Samuel, the twelfth chapter, and the twenty-second and following verse, we read—"And he said, While the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept; for I said, Who can tell whether God will be gracious to me, that the child may live? But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." When the child is dead, he is not merely comforted, but comparatively cheerful, under the impression, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." The two parts that constitute the antithesis must be strictly analogous, or they would not only fail of their consola-

tion, but be unintelligible, and no antithesis at all. If the child returned to David, he would of course have recognised, received, and loved him on earth; but as, instead of this, David is to go to the child, it would seem to infer, that he comforted himself with the assurance of the same recognition and repossession of the departed in another world. The inconsistency of David's proceeding after the child's death with his previous sorrowing, which struck his servants, would be equally unintelligible to us, if the words were merely read—"He shall not return to life with me, but I shall go to death with him." Where would be the special consolation in the father's being lost to the child, as the child had been lost to the father, if death were the final extinction of the power of recognition and recovery each of the other? Clearly the words are susceptible of no reasonable interpretation which does not involve the doctrine contended for. If it be answered, that the proof of such an impression being in the mind of David, is not conclusive upon the truth of the doctrine in question, I would humbly submit, that the personal impressions of inspired men, where they have recorded them in Scripture, are to be received as Divine truths, upon the same authority as we receive their views of other less speculative doctrines.

Our blessed Lord appears to afford additional argument in support of the theory of individual recognition in the parable of Dives and Lazarus. In this case, not only does the rich man recognise Lazarus, though "a

great gulf was fixed between them," but he converses with him; and in scriptural phrase Lazarus is represented "in Abraham's bosom," that is, in terms of close intimacy and endearing familiarity with Abraham; and, moreover, Abraham discovers an intimate acquaintance with the circumstances of the past lives of both, of which Lazarus may be presumed to have informed him. And that individual recognition was expected even in hell, appears from the appeal of Dives, that his five brethren yet alive might be warned, "lest they came to that place of torment," that is, to the aggravation of his own personal misery. If it be objected to this argument, that it is reasoning from a parable, in which style of composition the scenery was usually fictitious, we venture to reply, that the parables of Jesus were never fictions in their relation to the facts of nature, of providence, and of doctrine—that no *doctrinal* error can be fairly wrested from them, and that it is an admission prejudicial to the honour of our Lord, and at palpable variance with the congruities of His character and office and general mode of teaching, to suppose Him who had the unlimited command of all ideas and of all language in which to express them, capable of employing a fallacy to illustrate a truth. Such an hypothesis is not far from the blasphemous construction put upon His exorcisms, namely, "He casteth out devils by Beelzebub, the chief of the devils."

It does not appear that the reply of our Lord to the Sadducees, in the thirtieth verse of the twenty-second

chapter of Matthew, militates in any way against the theory of individual recognition. He merely says—"In heaven they neither marry, nor are given in marriage"—that is, it is submitted there exists no longer any necessity for the ordinary relations of human life, and, therefore, all such as are incongruous with the celestial state of being are abolished; but "they are as the angels of God"—that is, their mode of existence and the exercise of their faculties correspond with that of the fellowship of the angels, into which they have been admitted. Consequently, if the angels are known to each other, and, as they were never parted by sin and death, it is to be believed they are mutually known and loved, though "they neither marry, nor are given in marriage;" and if men in the resurrection are to resemble the angels, therefore men will enjoy the like privilege of "knowing each other, even as they are known." This view may be further confirmed from the First Epistle to the Corinthians, the fifteenth chapter, and the fifty-fourth verse, where it is said, "when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then death shall be swallowed up of victory." The angels sing this; the angels, then, must recognise in the redeemed, spirits who had died, or how could they triumph over their escape from and defeat of death?

But not only angels triumph in the victory of their brethren from the flesh; St John, in the seventh chapter of Revelation, and the thirteenth verse, tells us of "one of the elders"—that is, an Old Testament saint—who

was perfectly acquainted with the persons and the antecedent trials of some triumphant souls arrived with him in glory, saying, "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." It is not easy to see how this statement could have been made irrespective of the power of individual recognition. How otherwise could the elder have known through what tribulation these saints had passed, or the steadfast faith in Christ by which they had been redeemed, sanctified, and saved? There could be no triumph over the vanquishing of death, except in the notorious and unquestionable escape of his recognised and delivered victims.

Moreover, death was the effect and penalty of sin. If man had not sinned, the union of earthly attachments and relationships, for aught we know, had been immortal. If in Christ all the effects of sin shall be abolished, man will be reinstated, though with much superadded glory, in all the privileges which he originally enjoyed, and, therefore, with a capacity of renewing and perpetuating his communion with them, over whom "death shall have no more dominion." If it be answered, the attachments pertinent to the question were formed in a state of apostasy, and, therefore, cannot appropriate the argument of the preceding hypothesis, it is submitted, that if the privilege of mutual recognition is to be set aside, because the antecedent attachment was formed in the state of apostasy, all other connexions involved in the same objection must be superseded on

the same account, and thus the Redeemer himself be restricted from recognising His chosen ones, who through mercy received Him in the apostasy, and be hindered from the gracious, blissful, glorifying acknowledgment before the millions in the judgment—"Here am I, and the children thou gavest me." How otherwise shall He "see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied?"

Again, in the thirteenth chapter of Luke, and the twenty-eighth verse, it is stated as one of the peculiar aggravations of the anguish of those unhappy souls who would be lost in their careless and impenitent abuse of privilege, that they should recognise in the forfeit realms of glory those who had not been so highly favoured as themselves: "There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth, when ye shall see Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets, in the kingdom of God, and you yourselves thrust out." Comparing this passage with the twenty-ninth verse, which speaks of the same individuals seeing many Gentiles "coming from the east and west, and north and south, sitting down in the kingdom of God," it is difficult to see the force of the appeal, or the point of the contrast, in these passages, except upon the admission of individual recognition; and, further, if they who were strangers to Abraham in the flesh, should yet identify him in the world of spirits, much more should those souls identify each other, who had known each other in the body.

Again, there is a moral *necessity* for individual remembrance, at least in the scene of judgment. "We

must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, to give an account of the deeds done in the body." This awful scrutiny will comprise besides deeds "every idle *word*," all "hard speeches and ungodly thoughts;" and since our deeds and words and thoughts are connected with individuals, as benevolence or malice, or slander or impurity, must have subjects for their exercise, of course the *persons* must be recalled in the remembrance of the facts; and as all will be there assembled on the trial, and be associated with the absolution or condemnation of our souls, it follows that at least we shall recognise those souls with whom we were associated in this life *at the bar of God;* and as at that solemn period the destiny and the capacity of every soul will be fixed without further change, except perhaps in the way of *augmentation* of their absolute weal or woe, the recognition originated in the judgment must extend into eternity. If it be objected to this view of the economy of judgment, that it supposes that the sins and infirmities of the godly who shall die in the faith of Jesus are to be exposed before men and angels in the final day, our answer is, we believe just the contrary, and that the reservation of the sins of the godly, in the publication of their acts of faith, does not affect the argument to be derived from the publication of the deeds of the wicked, and which argument is sufficient for our purpose, if applied only to the commemoration of the *righteous* acts of the godly.

In the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, and the thirty-fourth to the fortieth verses, in the account of the

judicial procedure of Christ no mention is made of the *evil* deeds of the saints, but only of their acts of faith. The Son of man shall own and honour them, as he says —"For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in;" and when they shall wonder at hearing this, and ask their Lord *when* they did it, the reply involves an argument for our inquiry—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of *these my brethren*, ye have done it unto me"—obviously pointing to their poor brethren in Christ whom they had succoured in the flesh, as at once an answer to their question, and a proof that their Lord accepted as pledges of love to Him the kindness which they had shown to them—an appeal, the force of which is disarmed entirely, if individual recognition be not admitted. Is it written—"God is not unrighteous to forget your works of faith?" yet He *is* merciful to forget your sins; for His gracious, loving, and forgiving promise is—"Your sins and your iniquities will I *remember* no more!" Take comfort, then, thou timid and misgiving child of God; your reconciled Father will "make no more mention of thy sins!" Man's pardon is only half a pardon; his equivocal language is—"I may forgive, but I cannot forget." God's mercy in Christ does both; He forgives and forgets too. His wonderful language is—"I will remember thy sins no more;" "I will blot them out;" "cast them behind my back," and sink them into "the depths of the sea;" all which expressions imply the plenary and eternal

amnesty of the grace that is by Christ Jesus, the generous oblivion of all our offences consequent upon the conversion of the soul by the power of the Holy Ghost; so that the Church will be presented to God as "a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing."

One more argument is submitted from the comparison of the First Epistle to the Thessalonians, the second chapter, and the nineteenth verse, where St Paul asks with reference to Christ's ministers and their flocks—"What is our hope or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ at His coming?" And in the thirteenth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and the seventeenth verse—"They"—that is, ministers—"watch for your souls, as they that must give account, that they may do it with joy and not with grief." It seems obvious here that the day of judgment is the period alluded to, the parties concerned ministers and their people, of whom the former have to give an account, and the latter to confront their testimony—that it will be painful to the minister to testify against some, that it will be his crown of rejoicing to bear witness to the faithfulness of others; and surely it is difficult to reconcile these facts with any views of the world to come which reject the theory of individual recognition. Thus the penitent thief makes the fact of his recognition the burden of his dying prayer—"Lord, *remember* me when thou comest into thy kingdom!" and had there been any error or mere fanaticism in the

hope, Jesus would have corrected it; but, on the contrary, He sanctioned and established it in the tender answer—"To-day thou shalt be *with Me* in paradise." "The Lord knoweth them that are His" here; "His name shall be in their foreheads" there; and thus each shall recognise another, and all their common Lord.

Well might a devoted minister lately deceased, weeping over the emaciated form of his beloved wife, and receiving her last kiss of earthly love, whisper in the ears of her departing spirit the fond, holy, happy thought that helped to heal his own broken heart—

"And when I 'm to die,
Receive me, I 'll cry;
For Jesus hath loved me,
I cannot tell why.
But this I do find,
We too are so joined;
He 'll not live in glory,
And leave me behind!"

To sum up the evidence upon the whole inquiry: considering, as we have seen, the actual recognition of the deceased Samuel by Saul, and of Moses and Elias by the three disciples on the Mount of Transfiguration, and of the saints that rose after the resurrection by "*many* of the Jews;" considering the personal comfort that the inspired psalmist proposes to his soul in the individual recovery of his child in the world to come; considering the representation of an actual recognition on the part of Dives and Lazarus, and of the recognition of both on the part of Abraham; considering the fact that we shall

be like the angels, to involve the necessity of personal recognition; considering that an equal necessity is involved in the angelic song of triumph over death, and the doctrine of the restitution of all things in the redemption that is by Christ Jesus, implying the restoration of this prerogative of our nature, together with the other privileges forfeited by sin; considering that such a personal recognition is accounted one of the sources of peculiar aggravation to the misery of the lost, that they should see others whom they had known to be less favoured than themselves on earth admitted into heaven; considering the moral necessity there exists for such a recognition, in order to the realising that process of judgment, which, consisting in the scrutiny of deeds and words and thoughts, implies the remembrance and presence of the individuals who were the subjects of them; considering the specific statement of the office of ministers in bearing a grievous or a joyous testimony concerning the subjects of their ministrations in the day of judgment, to augment the view of the necessity of the doctrine in question; and considering, finally, the prayer of the penitent on Calvary a constructive, practical appeal to the Saviour on a case in point, and our Lord's touching and gracious answer *pro tanto* a precedent to put in plea, we feel justified in asserting the conclusion, that individual recognition in an eternal world is a verity of Holy Scripture. The passages which involve the doctrine appear capable of useful application to ministers, in

reference to our solemn responsibility; to the careless sinner, as Dives; to the bereaved saint, as David; and to all classes of Christians, with a view to the day when every soul will be brought face to face, and Christ "shall bring to light the hidden things of darkness." Commending these practical hints to the further reflection of my dear brethren, there is one obvious objection to the theory, which may be briefly glanced at in concluding its discussion.

If we shall rejoice to recognise our friends in heaven, must we not be grieved at the absence of others in hell? It is submitted, that the consequence is not necessary. The Lord may give His risen people large capacities for joy without a single capacity for sorrow. Angels are said to "joy over the penitent sinner," but they are never said to be grieved for the reprobate sinner; and our Lord saith, "They who are counted worthy of that resurrection shall be like the angels." The mingling of evil that qualifies every earthly good, to remind the soul at all times "this is not her rest," is interdicted in that region which is her rest. Sorrow at another's calamity is the result of an inevitable involuntary sympathy, which seems an essential quality of our present nature, and to be productive of many good results in the present constitution of society; but no such advantages seem likely to follow, and no such necessity to exist in the fellowship of the saints, and consequently, sympathy with suffering may not be a quality of beatified man. Assuredly he

will have no sympathy for sin, and by consequence, none for the results of sin, nor by analogy, for the person of the sinner.

May not the enlarged views of the Divine perfections into which the glorified saints will be admitted, serve to swallow up every inferior impression; and all self, to its remotest modifications, being merged in the deep realisations of the glory of God, one sentiment alone will animate the hosts of heaven—"Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight!" The "beauty of holiness" and "the exceeding sinfulness of sin" will then be discerned in their true light, and no natural sympathy of the creature intercept its entire acquiescence and delight in the righteous will of the Creator.

Our happiness will not be dependent, as it is in a great measure in this state, on creature conditions and associations, and therefore will not be liable to be affected by them. There could be nothing absent, nothing wanting in our Father's house to complete "the felicity of His chosen," or to impair the grateful satisfied *sense* of its completeness. Then shall we better understand the verse —"Ye are complete in Him."

> "If heaven itself a desert were,
> Enough if Christ my Lord be there;
> Whate'er withheld, whate'er bestow'd,
> I shall have all in all in God!"

Come, then, by faith to the sepulchre of your Saviour, you whose stricken and bereaved hearts have been numbered among those who mourn—"lover and friend hast

Thou put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness." Jesus was dead and buried, but was after that seen and recognised by those who could identify Him as their former Lord. The force of this fact in its bearing on our subject lies in the federal and exemplary relation of all facts that belonged to Christ's natural body, having their correspondence in His mystical body, the Church; so that if HE were recognised, so will she be—as with the Head, so with the members. Then weep not, mother in Israel, if you, like she of Nain, have followed the bier of pious and promising sons or daughters, on whose loving tenderness you looked to lean in the infirmities of age, when the world's other eyes looked coldly and indifferently on your tottering steps; look only to Jesus now, to Him who met the funeral at the city gates, and still meets the death of the righteous with the tender condolement to their bereaved ones—"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." Trust Him in that gracious declaration; you will understand it better when you meet together at the great white throne. And you, too, sorrowing widower or widow, who have felt the bitter rending of that sacred tie which "God had joined together, and man might not put asunder," no, nor death either, except for its dark parenthesis of parting at the grave; you feel the want perhaps of the nuptial cup that used to be filled so lovingly and plenteously, until the fragile vessel broke in the hand that held it, and spilled its sweetness; but be comforted; who knows but He who blessed the marriage at Cana, but blessed it in His own

way, has greater blessings still in store to gladden your reunited souls, into the acknowledgment at last—"He hath kept the good wine until now?" And you, too, bereaved brother or sister in Christ, whose lives were spent together in the holy and unselfish love that knits together the soul of a brother to his sister, or of a sister to her brother, you were so long spared to each other, that you were less able to bear the severing of the link the longer it had bound you to one another, and the world was all a blank that day, "the one was taken and the other left." Perhaps you were too ready to cry with Elisha, when he lost his master—"The chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof." Ah! let the Friend who visited the orphans at Bethany, take the vacant place in your desolate heart, and "if thou wouldst believe," comfort you with the ulterior as well as immediate prospect of a happier reunion involved in the pledge—"Thy brother shall rise again."

The last group of mourners with whom the subject pleads its consolations is that of the fatherless, and perhaps motherless too. Thrown upon each other's hands, as you are, be fathers and mothers to each other in your hearts. Mitigate the bitterness of orphanhood by a tenderer interchange of family affection, especially of the elders towards the younger who have had a less share of the old parental love. Act as you would like to tell them that you did so when you join your departed ones in the world of spirits. Let faith in Jesus' sympathy sanctify the tears that nature sheds, into a means of softening the

heart towards God and one another. So live, that the separation may be but temporary, and ever enable you to say, "When my father and mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up." It is no light loss you have been called upon to sustain; but the religion of Jesus can alone prevent its being, like Cain's punishment, "greater than you can bear." Oh! bring those aching hearts to where the beloved disciple laid his head at the farewell Passover, "in Jesus' bosom;" and by the realising and appropriating views of faith, you may apply His own gracious words to every pious kinsman "fallen asleep" before you—"A little while, and ye shall not see me: and again a little while, and ye shall see me, because I go to the Father." Be just and liberal. "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations."

THE COMMUNION OF THE SAINTS.



EAVEN is no world of self-sufficing bliss;
Love is its radiance, Love its atmosphere,
And Love the last and least-beloved doth miss,
And counts each soul Love's Blood was pour'd for, dear.
Did not our gracious Master tell us this,
That joy's vast thrill sweeps through heaven's splendour clear,
When one poor sinner turns that he may live,
And shall not heaven bewail one fugitive?

Think ye, each saint who loved his brethren so,
He felt their sorrows his, loves less above?
Does joy make hearts less tender? Surely, no—
Heaven is the dwelling-place of deathless Love.
But your faint hearts, unconscious of that glow,
Paint a false bliss: myself do I reprove,
Who shared your doubts; but faith its world of light,
And sacred loveliness unbares to fight.

The Virgin Mother, highest raised of all,
Who at her heart earth's wondrous SAVIOUR bore,
Whose meek assent retrieved Eve's primal fall,
Can she forget her brethren evermore?
That tender heart of pity rests the thrall;
She cannot cease to love on that bright shore;
And JESUS' foster-father mourns with her
The souls that mock, the loveless hearts that err.

And all that glorious host no tongue can count,
Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs, swell their moan.
Within each soul still springs compassion's fount,
Should human griefs and cares remain unknown?
Number the suns; then weigh the vast amount
Of mortal woes! That can the blest alone.
With tender yearning prayers for aye they seek
To bless the loveless and cheer the weak.

And you, sweet friends, who here partook our cares,
Have you forgotten and forsaken quite?
Nay, He who shared the heart's fond yearning, shares
Its tenderness and weakness infinite;
For weakness, strong in faith, is rich in prayers,
And must be weak while wrong contends with right.
He would not drain the core-benumbing gall;
Love, in the Highest, can be grieved by all.

ARCHER GURNEY.

THE LIVING DEATH.



H, say not that we die!
Say not that we, whose heaven-born souls inherit
Their life from life, can ever pass away;
That we whose source is the ETERNAL SPIRIT,
Can yield what is from God to slow decay.

Say! say! is it to die—
To give this weary body unto sleeping?
To lay down sorrow's crushing, cumbrous load?
To rest where we can hear no sounds of weeping,
Far, far away from life's tear-tracen road?

Oh! say is it to die—
To burst from out this tottering mortal dwelling,
A spirit unembodied, unconfined?
To view the wide expanse of glory swelling,
And earth and all its anguish left behind?

Oh! say is it to die—
To pass from life's rough channel to the ocean?
To enter on the solemn after-life?
To feel our being pass with spirit's motion,
Free from the conflict and the mortal strife?

Say! say! is it to die—
To cease to drink the cup of earthly sorrow?
To cease to tread the narrow vale of tears?
To waken to that day that knows no morrow,
When time is not, nor flowing, ebbing years!

Oh! say is it to die—
When angels o'er the parting spirit linger,
Just as it passes to its God on high;
And point with beaming smile and beckoning finger
To far-off mansions in the happy sky?

Say! say! is it to die—
To lay aside a body daily wasting,
With toil outworn, with weight of care opprest?
And spring away with eager faith, foretasting
The peace, the quiet of the promised rest?

Oh! say is it to die—
To wear the Saviour's radiant form of brightness?
To see Him as He is, with glory crown'd?
To stand in robes of pure unsullied whiteness,
Joining the songs of happy saints around?

Oh! this is not to die—
To leave a world of changes and of seeming,
Where amid fleeting phantasies we dwell;
And wing away, as from a state of dreaming,
To waking and to bliss unchangeable.

Oh! this is not to die—
Is it not rather into life expanding,
Breaking the trial-state to live indeed?
Safe from the tempest in the haven landing,
From storms, from toils, from rocking billows freed?

No! no! we cannot die—
In Death's unrobing room we strip from round us
The garments of mortality and earth;
And breaking from the embryo state which bound us,
Our day of dying is our day of birth!

And yet to earth we die—
Born to new life, with all its weight of blessing,
Born to a world where ills can never press;
Exalted, pure, angelic joys possessing,
If this is Death, then Death is happiness!

DEAN NEWMAN, from "Lyra Mystica."

The Scripture Arguments in Favour of Recognition—*continued.*

BY THE

REV. R. C. DILLON, M.A.

Death is sleep; but oh the glorious waking
In the land where sorrow is no more!
Patiently endure, then, as expecting
Soon to join the loved ones gone before.

Hark! the angels singing; childless mother,
They proclaim the advent upon earth
Of the child Christ Jesus, on whose birthday
Hail with joy thy baby's heavenly birth.

Then the light around the angel faded,
I was left for evermore alone;
Till I heavenward turn for consolation,
Where my husband and my child were gone.

Thus my proud soul learnt humility,
Learnt to kiss with gratitude the rod;
Humbly striving to be good and patient,
Meekly waiting for the voice of God!

Thus I celebrate, alone and silent,
On the Christmas eve, a double birth!
Thanking God, who took my child to heaven;
Praising God, who sent His child on earth.

For whose birth my soul is very joyful,
Through whose blood I hope to be forgiven;
By whose death I boldly pass the gateway,
Leading to His Father's home in heaven!

O mourner, weeping long thy loved ones taken,
They tread the shining paths by angels trod!
O thou by trusted hearts in need forsaken,
Love shall not fail thee in the land of God!

There soul with soul in converse sweet confiding,
Nor shy mistrust, nor selfish aim shall know;
Sure as the crystal stream beside them gliding,
All wish, all thought, in union shall flow.

C. L. FORD.

OF all the sorrows which we are doomed to experience on earth, there are few so bitter as that occasioned by the fatal stroke, which separates us, in *appearance* for ever, from those to whom either nature or friendship had intimately joined our hearts. Memory from time to time will renew the anguish, it will open the wound which seemed once to have closed, and by recalling joys that are past and gone, will touch every spring of painful sensibility. In these agonising moments, how reviving is the thought to the believer, that the separation from those who have died in the Lord, who are related to him, is only *temporary*, not eternal;

that there is a time to come of reunion with all those who are members of the same holy family, whose joys and sorrows, temporal and spiritual, once were ours, and from whom, after we have landed on the peaceful shores where they dwell, no revolutions of time or eternity shall ever be able to part us more!

Our hearts are not always able, however, to realise this union as certain. Moments indeed there sometimes are, when, sequestered from worldly cares, and borne on the wings of divine contemplation, we can rise to a nearer view of heaven, and delightfully indulge the prospect of meeting again with those of whom death has bereaved us. Still, however, our knowledge of a future world is very imperfect: we are almost strangers in the universe of God; confined to the spot on which we dwell, we are permitted to know but little of what is transacting in the regions around us, and above us; even the gospel, which has brought "life and immortality to light," allows us to see only "through a glass darkly;" "it doth not yet appear what we shall be;" and perhaps it would not be good for us that the veil should be too much raised which conceals from our view the bright sanctuary of eternal repose.

The question very often rises to the mind, whether the intercourse of Christian friends separated by death, shall be renewed in heaven—whether there will be any recollection of past attachments, and of their attendant circumstances. This is an inquiry which flows from the warmest feelings of the heart, and frequently presents

itself at seasons when the individual is ill fitted to answer it for himself. It may perhaps therefore, brethren, on this solemn and mournful occasion, on which we have to lament the loss of one of the younger members of this congregation, and one of those who was an office-bearer in our Sunday school—it may not be uninteresting nor unprofitable for us generally, to examine the evidences which the Scriptures appear to offer, as to the probability of a personal knowledge of individuals being prolonged into the eternal world.

I shall not deem it expedient to do more than *touch* the considerations which REASON furnishes on this subject, as our great standard is revelation, and not reason; but we must not reject reason altogether in matters connected with revelation. You know it has always been held that the concurrence of general opinion among mankind is entitled to considerable weight. For instance, if nations, dwellers in different ages, in different climates, and at widely spread points in the scale of civilisation, have been found united in the belief of the existence of a Deity, that fact is admitted into its place among attestations to the being of a God. If in every part of the world, and among all known generations past and present, the minds of its inhabitants, with no exception, unless in some tribes depressed by barbarism almost to a level with the brute animals of the wilderness, recoil from the thought of annihilation, that fact is accepted among the presumptions of the destined immortality of the soul. It seems also to be undoubtedly true, that in all ages and

nations, men have connected with a state of existence beyond the grave, the expectation of renewed and conscious intercourse with their earthly companions, and even the association with individuals unseen by themselves in the present life. If Socrates—I only touch this subject in passing—delighted himself in the prospect of conversation with Hesiod and Homer; if Cicero anticipated an interview with Cato amid the assembly of the gods; if the Greeks and Romans peopled their Tartarus and Elysium with spirits retaining all their ancient remembrances; if untutored heathens entertain sentiments in unison with this at the present day,—and does not the mother in the islands of the Pacific, mourning over her child, comfort herself with the belief that after her own death she shall rejoin it?—why does the Gentoo widow burn upon the funeral pile, but that she may be replaced with her husband?—why does the Indian of North America stretch his hands with joy towards the world beyond the summits of the blue mountains; is it not because he is confident that he shall renew his present existence in the society of contemporary and kindred chieftains, and in conjunction with the spirits of his fathers? —may we not then suppose that one of the earliest presumptions of reason respecting futurity, would be, that Christian friendship should be revived beyond the grave, and with the endearing consciousness that the attachment had commenced on earth? There seems also, on the natural principles of reason, enlightened by the glorious truths of the gospel, no slight foundation for the

presumption, that persons who have been trained together on earth in the doctrines of one common faith, who have delighted in habitual intercourse as the servants of one common Redeemer, are not destined to meet hereafter as strangers in the mansions of their Father's house. They have walked together in the earthly temple of God; they have been fellow-soldiers under the Captain of their salvation; they have fought side by side under His banner the good fight of faith; they have pursued, under the guidance of His Spirit, the same path of holy obedience; they have been rendered instrumental to each other in Christian edification; they have been fellow-members of that kingdom of God which is begun on earth, and is to be perfected in heaven; and can it be that when "this mortal shall have put on immortality," and they shall have been translated from this imperfect scene of existence into the immediate presence of their Saviour, that they shall lose all recollection of former Christian fellowship, and of its accompanying events and sympathies? I am looking at the question now entirely as a question of reason; and surely even upon that low ground it is exceedingly improbable. And may it not be further presumed, that to compare the state of the spiritual faculties of the mind in the world above—their strength, their expansiveness, their purity, their sanctity—with the narrow limits and feeble powers committed to them in the regions of mortality—the immeasurable acquisitions of knowledge and blessedness, open and opening to them throughout eternity, with the slender attainments which

could be reached on earth, may well be a lasting source of mutual congratulation, and may well be cherished amongst the felicities of the spirits of just men made perfect?

But I will dismiss the considerations arising from reason; because it must be admitted that the suggestions of reason, well founded as they may appear, are not enough of themselves, to satisfy the mind of the believer in the revealed will of God, upon this momentous subject.

Permit me, then, to examine now THE DECLARATIONS OF SCRIPTURE; and some of the passages which I shall bring forward, will be found completely to corroborate the conclusion to which we must arrive, whilst others will be found so strong, so explicit, as to decide of themselves individually this question. I will begin with the interesting passage which I read to you as the basis of this morning's discourse. "And he said"—the words you know were spoken by David—"while the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept: for I said, who can tell whether God will be gracious to me, that the child may live? But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." Now, may we not consider this an averment of David's conviction that he should regain, and recognise his child in a future world? You will remember that the king exhibited the most poignant anguish in anticipating the death of the child; the event took place, and David not only discontinued the religious

exercise he had adopted in hope that the child might recover, but he displayed a tranquillity, and even cheerfulness of deportment which denoted solid consolation within, and excited the astonishment of the inquiring attendants. Whence did that consolation arise?—not from the bare recollection of the fact that ultimately he also should die. The child whom he had lost, was not on that account lost to him the less. But suppose the father to cherish a firm conviction that by death he should be reunited to his son, and all is intelligible and plain; the ground of the comfort is clear, and the expression of it appropriate and natural.

The next passage to which I shall refer you is in the fifteenth chapter of St Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians, and the fifty-fourth verse: "So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Now, mark, it is here declared that the consequences of sin constitute the sting of death, one of these consequences is the separation of relative from relative, and friend from friend; if man had not sinned, the union of earthly attachments had been unbroken and immortal. Now, if the victory of our Redeemer is to be complete, as undoubtedly it will be, must not all the consequences of

sin be terminated and annihilated? Must not lost privileges be restored? Must not the associations of human friendship, with all their endearing consciousness and recollection, be replaced on that basis on which they would have rested for ever, if the ruin of man by the fall had not taken place?

Let me next point you to a few passages illustrative of the great interest which the holy angels have ever taken, and will continue to take in the welfare of man, and the permanent and blessed association which is to subsist in heaven between the angels and the righteous. "We are made," says the apostle, "a spectacle to angels." "I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father who is in heaven." "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" "Whosoever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of man also confess before the angels of God: but he that denieth me before men, shall be denied before the angels of God." "Neither can they die any more: for they are equal unto the angels." "Ye are come unto mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels." Is it not, then, in the highest degree probable that in heaven there shall be intercourse between particular angels, and those to whom they have ministered: that the righteous shall be able to know, that those angels have been their unseen guardians and protectors through

all the trials and dangers of mortality; that the gratitude on the one side, and increased attachment on both sides, shall thus be an augmentation of bliss throughout eternity? Let us put the case of some single ministration—the shepherds of Bethlehem, to whom the angels announced the nativity of the Redeemer. Shall there be no recognition, no rapturous interchange of remembrance respecting those tidings of great joy between the angelic messengers who conveyed the intelligence, and the favoured shepherds who received it? Will the shepherds have forgotten the message? Shall they not each of them know his earthly companions in that memorable night, now that they are standing by Christ in glory? And does not the analogy extend to mutual recollection and recognition in all the spirits of the righteous?

Our next quotations shall be from the Gospels of St Matthew and St Luke. First, from the eighth chapter of St Matthew: "And I say unto you, that many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven." And in the thirteenth chapter of St Luke: "There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth, when ye shall see Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets in the kingdom of God, and you yourselves thrust out." Now, is it compatible with the lowest degree of probability to suppose that when Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, are sitting together in the kingdom of heaven, Abraham shall have no conscious recollection that he is actually beholding his beloved Isaac, the child

of promise, the ancestor of the Messiah in whom all the nations of the earth were to be blessed;—that Isaac shall have no consciousness that he is dwelling in glory with his revered earthly father;—that Jacob shall have no knowledge of his own parent, nor of "the father of the faithful," but that the three patriarchs shall be each to the other, as three individuals accidentally brought together from different countries, or from different planets? Certainly not, brethren! Is it probable that the many who come from the east, from the west, from the north, and from the south, and sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, shall not be conscious that they are associated with those exalted characters? Why, we may ask, did our Lord put this association, if it meant nothing? Why is this joining in the kingdom, and sitting down at the same honourable table of the marriage supper of the Lamb, with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, held out so prominently in reference to the admission of these strangers to heaven, but because the characters and actions of those patriarchs are to be subjects of universal knowledge and recollection to the inhabitants of heaven, and because the intercourse throughout eternity of these strangers with the three illustrious saints will thus be rendered in the highest degree interesting and delightful? If any doubt can be imagined—as I apprehend there cannot—to subsist on this point, if any doubt can arise to the mind of one individual on the nature of the text taken out of Matthew, it is removed at once by the quotation from Luke, "*When ye shall see* Abraham, and Isaac,"

and of course recognise them, "and Jacob, and all the prophets, in the kingdom of God;" and be it also observed that the persons of whom this is spoken are not the righteous of the world, but of men who are thrust out of the kingdom. Shall we, then, with this text before us, entertain a belief that though Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, are to be recognised, and men shall see them, and know which is Abraham, and which is Isaac, and which is Jacob, yet that men shall have no recollection of their own earthly friends, their fathers, their brothers, then reunited with them?

The next passage bearing on this subject is connected with the transfiguration of our Lord: "And, behold, there talked with Him two men, which were Moses and Elias; who appeared in glory, and spake of His decease which He should accomplish at Jerusalem." I will not stay to advance an argument in proof of Moses and Elias knowing each other on the mount of transfiguration; the fact speaks for itself. The discourse of our Lord indicated to the three apostles, who the gracious visitants were whom they beheld; and it tends, I think, to show, not merely that at the resurrection mutual recollection and consciousness will be revived, but that they experience no interruption from death; that memory suffers no fall; that the unembodied spirit retains in full energy the knowledge, the impression, with which it quitted the abodes of mortality.

Turn with me now to the fourth chapter of St Paul's first epistle to the Thessalonians, from the thirteenth to

the eighteenth verses: "But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope; for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." Why were the Thessalonians not to sorrow as those who had no hope? Because they were fully warranted in having hope—but hope, not merely that their departed friends would rise again, or that holy men whom they had lost would be happy in a future existence—for on these points neither instruction nor consolation was required; but this was the question which depressed their hearts, whether at the resurrection they should regain their lost relations, whether friend should be restored to friend with retained remembrance and conscious affection. Now St Paul answers this question, by assuring them that those who sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him, and so shall they be ever with the Lord. But what consolation would it have been to the Thessalonians, to be told that Christ would bring with Him their lamented friends at His second coming, if no recognition of those friends was to ensue; if they were to continue throughout eternity, ignorant of the presence and of the identity of each other? Take the exhortation as averring the earnestly desired restoration and recognition, and the relevancy of the answer to the question is complete; the hope is exalted to certainty, and the consolation is actual and perfect.

And if we carry forward our thoughts to THE DAY OF

JUDGMENT, we shall find a very strong argument arising out of the details of that great day—an argument of immense importance in our present investigation. We all believe that "we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, to give an account of the things done in the body." Now can it be supposed that we shall not at the time of judgment, possess a clear and comprehensive recollection of the actions, the motives, and the principles, of which an account is then to be rendered, and upon which the sentence is then to be pronounced? And must not the recollection of our personal deeds and desires, necessarily involve a recollection of other individuals? I cannot think of an injury which I have committed, without thinking of the individual against whom it is committed; and a recollection, therefore, must be involved at the day of judgment, of actions of which other individuals are the objects.

There are very few of our transactions, comparatively speaking, which have not had in our minds an intentional bearing on some other person. Is the sin, for example, covetousness? It is the coveting of the property of a particular individual. Is it envy, or pride, or malice, or rivalry? It is directed against a person whom we consider as coming into competition with ourselves. Now all these indispensable recollections must be possessed by every individual placed before the tribunal of Christ, or he cannot be arraigned justly. The question, therefore, appears to be decisively settled, as to whether persons divided by death shall recognise one another in

another world. They must know each other at the day of judgment, because they must give an account of the things done in the body, and of things done in the body to individuals. Though, now perhaps, their memory may fail, yet memory then, after the resurrection will be perfect, and entire, nothing doubting—the memory of the wicked, as well as of the righteous.

It is incontestably true, then, that the recollection will be perfect, and the recognition complete, before the throne of judgment; and I come to this conclusion, that if they are not to be prolonged into eternity, they must be extinguished subsequently to the day of judgment by a special act of Omnipotence, that what a man remembers on that day he shall forget immediately after. And where is our warrant for expecting, that all which is in our remembrance at the final day of judgment shall be forgotten in the day that succeeds it—in that eternal day? I apprehend it is not too much to say, that from the beginning to the end of the Bible there is not a line which intimates any such forgetfulness. We cannot entertain, therefore, for one moment, any idea of the extinction of that recollection which will certainly subsist at the judgment day. What idea would such an opinion induce us to entertain? It would induce us to believe that Christian friends having been reunited at the bar of their God, having interchanged the transports of father with mother, and mother with daughter, and daughter with mother, on the victory over every branch of the power of death, and on their associated entrance

into everlasting glory, are yet destined from that moment to lose all recollection of one another; and after their inter-rapture and re-meeting, are to be directly and for ever separated from the beloved companions whom they have actually regained. And can such a *punishment* (I call it by no other word, for I find no other word that appears to come up to it—it can be no less than punishment) can such a punishment be intermingled with the bliss which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor it hath entered into the heart of man to conceive? Can we suppose that an anticipated blessing, and, according to our best and finest feelings, a most justly valued ingredient of eternal happiness, will thus be given by a God of love with one hand on one day, and forthwith taken away by the other on the next? The supposition is, to my own mind, utterly impossible! No, the recollections which shall be awakened on the day of judgment shall never slumber throughout eternal ages!

There remains only one more passage illustrative of the interesting point now under consideration, which time allows us to bring forward, and it shall be from the parable of the rich man and Lazarus; and although I mention it last, I am very far from considering it the least applicable to the subject in hand; indeed, I am not afraid to say, that I think it will be found, on examination, in itself, affirmatively decisive upon the question. You will find it in the sixteenth chapter of Luke and the twenty-second and following verses. "And it came to pass, that the beggar died, and was carried by the

angels into Abraham's bosom: the rich man also died, and was buried; and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame. But Abraham said, Son, remember," — no forgetfulness you see, — "remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things: but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented." The authority of Him who spake this parable is incontrovertible, the language of it is plain and unequivocal altogether, and the whole parable is constructed, and is dependent on the fact, that the rich man retains in the world to which he is removed his earthly consciousness and recollections, and becomes conversant with an individual unseen by him in the body. This is a remarkable part of the passage, that he becomes conversant with Abraham, whom he had never seen in the body. He discovers Lazarus afar off, and at once knows him as distinctly and as determinately as formerly, when he was a beggar lying at his gate. He possesses a clear perception of the circumstances of his father's house; he remembers that he has five brethren at home, and he mourns when he thinks of their character. He is engaged, immediately that he recognises Abraham, in addressing "the father of the faithful" as his ancestor, "Father Abraham," and he appeals to his paternal com-

passion. Now on what basis does Abraham build his reply? On the very recollections of the unhappy man: "Son, *remember* that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things,"—those things which the rich man sought and pursued as constituting happiness,—"and likewise Lazarus evil things," poverty and pain, under which perhaps Lazarus had been led to think of God and eternal happiness. The rich man tacitly admits the remembrance of all this, and then he entreats Abraham on behalf of his brethren; but Abraham replies, "They have Moses and the prophets, let them hear them."

It may possibly be inquired, (and I wish not to leave out any point essential to the consideration of the whole question,) and the inquiry has doubtless, long before this part of the discourse, risen to many an active mind: that if remembrance remain in a future life, will not recollections, unwelcome and injurious to felicity, exist in the mind of glorified spirits respecting perhaps their dearest friends? Now, it is certain that nothing will be remembered that can occasion the least degree of sorrow; the blessedness of the saints shall be like its Author, "without variableness or the shadow of a turning;" and accordingly we do not know whether it may not be determined in the counsels of the Most High, that they who are "punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power," shall speedily cease to have a name and a remembrance in the bosom of the dwellers in eternal bliss. But assume the recollection of the lost to continue in heaven;

suppose the father shall remember the profligate and abandoned son whom he sees not with him, I beg you to consider other recollections and feelings with which this must invariably be accompanied. The recollection on the part of a father of a lost child, cannot in a single instance present itself in heaven without recollections also of the unsullied justice and holiness and goodness of God in the severest infliction of His penal wrath, nor without sentiments of profound and dutiful acquiescence, in every appointment of infinite perfection. Let us reflect that "God is love;" that the infliction of death upon those who have transgressed His laws lessens not His benevolence, that the knowledge of it therefore may be, and is tempered with holy feelings in the breasts of the dwellers in heaven, that it may not in the least degree impair their felicity.

What, then, are the inferences from the whole subject? Obviously these. How wisely calculated are these assurances of the God and Father of us all, to console His true servants when they behold a beloved companion, once His true servant, declining under the pressure of sickness, or prematurely removed from the earth. The loss is not for eternity; the suspension of intercourse is but for the remainder of the life of the survivor. The individual removed is but the forerunner of those that remain, he has reached the end of his journey a little sooner—that is all; reached the end of his journey a little sooner than his fellow-travellers, and is awaiting

them at that place of repose, towards which they are every moment advancing.

Let the bereaved mourner, then, persevere in the path of holy obedience, and the severed tie shall be rejoined, and the restored connexion shall be indissoluble; the sun of affection shall no more be rendered dim by earthly mists and exhalations, but it shall for ever shine with increasing lustre, pure as the new heaven in which it is enthroned. United feelings, associated pursuits, conjoined admiration of the works of God, participated delight in His dispensations, blend their renewed attachments into a continually augmenting firmness. The blessedness of the one friend becomes the blessedness of the rest, and the bliss of all will be enlarging by reciprocity through never dying ages.

THE HEAVENLY FATHERLAND.

The Rhythm of Bernard of Clugny.



ERE we have many fears, this is the vale of tears, the land of sorrow:
Tears are there none at all in that celestial hall, on life's bright morrow.

Oh for the joys in store; but one short moment more, then Life for ever;
Oh for the joys in store, at the glad heavenly door of the Life-giver.

What is the Prize? for whom? Heaven for the sons of doom; Life for the winner;
Bliss for the nothing-worth; Gold for the dross of earth; Gold for the sinner.

Loud sounds the battle-cry; whence comes the victory seek you to guess? Hence
Full-stream'd, without alloy, flows everlasting joy from His bright presence.

Hope here we live upon; here we see Babylon Sion invading:
Now grief is all our lot; then joys which wither not—garlands unfading.

. . . . . .

O Sion, bright with gold, flowing with milk thy fold, city of gladness,
Tongue cannot tell thy bliss, heart sinks opprest with this, even to sadness.

I cannot strain my sight to that intense delight, nor tell the story,
What throbs of ardent love thrill through the courts above, how vast their glory.

My ears may strain to hear, they cannot reach the sphere, for full before it
Beams of surpassing light fall on my dazzled sight; mute I adore it.

For Sion's halls along echoes the voice of song; there the departed,
Fresh from the deadly fight, throng round the Lord of light, jubilant-hearted.

There is eternal rest; there after toil the blest cease from life's fever;
There in heaven's banquet-hall sounds the high festival of the RECEIVER:

There round the Lord of might, vested in garments white, on that bright morrow
Musters their vast array; tears have all fled away; vanish'd all sorrow.

For Sion's courts within death may not tread, nor sin, nor guilts endeavour;
Thus without fault are they; peaceful without dismay; at rest for ever.

. . . . . .

O Sion, bright with gold, dear home of joys untold, in God's light burning;
I stretch my arms—my soul; shall I e'er reach the goal of all my yearning?

O blessed Fatherland, I see the happy band—the mists grow lighter—
I see the light of day round their fair garlands play, and brighter and brighter.

O blessed Fatherland, say shall I ever stand where I can share thee?
Say but—"The time shall come when to this happy home angels shall bear thee."

Is it a trance, a dream? Oh, do these things but seem? Is it a vision?
Let me but grasp it fair! No: 'twill not melt in air, in vain derision.

O my dust, triumph thou! God is thy portion now—thine now and ever!
O my dust, triumph thou! God is thy portion now—thine now and ever.

From "LYRA MYSTICA."

COMMUNION WITH HEAVEN.



HEN one who holds communion with the skies
Has fill'd his urn where the pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis even as if an angel shook his wings;
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
And tells us where his treasure is supplied.

COWPER.

A HOME IN HEAVEN.

WE have no home but heaven;—a pilgrim's garb we wear;
Our path is mark'd by changes, and strew'd with many a care;
Surrounded with temptation, by varied ills oppress'd,
Each day's experience warns us that this is not our rest.

We have no home but heaven; then wherefore seek one here?
Why murmur at privation, or grieve when trouble 's near?
It is but for a season that we as strangers roam,
And strangers must not look for the comforts of a home.

We have no home but heaven;—we want no home beside;
O God, our Friend and Father, our footsteps thither guide;
Unfold to us its glory, prepare us for its joy,
Its pure and perfect friendship, its angel-like employ.

We have a home in heaven;—how cheering is the thought!
How bright the expectations which God's own Word has taught!
With eager hearts we hasten the promised bliss to share;
We have no home but heaven; oh, would that we were there!

The Various Ways in which Christian Friendship will be Renewed in the Heavenly World.

BY THE

REV. A. M'AUSLANE,

FINSBURY CHAPEL, LONDON.

I COUNT the hope no day-dream of the mind,
No vision fair of transitory hue,
The souls of those whom once on earth we knew,
And loved, and walk'd with in communion kind,
Departed hence, again in heaven to find.
Such hope to nature's sympathies is true;
And such, we deem, the holy Word to view
Unfolds; an antidote for grief design'd
One drop from comfort's well. 'Tis true we read
The Book of Life; but if we read amiss,
By God prepared, fresh treasures shall succeed
To kinsmen, fellows, friends, a vast abyss
Of joy; nor aught the longing spirit need
To fill its measure of enormous bliss.

BISHOP MANT.

"For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming? For ye are our glory and joy."—1 THESS. ii. 19, 20.

A TRUE Christian friend is an invaluable blessing. He loves us not for what we have, but for what we are, and therefore we can depend upon his sympathy amid adversity as well as amid prosperity. He rejoices when we rejoice, and he weeps when we weep. We thank God because we have such a truly valuable friend, and we earnestly pray that he may be spared to us. Sometimes the prayer is not answered. Affliction lays its hand upon our friend, that affliction is followed by death, and there is a gap made in the family circle and in the social circle, which the world can never fill. In these circumstances a very natural question arises from our hearts,—Shall we meet our friend in the bright and beautiful world to which he has gone? Shall we know him there as intimately as we knew him here? If we are Christians, I have no hesitation in answering the question in the affirmative. Our pious friends who have

crossed the Jordan are not lost to us; they are only gone home a little before us; and when we cross the Jordan we shall meet them again on

> "That green and flowery mount,
> Where happy souls shall meet,
> And with transporting joys recount
> The labours of our feet."

As I intimated last Sunday evening, I now invite your attention to this somewhat pleasing theme,—THE RECOGNITION OF FRIENDS IN THE HEAVENLY WORLD, and in doing so, I shall endeavour to illustrate these three things:—I. That Christian friendship will be renewed in the heavenly world. II. That Christian friendship will be renewed in the heavenly world in a variety of ways. III. That when Christian friendship is renewed in the heavenly world it will be greatly improved —yea, thoroughly perfect.

I. Observe, in the first place, CHRISTIAN FRIENDSHIP SHALL BE RENEWED IN THE HEAVENLY WORLD. In endeavouring to illustrate this point, I shall proceed from the possible and probable to the absolute and certain; and I shall adopt this method because to my own mind it is the most satisfactory.

Reflect, then, for a moment upon the aspirations of men upon this point. In all lands and in all ages, beneath all climes and among all peoples, the desire for friendship beyond death and the grave has been affectionately cherished and strongly manifested. Take one or two illustrations from Christendom. Cyprian, in the

third century, said, "Heaven is my fatherland. Many of my friends are gathered there. I think they are waiting for me, and I have a strong desire to know them and to embrace them. This must be joy both for them and me." Chrysostom, in the fourth century, said, "If we have heard Paul here in this world, shall we not see him in the upper world?" The great German Reformer, a little before his death, cherished most fervently the hope of meeting his friends in the country to which he was going; and that hope, while it shed a halo of glory around his brow, animated and inspired him to meet with calmness and fortitude the last enemy. Richard Baxter, who has discoursed so sweetly about "The Saints' Everlasting Rest," has written these memorable words: "The expectation of loving my friends in heaven principally kindles my love to them on earth. If I thought that I should not know them there, and consequently that I could not love them, I should certainly number them among temporal things, and love them as such."

Take a specimen or two now from the heathen world. The Athenian philosopher, with the fatal hemlock in his hand, looked with the eye of his soul beyond death and the grave, and said, "Yonder I hope to meet with such friends as Theseus and Homer, upon that glorious day when I shall rise above the din and bustle of this sordid scene to join the assembly of departed spirits." The ancient Romans often spoke of meeting their friends in a lovely and a peaceful valley; and no sooner was the pile erected to consume the body of a chief, whose soul

had gone away, than the widow, knowing how intense the flame must be, went to the pile and sacrificed herself on the body of her husband, simply because she had been taught to believe that she would go to him, and be with him in another world.

This desire for friendship after death has pervaded the Christian mind, and the heathen mind too: it is in the Christian mind now; it is in the heathen mind now; it was always in the Christian mind, and it has always been in the heathen mind. This desire, therefore, is not artificial, because it is so universal. It is a fact and fixture in the constitution. God put it there. It is His own work, and, like every other work of His, it teaches something. And what does it teach? I do not take it as a conclusive argument that there shall be a renewal of friendship in another world, but it seems to me to suggest the existence of that friendship. If the universal forebodings of men respecting the final judgment suggest a final judgment—if the pleasing hope, the fond desire, and the longing for immortality suggest the unendingness of the human soul, then the desire for friendship beyond the grave may suggest the existence of that friendship. God made the eye to love the beautiful, and He has provided beauty for the eye. God made the ear to delight in music, and for the ear He has made music. God has made the mind to thirst for knowledge, and He has provided knowledge for the mind. In the constitution of man He has deeply implanted the desire for friendship beyond death and the grave; and in reference

to His own people—to those who rebel not against Him, but obey Him—it seems to me that in that other world to which they are going He will meet this desire, and meet it fully.

Reflect, also, upon the power of recognition itself. Suppose, my Christian friends, that we were thoroughly unable to know one another, what a sad world this would be! To be perfectly incompetent to distinguish a relative from a friend, or a friend from a foe, what an unsocial, miserable world it would be! But we have the power by which we know one another, wherever the seat of that power may be. We have it in youth, we have it in manhood, and we have it after the snows of many winters have caused our hair to be turned white. And so powerful and penetrating and acute is this recognising power, that we are able to distinguish individuals even after many changes have come over them. We know the boy; ten years hence, when he is developed into manhood, we still know him; and if he has been wandering through many foreign lands, and has been exposed for many years to the scorching sun, we nevertheless know him. But does death rob us of that power? If so, then when we go down to the grave we go as friends, but ever after that we are total strangers, and friendship anywhere will be an utter impossibility.

But there is no reason to suppose for a moment that death takes that power from us. If there is not a single particle of matter lost, in the flight of ages, in the everasting rolling of the ocean, in the crumbling of the

mountains, in the mouldering of the rocks—and science says there is not—then I apprehend that no part of the human soul can ever be lost. The Omnipotence which preserves matter preserves the powers of the soul. Facts bear out this theory. Death passed upon Lazarus. It did all to him that it could do; but when he came back from the grave he recognised Martha and Mary. The widow's son at Nain had died; the last enemy had conquered him; but when he awoke at the bidding of the man Christ Jesus, he at once recognised his mother. The rich man, Christ tells us, is in the place of woe—and, mark you, he is there without his body, that body is in the grave—yet he knew Abraham and Lazarus. Ah! death does not rob us of this power by which we know one another. Whatever it may do to the body—whatever influence it may exert over the mind—and of course neither you nor I can know anything from experience on the subject: one thing is clear—these facts make it clear—that death does not steal from us the power by which we recognise one another; and if we carry that power with us into the eternal world, I apprehend that that of itself is almost sufficient to establish the truth of the thought that Christian friendship will be renewed in the heavenly world. Depend upon it, that as we know one another here, we shall know one another there; for this reason, amongst others, that the very power by which we know is destined to remain unhurt amid the ravages of affliction, and amid the ravages of death; yea,

"Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds."

In the next place, recollect that this knowledge is a great source of happiness. Suppose that you were in the company of those who were thoroughly ungodly, you could not be happy there. Suppose you were in the company of those who were altogether godly, but that you knew not one of them, I do not suppose you could be happy there either. But suppose that you are in the company of those who are altogether godly, and that you know every one of them, then that is a source of happiness, and it is one of the purest which we possess on earth. I believe in the communion of saints. It is not a withering, blighting thing. O no, it is vital, it is growing; and it is a source of happiness here. Is this source from which we derive so much comfort here to be altogether dried up at the grave, and not to follow us into the eternal world? I cannot believe it for a moment, and I will tell you why. The happiness of heaven is perfect; but perfect happiness without mutual recognition is an utter impossibility. Oh, let us recollect that the inhabitants of heaven are fellow-citizens, that they are fellow-countrymen! Ay, but there is something even better than that—they are all members of the same family. We never read in the Bible about the families of heaven. Never. If that were the case you would conceive of the inhabitants as forming distinct circles, and separate households. But you read of the family of heaven. They are all one family. They sit down together with Abraham,

Isaac, and Jacob. They bow together before the same throne. They study together the same truth. They converse together on the same themes. They perambulate together the same golden streets and beautiful plains. They occupy the same social condition; and can it be that they are ignorant of one another? Oh, no! They know one another there more intimately than they knew one another here, for there they do not look through a glass darkly, as they used to do in this world; each is a friend, while all adore the God of love.

Then reflect upon what the Bible says upon the subject. But ere coming to any particular passage, notice the amount of information you may expect from the Bible. In reading it, you will recognise that the writers, under the guidance of God's Holy Spirit, always seem to have observed one principle, which is this:—Those doctrines which men are not disposed to receive are dwelt very much upon; hence you will find so much said of the Depravity of Man, the Incarnation of Christ, the Divinity of Christ, and the Personality and Influence of the Holy Spirit. Of these doctrines which men are disposed to receive, very little is said in the Bible. Hence nowhere is there an argument to prove the Existence of God. Nowhere, in the Bible, is there an argument to prove the Communion of Saints beyond death and the grave. But very little in the Bible is said about the recognition of friends in the heavenly world; for this reason —it is a doctrine of nature. It meets with a response in the feelings of the heart. Hence very little is said about

it in the Bible, but there is enough said to satisfy any mind upon the subject. In 2 Samuel xii. 23, David says, respecting his child, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." David not only believed that his child was in heaven—where all children go, thank God—but he also believed that he would go to his child, and know him again, embrace him again. Paul, writing to the Colossians, says—"Whom we preach, warning every man, teaching every man, in all wisdom, that we may be able to present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." The Apostle Paul anticipated a personal knowledge of his friends in heaven; and, further, he anticipated a personal union with them, else he could not present every man perfect in Christ Jesus. The same apostle, writing to the Thessalonians, says—"I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope; for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." He comforts bereaved ones, not only with the thought that their friends are saved, but with the thought that they are again to be seen, to be known, and to be loved. In the passage before me he says—"For what is our hope or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming?" He could not come to Thessalonica, for, as we are told in the verse preceding the text, Satan hindered him—he was kept back from Thessalonica—but, said he, what of that? you are my hope, you are my crown of rejoicing,

you are my glory and joy. If I cannot see you in Thessalonica, I shall see you above, and there we shall rejoice together.

I might quote other passages, but these are sufficient, to show that real Christian friendship is to be renewed in the heavenly world. Put the four things now together —we thirst for the friendship—we have the power of knowing one another, and that power we shall carry with us—one of the purest sources of joy to us now is fellowship with Christian friends—and the Bible says that we shall know, even as we are known. Put, I say, these four things together, coming, may I say, from reason, from our own constitution, from our communion with one another, and flowing directly from the Bible; and it strikes me that you will have a foundation immovable, thoroughly immovable, on which to base the pleasant superstructure.

II. Observe that CHRISTIAN FRIENDSHIP WILL BE RENEWED IN THE HEAVENLY WORLD IN A VARIETY OF WAYS. You come to this city for the first time, perhaps, for the purpose of discovering some friends residing in it; but if you do not exactly know their residences, it would be somewhat perplexing to find them out. When we think of the innumerable friends who have gone to heaven, when we think that every day we live, hundreds —may I not say thousands?—are wending their way from this world into the pearly domain, we are sometimes perplexed with the thought, how we are to know

one another there—how we are to know one another amid such a great throng—how we shall be introduced to one another's society. I think it will be in a variety of ways. For example, Christian friendship will be renewed, I think, in heaven, in many instances, just by the way in which the saint enters heaven. When you are in the company of some dear friends, thought after thought comes into your mind, which you recognise, and either cherish or thrust from you, but if they are not uttered, no one of the company knows of the thoughts save yourself. Now, do you suppose that when a saint enters heaven it is as those thoughts entered your mind, to be recognised perhaps by one, but no more? If so, I do not believe you will obtain from the Bible anything on which you can base the theory. You recollect that the racer in the Grecian course was witnessed by tens of thousands, and that when the victor reached the goal, the people hailed him with loud acclaim. What says the Bible of the Christian? It says, "Run the race set before you." It speaks to him of being surrounded by a cloud of witnesses; they see him in the race, and surely when he reaches the goal they will see him too; and when he obtains from the Divine Master the prize which animated him in running, may they not be permitted to applaud? When a king is crowned many see it, many hear of it. The saint is to be a king as well as a priest to God, in heaven; and we may call the day of his entrance to heaven his coronation day; for are we not told that if we are faithful unto death, we will receive a crown

of life? Observe, then, the Christian enters heaven as a racer witnessed by many; the Christian enters heaven to be crowned, and surely that coronation will be witnessed by many? Will not many know him; and may not the intelligence be spread far about heaven, that such an one has come? He who occupied this pulpit so long was a racer in the glorious course. Many died ere he did, who knew him; and don't you suppose that when he went home to receive the prize and to be crowned by his Master, that many who sat under his ministry here, or who heard him elsewhere, would know him? And if so, do you not suppose it would be perfectly natural for the intelligence to spread far and near that he had come home to enjoy the eternal rest?

There is one entering heaven, apparently a total stranger to every one there. He had lived in obscurity. His name was never heard of half a mile from home. Ay, but there is one who knows him, one who was the partner of his joy and sorrow, one who climbed the mountain with him, and they thought to be permitted to descend the hill together; but God took her away; she recognises him, though all the rest are unable. And thus the friendship that was snapped in twain by death is renewed yonder, and renewed in this way. The saint in entering heaven is recognised.

Then another way, I believe, in which this friendship is renewed will be by conversation. Two individuals brought up in the same village, left that village, at the same time, for two different parts of the world, there to

prosecute business. They did not see each other for thirty years, but accidentally, as we say—in the providence of God, in reality—as they were returning home they met at the Cape of Good Hope. They did not know one another, though living for a day or two beneath the same roof; but they began to converse together, and very shortly something that was said in relation to the past made them to ask each other the question, "Who are you?" And thus they found out that they had been brought up together, that they had waded in the same streams, climbed together the same hills; in boyhood had played in the same games, and pursued together the same objects. And oh, I can suppose when coming to the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, we shall not be long in conversation with a fellow-immortal until we find we had sat under the same minister, were in the same part of the Lord's vineyard, and were bound together in the world by very tender ties.

Some of you may recollect that two persons, fellow-parishioners, enlisted in the British army. By and by the two regiments which they entered went to India. One day those two—twenty years having rolled away since they met—were together in a part of the barracks; the snow came down rapidly, and following the snow the rain descended, and one of them said, "that is a Glendore thaw." "A Glendore thaw?" thought the other, "then he must belong to the same place as myself." That single expression brought them together, and then they found that they were not only fellow-Scotchmen,

but were brought up in the same place, and that they were the two who, on the same day, enlisted in the same service. And so I can suppose that while listening to some speaking in heaven, we may, from their conversation, discover who they are, from whence they came in this world, and find out that they were our dearest friends in this state of existence.

Then I can suppose this friendship renewed too by introduction. Go back to the time when Jesus, with His three disciples, went up into Mount Tabor, when Jesus was transfigured: the disciples did not know Elijah and Moses, for they had never seen them before, and how then did they come to know the two worthies of a bygone age? I suppose the Saviour introduced the disciples to them, and if the Saviour condescended to introduce some of His people to others on Mount Tabor, do you not think that He will condescend on Mount Zion to do the same thing, or employ some of His angels, at least, to do it? And thus in these ways, and in other ways, this friendship will be renewed.

We cannot tell how we shall appear in the heavenly world, but there may not be such a great difference after all. The change of the body will be great, and the change of the soul in regard to purity will be great; but for aught you and I can tell, if there are lines and features on the body by which we are recognised, there may be lines and features on the soul by which we can recognise it. Thus in going through the New Jerusalem we may, without knowing that such an one had entered

heaven, without even conversing with him, without even hearing him speak, recognise him as a dear beloved Christian friend we left in the world below.

III. Let us notice, further, that when this friendship is renewed, it will be GREATLY IMPROVED AND PERFECTED. The sacred historian, speaking of Jonathan and David, says that the soul of Jonathan was knit to the soul of David, and that Jonathan loved David as his own soul. But I do not suppose that although their friendship was most intense and fervent, that it was perfect. How could it be, when they themselves were imperfect? Think of our own friendship. There are flaws and failings in it, just because we have got imperfect hearts. There was only one specimen of perfect friendship ever given to the world, and that was by Jesus Christ. Here is our hope respecting our Christian friends, and it is our encouragement respecting ourselves too, that when we meet above our friendship will have about it no flaws, no imperfections; but that it will be thoroughly perfect, because we shall resemble the Saviour in our friendship, as well as in every moral quality and spiritual excellence.

Temper very often mars friendship here; but that will not be the case in heaven. There is a Christian—I should suppose he is a Christian—but he has got a singular temper—exceedingly singular; very seldom does he take advice; he will not allow himself to be dictated to; he must in everything have his own way; he seems to have

been born upon a stormy night, and it appears as if his whole constitution had partaken of the weather.

Then there is another Christian; he is very dogged—exceedingly dogged, and he has often a great struggle with himself to keep the sun from going down upon his wrath. And there is another, who lacks amiability altogether, and he says words and performs actions which really the most patient of his acquaintances can hardly bear. It is very difficult to maintain friendship with these men. Sometimes we must go away from them altogether. But there will be no odd tempers in heaven, no dogged tempers there, no ungovernable tempers there—not one. You recollect the story of an old man dying apparently believing in Christ, and often had he been spoken of as in heaven. One day his grandchild asked, "Mamma, is grandpapa in heaven?" "Yes, my dear," replied his mother. "Then," said he, "I hope I shall never go there, for he used to scold me so much here." The boy forgot, or did not know, that temper here is a very different thing from what it will be in heaven,—

> "Here all our gifts imperfect are;
> But better times draw nigh,
> When perfect love shall pour its rays,
> And all those shadows fly"

Jealousy, again, sometimes mars friendship here, but it will not in heaven. Here two Christians on a perfect equality engage in business or in professional pursuits; but one takes the start of the other, and becomes more prosperous; the one left behind is disappointed, and be-

comes jealous of his neighbour. Ah! jealousy is a deadly poison, and utterly destroys friendship. The two separate, and perhaps there becomes between them an impassable gulf. But there will be no jealousy in the better country. One star differs from another star in glory, and so in heaven every one shall occupy his own place, and do his own work, and jealousy will be impossible.

Misunderstandings sometimes mar friendship here, but there will be no misunderstandings in the land of pure delight. Two persons walk together for a time in the bonds of Christian friendship, but in regard to some question that arises they misunderstand one another, and they separate. Oh that they should forget how imperfect we are! that they should separate about a thing they really cannot have well understood! But they are only babes yet. They are only in their childhood; and we do not wonder at them. When they become men they won't act in that way. When they reach their majority, very probably they will be knit together all the more closely for the little separation they had below. My dear friends, whatever mars friendship here will not exist in heaven, because it will have reached perfection.

Now, a word or two in closing. I will only name the lessons you may learn from such a subject as this.

The first is, *to put a high value upon a Christian friend*. You put value on money, but value a Christian friend more. Sovereigns cannot enter sympathetically into your feelings, but a Christian friend can. You value books, value a Christian friend more. The day is coming when

you must leave all your books, and they will be burned up in the great conflagration. But a Christian friend will remain for ever.

Secondly, *Don't forget your Christian friends who are gone.* When speaking of them, recollect those who are higher up than yourselves. Be like the little girl, who, when two of her sisters were taken away by death, and only five were left, persisted in saying that they were still seven.

Thirdly, *Be prepared to give a good report to Christian friends who are gone.* I can suppose one going to heaven and leaving a widow with a numerous family, and under God's blessing—a widow's blessing—she struggles and battles with life so that the family is prosperous when she herself is taken away. What an account she will have to give, to him who was taken away so long before, respecting the family in the upper and better world!

Finally, *Let us all be prepared for the land of friendship.* I like to call heaven the land of friendship, for there friendship does exist. After all, there is not much friendship here; but yonder friendship is friendship in reality. Let us prepare for it. We need a character for it. We need a taste for it. Where shall we get a character and a taste for it, but by being washed in the Saviour's blood, and sanctified by the Spirit's agency? Then we shall have a character for heaven, then we shall have a taste for heaven, and when the last enemy comes, he will be changed from an enemy to a friend:—

"We shall depart without a tear,
Save for the friends we hold so dear;"

persuaded that when a few short years are gone we shall all reach that happy shore where death-divided friends shall meet to part no more.

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain."



URE FIELDS OF HEAVENLY LIGHT—in you
There is no parting, no adieu,
But life-streams flow, and bowers, whose shade
No sin can taint, no death can fade;
Spirit that twined with spirit here
Shall in thine ever-peaceful sphere
More sweetly twine, and not a grief
Be shed that love should be so brief!
And He, whose throne makes all the ray
That lights that one eternal day,
The bound and centre of the whole,
Shall seal this sweetness of the soul;
And His almighty signet be,
To all so dear
That wither'd here,
The stamp of IMMORTALITY!



ERUSALEM, the golden!
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress.
I know not! oh, I know not
What joys await us there;
What radiance of glory,
What bliss beyond compare!

They stand, those hills of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight ever bright;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious light.

S. BERNARD,
From "Hymns, Ancient and Modern."

Recognition of Children in Heaven.

WEEP not for her!—Oh she was far too fair,
Too pure to dwell on that tainted earth!
The sinless glory, and the golden air
Of Zion, seemed to claim her from her birth!
A spirit wandering from its native zone,
Which, soon discovering, took her for its own:
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her!—She is an angel now,
And treads the sapphire floors of Paradise,
All darkness wiped from the refulgent brow,
Sin, sorrow, suffering, banish'd from her eyes;
Victorious over death, to her appear
The vista'd joys of Heaven's eternal year:
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her!—Her memory is the shrine
Of pleasing thoughts, soft as the scent of flowers,
Calm as on windless eve the sun's decline,
Sweet as the song of birds among the bowers,
Rich as a rainbow with its hues of light,
Pure as the moonshine of an autumn night:
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her!—There is no cause for woe;
But rather nerve the spirit, that it walk
Unshrinking o'er the thorny paths below,
And from earth's low defilements keep thee back;
So when a few fleet severing years have flown,
She 'll meet thee at Heaven's gate, and lead thee on!
Weep not for her!

Beloved child! oh, when shall I lie down
With thee, beneath fair trees that cannot fade?
When from the immortal rivers quench my thirst?
Life's journey speedeth on;
Yet for a little while we walk in shade;
Anon by death the cloud is all dispersed,
Then o'er the hills of heaven the eternal day doth burst.

MARY HOWITT.

I AM fond of children. I think them the poetry of the world—the fresh flowers of our hearths and homes; little conjurors, with their "natural magic," evoking by their spells what delights and enriches all ranks, and equalises the different classes of society. Often as they bring with them anxieties and cares, and live to occasion sorrow and grief, we should get on very badly without them. Only think, if there was never anything anywhere to be seen but great, grown-up men and women, how we should long for the sight of a little child! It would be a terrible world, I do think, if it was not embellished by little children; but it would be

a far more terrible one *if little children did not die!* Many, I daresay, would be shocked by this assertion. It may be true, however, nevertheless. They die *for the benefit of the race.* Their lives are taken for the sake of securing the happiness of the world. I had almost said,—and I *may* say it as speaking in a *figure*, —that a babe in its coffin may be supposed to look, to its weeping parents, like a little "dead Christ." It has died vicariously to secure a temporal advantage for the world, even as Christ died vicariously to secure for it a spiritual redemption.

Let a halo of glory, then, seem to encircle that fair brow—the brow of that little babe, lying cold and dead there, on the lap of its mother. Poor mother! thy sorrow is great! Weep away; let the hot tears gush out; it is not the time to speak to thee now. But very soon thou wilt come to understand how all thy life thou hast been reaping advantages *that came to thee by the death of the infants of others;* and thou wilt learn to acquiesce in what is really the result of one of the most benevolent of God's arrangements.

"This is the history
Of every death: 'The suffering God ordain'd,
Prepared the sable shroud, and dug the grave!'
Our times are in His hands, and at the hour
He thinks befitting, but no sooner, He
Our breath recalls. 'Tis His prerogative
To do with us and ours as pleaseth Him;
We could not be in safer custody."

Heaven is greatly made up of little children—sweet

buds that have never blown, or which death has plucked from a mother's bosom to lay on his own cold breast, just when they were expanding, flower-like, from the sheath, and opening their engaging beauties in the budding time and spring of life. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." How soothing these words by the cradle of a dying infant; they fall like balm drops on our bleeding heart, when we watch the ebbing of that young life, as wave after wave breaks feebler, and the sinking breath gets lower and lower, till, with a gentle sigh, and a passing quiver of the lip, our sweet child leaves its body lying like an angel asleep, and ascends to the beatitudes of heaven, and the bosom of its God. Perhaps God does with his heavenly garden as we do with our own. He may chiefly stock it from nurseries, and select for transplanting what is yet in its young and tender age—flowers before they have bloomed, and trees ere they begin to bear.

If parents did but know what a treasure they have stored up for them in the other world when one of their beloved children is called away from this, how the sting of death, so called, would be removed. That so called *death* is the birth to a real life—the still nearer communion with God the Saviour. Truly the child is not *dead,* but only gone before.

"GONE, BUT NOT LOST, a living link
To bind us closer to our God;
A treasure rich, laid up in store,
To be restored when Time's no more,
When weary souls lay down earth's load."

Two children were one day seen very ill in the same room. The oldest of the two was heard frequently attempting to teach the younger one to pronounce the word "hallelujah," but without success—the dear little one died before he could repeat it. When his brother was told of his death he was silent for a moment, and then, looking up at his mother, said, "Johnny can say 'hallelujah' now, mother." In a few hours the two little brothers were united in heaven, singing hallelujah together. Mothers, many of your little ones could not sing the praises of their Redeemer while resting in your arms, but they have been taught the music of the Upper Temple now, and they sing among the celestial choristers—

> "The harp of heaven
> Had lacked its least, but not its meanest, string,
> Had children not been taught to play upon it."

"I have had six children," said one, "and I bless God for His free grace that they are all *with* Christ, or *in* Christ, and my mind is now at rest concerning them. My desire was that they should have served Christ on earth; but if God will chose to have them rather serve Him in heaven, I have nothing to object to it: His will be done." Perhaps the Supreme Disposer of events foresaw some inevitable snare of temptation forming, or some dreadful storm of adversity impending. Now they are safely housed from storm and tempest. No sickness there, no drooping head, nor fading eye, nor weary feet. By the green pastures, tended by the Good Shepherd,

linger the little lambs of the heavenly fold—"CHILDREN IN HEAVEN!" Earth less attractive. Eternity nearer. Invisible cords drawing the maternal soul upwards. "Still small voices" ever whispering, Come to the world-weary spirit. "CHILDREN IN HEAVEN!" Mother of angels! Walk softly! holy eyes watch thy footsteps; cherub forms bend to listen. Keep thy spirit free from earth-taint; so shall thou "go to them," though "they may not return to you."

> "Oh, when a mother meets on high
> The child she lost in infancy,
> Has she not then, for pains and fears,—
> The day of woe, the watchful night,—
> For all his sorrows and her tears,
> An over-payment of delight?"

Consider this, ye mourning parents, and dry up your tears. You will meet your little ones again. And though you may have to travel the future stages of your pilgrimage without the solace of their presence, they will be among the first to welcome you as you enter in by the gate into the New Jerusalem. You can form no conception of the intense interest excited in that happy place, as each ransomed soul, freed from its fetters, and borne on angels' wings, is conveyed to it. Those who have gone before, wait with delight the unbroken series of arrivals from this dark sphere of sin and woe. And of the greetings which take place betwixt friends and relatives when they first recognise each other there, few perhaps are more tender and thrilling than those which

take place between parents and children. Your beloved ones, I doubt not, will know you when you are introduced to the company of which they already form a part. And with what ecstatic delight will you congratulate each other in the presence of your Lord and Saviour, after you have been delivered from the dangers and the sufferings of this present life! Then it shall appear to the assembled universe, that among the redeemed of the Lord, fathers have not hoped in vain, nor mothers brought forth for trouble. "They are the seed of the blessed of the Lord, and their offspring with them."

But it will be long, long ere they return. The captivity of death is measured not by years, but by ages. What then? It is but the few, it may be the very few, remaining days of the years of our pilgrimage, which prevent our spirits from embracing theirs; and in the resting places prepared for us, though we shall not cease to desire, we shall never weary for "the adoption, the redemption of the body." "Be patient, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord: behold the husbandman waiteth long for the precious things of the earth, and hath much patience, till he receive the former and the latter rain; be ye also patient and establish your hearts." Then "those young and tender plants, which are now cut down and withering around us, shall spring up in fairer and more durable forms." "The children of the resurrection cannot die any more, but are equal to the angels."

Having been raised from the dead, they shall "mount up together in the clouds," along with those who have been miraculously changed, "to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall they be for ever with the Lord." Among that glorious company shall be found those infants and little children whose untimely departure to the land of the enemy drew forth such tender regrets and bitter tears. Hosannah! to the Lord of Resurrection, for this blessed hope. Yea, so overwhelming is its glory, that it is like to obscure our faith. How shall the mother recognise her son who departed from her an emaciated infant, in yonder angelic form in the vigour and brilliancy of resurrection of manhood? And how shall the father, who wept bitter tears in secret over his daughter's decrepitude, distinguish her in yonder seraph of celestial grace? What mean you, friends? You surely cannot wish to meet your children in that plight of wretchedness in which you bade them farewell, so that unassisted you could of yourselves recognise them. The Lord will provide; but methinks it will probably be a busy day for those good angels who ministered to us on earth, finding us out for one another, and introducing us. Remember how they had seen us grieve for one another, how sympathetically they will enjoy the scene, as we stand, amazed for awhile at one another's glory *before we embrace*.

How many parents there are, who have almost entirely forgotten those of their children who died in infancy; and who, being inquired at about the number of their family, will, so unlike that sweet faithful child who so

resolutely maintained "we are seven," give account only of those who live—the least worthy of being reckoned? Faithless father and mother, that you are! amid all your rapture, how ashamed you shall be of your forgetfulness, when these neglected ones are restored to you, so beautiful and glorious; and especially when, under that angel-guidance, they hasten with such excitement to meet with those of whom they are told that under the Creator they were the authors of their existence! Nor will it be with little excitement that they hasten to meet *you*, their brothers and sisters, with whom they may associate and worship, as being more of their own nature than any others to be found in all the kingdom. The whole of you—brothers and sisters, as well as parents—meditate on them; the thought is most sanctifying; it endears the Redeemer with peculiar attraction to a tender heart; and, remember, there are no hearts great which are not tender.

Alas! many a mother will not find her son there; and yet the Saviour will make her happy; there can be no grief in the Paradise of God, no, not even for a perished son: She could not now endure him; and Christ will give Himself to her; and He will bring her some other woman's child, who has been seeking for his *mother* in vain; and He will say, Woman, behold thy son, and to him, Behold thy mother, and the wounds of the hearts of both shall be healed. And yet, you who live, see that you secure for the heavenly communion your own sons and your own mothers; for although new friends

would suffice, old friends will be in many respects preferable.

Are not *irreligious* parents, then, solemnly admonished by what is said of their deceased infant offspring, to seek deliverance through the same atonement and resurrection, which have opened the latter to the kingdom of heaven? What a mercy, if the death of the child prove the life of the parent; by leading the latter to seek for consolation, where alone it can he had! And, oh! what a blessing, when, after wearying themselves seeking rest, and finding none, the eyes of the unhappy are opened to perceive the well of life, and their ears to hear the melodious sounds of that message which calms the alarm occasioned by guilt, and soothes the sorrows of the afflicted sufferer. It is the gospel which at once brings us to God, and as it were, restores to us our friends.

How dreadful the thought, when properly realised, that if bereaved unbelieving parents continue strangers to the power of the gospel, they and their children are separated for ever! Without a change of mind, *you* cannot go to them; and think of having a part of yourself, and a part so dear to you now in remembrance, for ever fixed far from you, beyond the impassable gulf, if you do not embrace the gospel. Think of your being kept, by your unbelief and unholiness, from enjoying their bliss. Think and be entreated to come to the Saviour, through whom alone you can meet the departed in glory.

"Oh! it is hard to take to heart
The lesson that such deaths will teach;

But let no man reject it,
For it is one that all must learn,
And is a mighty, universal truth.
When death strikes down the innocent and young,
For every fragile form from which he lets
The parting spirit free,
A hundred virtues rise
In shapes of mercy, charity, and love,
To walk the world and bless it; of every tear
That sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves,
Some good is born, some gentler nature comes."

THE MAY QUEEN.



OU 'LL bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,
And you 'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid.
I shall not forget you, mother—I shall hear you when you pass,
With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.

. . . . .

If I can I 'll come again, mother, from out my resting-place,
Though you 'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face;
Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what you say,
And be often, often with you when you think I 'm far away.

. . . . . .

It seemed so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay, and yet His will be done!
But still I think it can't be long before I find release;
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace.

O blessings on his kindly voice and on his silver hair!
And blessings on his whole life long, until he meets me there!
O blessings on his kindly heart, and on his silver head!
A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt beside my bed.

He taught me all the mercy, for he showed me all my sin,
Now, though my lamp was lighted late, there 's One will let me in:
Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if that could be,
For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me.

. . . . .

O sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere the day is done,
The voice that now is speaking may be beyond the sun—
For ever and for ever with those just souls and true—
And what is life that we should moan? why make we such ado.

For ever and for ever, all in a blessed home—
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come—
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast—
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

TENNYSON.

THE TRANSPLANTED FLOWER.



WEET is the infant's peaceful rest
When in its mother's arms it lies;
But sweeter, holier, and more bless'd
When call'd of Heaven it dies.

Like some bright, beauteous flower
It sweetly bloom'd—a bud for Heaven,
Till God recall'd, in gracious power,
The precious gift He once had given.

Then, mother, wilt thou mourning weep
  Because thy lovely babe 's no more?
Behold its calm, its gentle sleep;
  No longer mourn, but God adore.

Mark on its lips the lovely smile,
  The cold, the calm, the placid brow—
All, all assure us, free from guile,
  It is supremely happy now.

Then, mother, place, without a tear,
  Thy darling child beneath the sod;
For though again thou meet not here,
  To part no more thou shalt with God.

MY CHILD IN HEAVEN.



E meet around the board, thou art not there;
  Over our household joys hath passed a gloom;
Beside the fire we see thy empty chair,
  And miss thy sweet voice in the silent room.
What hopeless longings after thee arise!
Even for the touch of thy small hand I pine.
And for the sound of thy dear little feet.
  Alas! tears dim mine eyes,
Meeting in every place some joy of thine,
Or when fair children pass me on the street.

Beauty was on thy cheek; and thou didst seem
  A privileged being, chartered from decay;
And thy free spirit, like a mountain stream
  That hath no ebb, kept on its cheerful way.
  Thy laugh was like the inspiring breath of spring,
That thrills the heart, and cannot be unfelt.

The sun, the moon, the green leaves and the flowers,
And every living thing,
Were a strong joy to thee; thy spirit dwelt
Gladly in life, rejoicing in its powers.

Oh! what had death to do with one like thee,
Thou young and loving one; whose soul did cling;
Even as the ivy clings unto the tree,
To those that loved thee? Thou, whose tears would spring
Dreading a short day's absence; didst thou go
Alone into the future world unseen,*
Solving each awful untried mystery,
The dread unknown to know;
To be where mortal traveller hath not been,
Whence welcome tidings cannot come from thee?

My happy boy! and murmur I that death
Over thy young and buoyant frame hath power?
In yon bright land love never perisheth,
Hope may not mock, nor grief the heart devour.
The beautiful are round thee; thou dost keep
Within the Eternal presence; and no more
May'st death, or pain, or separation dread:
Thy bright eyes cannot weep,
Nor they with whom thou art thy loss deplore;
For ye are of the living, not the dead.

MARY HOWITT.

THE CHILD'S WISH.



H, I long to lie, dear mother,
On the cool and fragrant grass,
With the calm blue sky above my head,
And the shadowy clouds that pass;

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* "The land that is afar off."—Isaiah.

And I want the bright, bright sunshine
All round about my bed;
I'll close my eyes, and God will think
Your little boy is dead.

Then Christ will send an angel
To take me up to Him;
He will bear me slow and steadily
Far through the ether dim.
He will gently, gently lay me
Close by the Saviour's side;
And when I'm sure that I'm in heaven,
My eyes I'll open wide.

And I'll look among the angels
Who stand around the throne,
Till I find my sister Mary,
For I know she must be one.
And when I find her, mother,
We'll go away alone;
I'll tell her how we've mourn'd for her
All the while that she's been gone.

Oh, I shall be delighted
To hear her speak again,
Though I know she'll not return to us—
To ask her would be vain.
So I'll put my arms around her,
And look into her eyes,
And remember all I say to her,
And all her sweet replies.

And then I'll ask the angel
To take me back to you;
He will bear me slow and steadily
Down through the ether blue;
And you'll only think, dear mother,
That I've been out to play,
And have gone to sleep beneath the tree
This sultry summer day.

H. D. MUNSON.

The Heavenly Recognition among Divines.

FRIEND after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end.
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the reign of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath.
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

MONTGOMERY.

The saints on earth, when sweetly they converse,
And the dear favours of kind Heaven rehearse,
Each feels the other's joys; both doubly share
The blessings which devoutly they compare.
If saints such mutual joy feel here below,
When they each other's heavenly foretastes know,
What joys transport them at each other's sight,
When they shall meet in empyreal height!
Friends, even in heaven, one happiness would miss
Should they not know each other when in bliss.

SOME persons may suggest the inquiry, What views have our standard theologians entertained upon the subject of "RECOGNITION OF FRIENDS IN HEAVEN?" What opinions have those men held who have been most deeply imbued with the spirit of Christianity, who have devoted their lives to the investigation of truth, and to whom we have been accustomed to look for wisdom and instruction?

In reply, we are able to furnish the most satisfactory evidence that they not only believed in this doctrine, but cherished it with the greatest fondness, and found in it

a rich source of consolation and joy to their own hearts. From among many testimonies I would select a few:—

I.—REV. DR EDWARDS.

It is reasonable to believe that the saints shall know that they had such and such a relation to one another when they were on earth. The father shall know that such a one was his child; the husband shall remember that such a one was his wife; the scriptural guide shall know that such belonged to his flock; and so all other relations of persons shall be renewed and known in heaven. The ground of which assertion is this,—that the soul of man is of that nature that it depends not on the body and sense, and, therefore, being separate knows all that it knew in the body. And, for this reason, it is not to be doubted that it arrives in the other world with the same desires and inclinations that it had here; so that the delights of conversation are continued in heaven. Friends and relations are familiar and free with one another, and call to mind their former circumstances and concerns in the world, so far as they may be serviceable to advance their happiness.

II.—DR GEORGE CHRISTIAN KNAPP.

According to the representations contained in the Holy Scriptures, the saints will dwell together in the future world, and form, as it were, a kingdom, a state, of God. They will there partake of a common felicity. Their enjoyment will doubtless be very much heightened

by friendship, and by their confiding intercourse with each other. We must, however, separate all earthly imperfection from our conceptions of this heavenly society. But that we shall there recognise our former friends, and shall be again associated with them, was uniformly believed by all antiquity. The idea was admitted as altogether rational, and as a consoling thought, by the most distinguished ancient philosophers. Even reason regards this as in a high degree probable; but to one who believes the Holy Scriptures it cannot be a matter of doubt and conjecture.

III.—REV JOHN DICK, D.D.

It has been asked whether, in this blessed abode, the saints will know one another. One should think that the question was unnecessary, as the answer naturally presents itself to every man's mind; and it could only have occurred to some dreaming theologian, who, in his airy speculations, had soared far beyond the sphere of reason and common sense. Who can doubt whether the saints will know one another? What reason can be given why they should not? Would it be any part of their perfection to have all their former ideas obliterated, and to meet as strangers in the other world? Would it give us a more favourable notion of the assembly in heaven to suppose it to consist of a multitude of unknown individuals, who never hold communication with each other, or by some inexplicable restraint are prevented, amidst an intimate intercourse, from mutual

discoveries? Or have they forgotten what they themselves were, so that they cannot reveal it to their associates? What would be gained by this ignorance no man can tell; but we can tell what would be lost by it. They would lose all the happiness of meeting again on the peaceful shore those from whom they were separated by the storms of life, of knowing the good which they had been honoured to do, and being surrounded with the individuals who had been saved by means of their prayers, instructions, and labours. How could those whom he had been the instrument of converting and building up in the holy faith be to the minister of the gospel a crown of joy and rejoicing in the day of the Lord, if he did not recognise them when standing at his side?

IV.—REV. J. W. NEVIN, D.D.

That the saints in glory shall continue to know those whom they have known and loved on earth, seems to me to flow necessarily from the idea of their immortality itself; for this cannot be real except as it includes personal identity, or a continuation of the same consciousness. It is, moreover, a strictly catholic idea, the sense of which has been actively present to the mind of the Church through all ages in her doctrine of the "Communion of the Saints." This regards not merely Christians on earth, but also the sainted dead, according to the true words of the hymn—

"The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But *one communion* make."

But communion implies a continuity of reciprocal knowledge and affection. If death sundered absolutely the new consciousness of the believer from the old, there could be no real spiritual conjunction of this sort between the living and the departed members of Christ's body. There is a dangerous tendency in the religious world at the present time towards a false view of this relation, by which, in fact, the dead are taken to be so dissociated from the living as to have no further part in the onward movement of Christ's kingdom. But this is an error full as bad, to say the least, as the old superstition of invoking the saints and praying for the dead. The communion of saints, now noticed, has regard, of course, to the order of things between death and the resurrection. But if we are required to believe that disembodied spirits in the middle state still retain their interest in those they have left behind them in the mortal state, how shall we question their power of recognition afterwards in the more perfect resurrection state, when those who are now in two different states (and still in communion) shall be all gloriously brought together again in one?

V.—REV. RICHARD BAXTER.

I must confess, as the experience of my soul, that the expectation of loving my friends in heaven principally kindles my love to them on earth. If I thought I should never know them, and, consequently, never love them, after this life is ended, I should in reason number them

as temporal things, and love them as such. But I now delight to converse with my pious friends, in the firm persuasion that I shall converse with them for ever; and I take comfort in those of them that are dead or absent, as believing I shall shortly meet them in heaven, and love them with a heavenly love that shall there be perfected.

VI.—DR DODDRIDGE.

Let me be thankful for the pleasing hope, that though God loves my child too well to permit it to return to me, He will ere long bring me to it. And then that endeared paternal affection, which would have been a cord to tie me to earth, will be as a golden chain to draw me upwards, and add one further charm and joy to paradise itself.

VII.—REV. J. F. BERG, D.D.

Go where we will, we find the sentiment, that friendship is perpetuated beyond the grave. It is enshrined in the heart of our common humanity. The pure, unsophisticated belief of the vast majority of the followers of Christ is in union with the yearnings of natural affection, which follows its object through the portals of the grave into the eternal world. What but this causes the Christian parent, in the dying hour, to charge his beloved children to prepare for a reunion before the throne of the Lamb? He desires to meet them there, and to rejoice with them in the victory over sin and death. The widow, bending in bitter bereavement over

the grave of him whom God has taken, meekly puts the cup of sorrow to her lips, with the assured confidence that the separation wrought by death is transient, and that they who sleep in Jesus shall together inherit the rest that remaineth for the people of God. Thus the wormwood and the gall are attempered by the sweet balm of hope, and heaven wins the attraction which earth has lost. Tell me, ye who have seen the open tomb receive into its bosom the sacred trust committed to its keeping, in hope of the first resurrection—you who have heard the sudden rumbling of the death-clods, as they dropped upon the coffin-lid, and told you that earth had gone back to earth—when the separation from the object of your love was realised in all the desolation of bereavement, next to the thought that ere long you should see Christ as He is, and be like Him,—was not that consolation the strongest which assured you that the departed one, whom God has put from you into darkness, will run to meet you when you cross the threshold of immortality, and, with the holy rapture to which the redeemed alone can give utterance, lead you to the exalted Saviour, and with you bow at His feet, and cast the conqueror's crown before Him?

The nearer we live to heaven, the more distinctly do we hear the voices of the departed, and see their angelic forms, as they walk around the gardens of the celestial paradise. The eminent saint, whom fervent prayer and unwavering faith keep upon the mountain's summit, under the full sunshine of divine love, can almost

hear the beloved ones calling him up to his heavenly home.

Come to the land of peace!
Come where the tempest hath no longer sway,
The shadow passes from the soul away,
The sounds of weeping cease!

Fear hath no dwelling there!
Come to the mingling of repose and love,
Breathed by the silent Spirit of the Dove
Through the celestial air!

Come to the bright and blest,
And crown'd for ever!—midst that shining band,
Gather'd to heaven's own wreath from every land,
Thy spirit shall find rest!

Thou hast been long alone;
Come to thy mother!—on the Sabbath shore,
The heart that rock'd thy childhood back once more
Shall take its wearied one.

In silence wert thou left!
Come to thy sisters!—joyously again
All the home-voices, blest in one sweet strain,
Shall greet their long-bereft.

Over thine orphan head
The storm hath swept, as o'er a willow's bough;
Come to thy father!—it is finish'd now;
Thy tears have all been shed.

In thy divine abode
Changes find no pathway, memory no dark trace;
And—oh, bright victory!—death, by love, no place!
Come, spirit, to thy God!

VIII.—DR THOMAS CHALMERS.

Tell us if Christianity does not throw a pleasing radiance around an infant's tomb? And should any parent who hears us, feel softened by the remembrance of the light that twinkled a few short months under his roof, and at the end of its little period expired, we cannot think that we venture too far when we say, that he has only to persevere in the faith, and in the following of the gospel, and that very light will again shine upon him in heaven. The blossom which withered here upon its stalk, has been transplanted there to a place of endurance; and it will there gladden that eye which now weeps out the agony of an affection which has been sorely wounded; and, in the name of Him who, if on earth, would have wept along with them, do we bid all believers present not to sorrow even as others which have no hope, but to take comfort in the hope of that country where there is no sorrow and no separation.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT.

I loved thee, daughter of my heart!
My child, I loved thee dearly;
And though we only met to part—
How sweetly! how severely—
Nor life nor death can sever
My soul from thine for ever!

Thy days, my little one, were few;
An angel's morning visit,
That came and vanish'd with the dew;
'Twas here—'tis gone!—where is it?

Yet didst thou leave behind thee
A clue for love to find thee.

The eye, the lip, the cheek, the brow,
The hands stretch'd forth in gladness;
And life, joy, rapture, beauty now,
Then dash'd with infant sadness;
Till, bright'ning by transition,
Return'd the fairy vision.

Where are they now,—those smiles, those tears,
Thy mother's darling treasure?
She sees them still, and still she hears
Thy tones of pain or pleasure,
To her quick pulse revealing
Unutterable feeling.

Sarah! my last, my youngest love,
The crown of every other!
Though thou art born in heaven above,
I am thine only mother;
Nor will affection let me
Believe thou canst forget me.

Then,—thou in heaven, and I on earth,—
May this one hope delight us,
That thou wilt hail my second birth,
When death shall reunite us,
Where worlds no more can sever
Parent and child for ever!

MONTGOMERY.

IX.—REV. THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

Heaven is not only an inheritance, but a home. Oh! how sweet that word! What beautiful and tender associations cluster thick around it! Compared with it, house, mansion, palace, are cold, heartless terms. But

home! that word quickens the pulse, warms the heart, stirs the soul to its depths, makes age feel young again, rouses apathy into energy, sustains the sailor on his midnight watch, inspires the soldier with courage on the field of battle, and imparts patient endurance to the worn-down sons of toil! The thought of it has proved a sevenfold shield to virtue; the very name of it has been a spell to call back the wanderer from the paths of vice; and, far away, where myrtles bloom and palm-trees wave, and the ocean sleeps upon coral strands, to the exile's fond fancy it clothes the naked rock, or stormy shore, or barren moor, or wild highland mountain, with charms he weeps to think of, and longs once more to see. Grace sanctifies these lovely affections and imparts a sacredness to the homes of earth by making them types of heaven. As a home the believer delights to think of it. Thus when lately bending over a dying saint, and expressing our sorrow to see him laid so low, with the radiant countenance rather of one who had just left heaven, than of one about to enter it, he raised and clasped his hands, and exclaimed in ecstasy, "*I am going home!*" Happy the family of which God is the father, Jesus the elder brother, and all the "saints in light" are brethren—brethren born of one spirit; nursed at the full breast of the same promises; trained in the same high school of heavenly discipline; seated at the same table; and gathered all where the innocent loves of earth are not quenched but purified, not destroyed but refined! To that family circle every accession forms

a subject of gratitude and praise; and every new-comer receives such welcome as a mother, while she falls on his manly breast, gives her son, or as sisters, locked in his arms, with theirs entwined around him, give the brother whom they have got safe back from wreck and storm, or the bloody fields of war. So when, on returning home after weary journeys and a tedious absence, we have found that the whole household was moved, and that all, down even to the tottering babe, with outstretched hands and beaming faces and joyful welcomes, were at the door to meet us, we have thought, it shall be thus at the gates of glory. What a meeting there of parents and children, brothers and sisters, and death-divided friends! What mutual gratulations! What overflowing joy! And when they have led our spirit up through the long line of loving angels to the throne, what happiness to see Jesus, and get our warmest welcome from the lips of Him who redeemed us by His blood, and, in the agonies of His cross, suffered for us more than a mother's pangs—"the travail of His soul."

X.—REV. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, M.A.

It is a conscious and social world into which we are rapidly passing. Heaven is not a solitude; it is a peopled city—a city in which there are no strangers, no homeless, no poor; where one does not pass another in the street without greeting; where no one is envious of another's superior minstrelsy, or another's more brilliant crown. When God said, in the ancient Eden, "It is

not good for man to be alone," there was a deeper signification in the words than could be exhausted or explained by the family tie. It was the declaration of an essential want, which the Creator, in His highest wisdom, has impressed upon the noblest of His works. That is not life—you don't call that life?—where the hermit, in some moorland glade, drags out a solitary existence? or where the captive, in some cell of bondage, frets and pines unseen? The life of solitude about which men boast themselves, is not a life of solitude at all. Such men do not understand solitude. Life, all kinds of life, tend to companionship, and rejoice in it, from the fecund larvæ and the buzzing insect cloud, up to the kingly lion, and the kinglier man. It is a social state to which we are introduced, as well as a state of consciousness. Not only, therefore, does the Saviour pray for His disciples, "Father, I will that those whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory;" but those who are in that heavenly recompense are said to have come "to the general assembly and church of the first-born written in heaven." Ay, and better than that, and dearer to some of us, "to the spirits of just men made perfect." This is an ancient representation of a social state, in which all affections are pure, in which there is conscious recognition of the friends from whom we have been some time parted, but with whom we are to abide in perpetual reunion; and of a home without a discord, a home without an illness, a home without a grave. And this question of the re-

cognition of departed friends in heaven, and special and intimate reunion with them, Scripture and reason enable us to infer with almost absolute certainty. It is implied in the fact that the resurrection is a resurrection of individuals, that it is *this* mortal that shall put on immortality. It is implied in the fact that heaven is a vast and happy society: and it is implied in the fact that there is no unclothing of the nature that we possess, only the clothing upon it of the garments of a brighter and more glorious immortality. Take comfort, then, those of you in whose history the dearest charities of life have been severed by the rude hand of death—those whom you have thought about as lost are not lost, except to present sight. Perhaps even now they are angel-watchers, screened by a kindly Providence from everything about you that would give them pain; but if you and they are alike in Jesus, and remain faithful unto the end, doubt not that you shall know them again. It were strange, don't you think, if, amid the multitudes of the heavenly hosts—the multitudes of earth's ransomed ones that we are to see in heaven—we should see all but those we most fondly and fervently long to see? Strange if, in some of our walks along the golden streets, we never happen to light upon them! Strange if we did not hear some heaven-song learned on earth, trilled by some clear-ringing voice that we have often heard before! Oh, depend upon it, in a realm of perfect happiness this element of happiness will not be absent—to know and love again those we have known and loved below. And

although in heaven there may be a commonwealth, and although in heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage, yet dearer than all others there will be the wife to the husband, and the husband to the wife; and the friend to the friend, who have toiled and suffered on earth together. Oh, what heart is not thrilled by the glorious prospect? Ah, but nearer still and dearer, as every true and royal believer thinks *heaven is the home of Jesus.*

Oh, heaven without my Saviour
Would be no home to me!
Dark were the walls of jasper,
Rayless the crystal sea.
He gilds earth's darkest valley
With light and joy and peace;
What, then, must be the radiance
When night and death shall cease?

Speed on, O lagging moments!
Come, birthday of the soul!
How long the night appeareth!
The hours, how slow they roll!
How sweet the welcome summons
That greets the willing bride!
And when mine eyes behold *Him*
I shall be satisfied!

XI.—REV. W. LANDELS.

As the state of the departed is not an unconscious state, neither is it stationary. When they wake up again, they will not be just what they were when they went to sleep. They may not be so changed that we shall not be able to recognise them—I am far from

asserting or supposing that they will. Such a thought would not be very consoling to many. The maternal instinct shrinks from it with aversion as regards the child in heaven. Longfellow's poem on Resignation, in which he says of a deceased child,

"Not as a child shall you again behold her,"

has elicited the following beautiful and pathetic response, with which most minds will sympathise:—

Oh, say not so! how shall I know my darling,
If changed her form, and veil'd with shining hair?
If, since her flight, has grown my starling,
How shall I know her there?
On memory's page, by viewless fingers painted,
I see the features of my angel-child;
She pass'd away ere vice her life had tainted—
Pass'd to the undefiled.

Oh, say not so! for I would clasp her, even
As when below she lay upon my breast;
I would dream of her as a bud in heaven,
Amid the blossoms blest.
My little one, she was a folded lily,
Sweeter than any on the azure wave:
But night came down, a starless night and chilly,
Alas! we could not save.

Yes, as a child, serene and noble poet—
Oh, heaven were dark were children wanting there;
I hope to clasp my bud, as when I wore it,
A dimpled baby fair.
Though years have flown, toward my blue-eyed daughter
My heart yearns ofttimes with a mother's love;
Its never-dying tendrils now enfold her,
E'en as a child above.

E'en as a babe, my little dove-eyed daughter,
Nestle and coo upon my heart again;
Wait for thy mother by the river water,
It shall not be in vain.
Wait as a child. How shall I know my darling
If changed her form, and veil'd with shining hair;
If since her flight has grown my little starling,
How shall I know her there?

This feeling is much more general than some may suppose—indeed it is all but universal. I would not make light of any so deep-seated in our nature; nor do I think that God intended it to be made light of. My conviction is, that the happiness of heaven, being perfect, will embrace all the elements in which happiness consists, among others, the recognition of old friends, and the revival of old friendships. And, looking at the subject on all sides, I think we are warranted in saying that, while those who sleep in Jesus will be wonderfully changed when they wake up on the morning of the resurrection, the change will not be such as to prevent recognition—in the case of those who died in infancy, not such as to destroy their childhood. In all that renders childhood lovely, they will be children still. In simplicity, in sincerity, in docility, in confidingness, in all in which the child is superior to the man, they will be children still. Of little children in this respect is the kingdom of heaven composed. It is only in those things in which the man is superior to the child—such as strength of understanding, capacity for service, maturity of affection—that they will cease to be children. You

do wish your child to remain simple and confiding, and docile and meek, as it ever was; and so it will remain. But you do not wish it to remain as limited in its knowledge, as infantile in its capacity, as weak in its judgment, as it was when it left you. And in this respect only—

> "Not as a child you again behold her;
> For when with raptures wild
> In your embraces you again infold her,
> She will not be a child."

XII.—REV. JOHN CUMMING, D.D.

I look upon it as one of the brightest hopes of Christianity, that those we loved on earth, from whose lips dropped lessons of wisdom—whose footprints upon the sands of time shall shine with imperishable excellency—we shall meet and know and recognise again. There is not a mother that has lost a babe that will not meet her babe, and recognise it again, in that pure and beautiful and holy light which never shall be shaded. Very sweetly does Longfellow sing of this very subject when he says:—

> There is no flock, however watch'd and tended,
> But one dead lamb is there;
> There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
> But hath one vacant chair.
>
> The air is full of farewells to the dying,
> And mournings for the dead;
> The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
> Will not be comforted.

Let us be patient; those severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise;
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours
Amid these earthly damps;
What seem to us but sad funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death; what seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

This shall be realised in all its blessedness and comfort then. I think it would take away half the charm of the future if we were to be in it like monks and nuns, shut up in stone and lonely cells; a father, a brother, a sister, a babe be near you, and yet you be insensible to their presence, or ignorant it is the familiar and the once-beloved face. The promised future is not a series of cold, insulated cells; but our Father's house—"in my Father's house are many," not cells, but "mansions." It is amid the warmth of His fireside that we shall gather; it is under that roof-tree that never shall be broken that we shall meet; and, as sure as we gather round our Father's fireside, and beneath our Father's roof-tree, shall I recognise and know all my brothers and my sisters in Christ, when we sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of our Father.

Heaven is not a solitary place, a hermitage, a conventual cell, where each is insulated from the other in

loneliness. All the imagery employed denotes that our future state is a social condition; it is a city, it is a country, it is the general assembly of the church of the first-born. Christianity does not destroy our social feelings, it consecrates them. Jesus, who had so many souls to save, had a friend in Lazarus, and intimate friends in Martha and Mary. And those friendships which have been reciprocated below will not be destroyed, but purified and consecrated for ever. The future is the scene of perfect knowledge. If I am in that shining group, shall I be there and not know my next neighbour? Shall I be in heaven and not know him that stands beside me? Will Moses fail to recognise Aaron? Will Abraham fail to recognise his beloved Sarah or Isaac? Will the patriarchs not know their sons? Will heaven be a place where all those thrilling and beautiful recollections have perished for ever in the bosom of the saved? Has the wave of oblivion washed out every trace that was there? No, no; but memory, or rather the heart more than memory, will not consent to let its imagery fade out till the grand originals appear. The light of truth shall fill every mind, and a sea of love shall overflow with its spring-tide every heart. The glass shall be broken, the veil shall be rent; heaven is a home; its inhabitants are brothers and sisters. It is a day without a night, a sky without a cloud, and a sun without a setting.

XIII.—THE REV. DANIEL MOORE, M.A.

In the vision on the Mount of Transfiguration we seem to be assured that, in the world to come, we shall know each other. Peter, James, and John did not see two unknown messengers from the spirit-land; they saw Moses as Moses, and Elias as Elias. And what is this but an assurance that there shall be blessed recognitions in heaven? Yes, when we awake from the deep slumbers of the grave, and are caught up with Jesus to the mount of uncreated glory, not only shall we behold patriarchs on their thrones, and the prophets by the altar, and the elders as they bow, and the apostles as they cry aloud; but we shall see those whom we knew on earth, shall be permitted to embrace our children and friends again, with all the fervour of a pure and spiritual and sanctified and everlasting love. The relative we prayed for will be there; the erring sinner whom we rescued will be there; the attached flock shall behold there the face of their faithful minister, whilst the minister shall there see his joy and crown of rejoicing—double crowns to him there, on finding how much he owed to his people's prayers. Without recognitions in the heavenly state there would be no friendly ties, no love of saints one to another. But "God is love." Heaven is love. "Charity never faileth." Our earthly attachments, like our earthly bodies, will not be destroyed, but purified; all in them that is unfit for heaven will be taken away—the rest will remain. We shall have our friendships there, deep

without passion; fond without infirmity; tranquil, because undisturbed by rival regards; happy, because they can never be dissolved. And then we shall have speech in that world. Moses and Elias talked with Jesus. The tongue is the glory of man. What should we be without it? The thought is insupportable of a silent world. Heaven is a glorious place where praise only breaks the silence, where nothing jars with the melody of the eternal chime, where the roll of the peeling hallelujahs is like the voice of many waters; where every one hath a song, every one a story of deliverance, every one a tribute of thanksgiving to free, sovereign, unmerited grace.

XIV.—REV. CAPEL MOLYNEUX, B.A.

There will be reunion with our friends; we shall again see those that we have known on earth. Have you any doubt about it? Do you suppose that we shall not retain our personal identity; that we shall not be distinct one from another, as we are here? Take the most perfect forms or faces on the earth—they are all constitutionally and essentially distinct. There are no two persons absolutely alike. So in the other world. I believe there will be quite as great a distinction as in this; each person perfect, beautiful, glorified, yet there will be the characteristic distinction which marked them here. We shall be ourselves; our bodies will not be other bodies: there will be an identity in the body though it is not the same that is sown, as the apostle argues in the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians; yet there

will be an identity, just as it is said, that the body which we have now is not the same as that which we had ten or twenty years ago, yet we are the same, we know our bodies, and other people know them. Did not the disciples know Moses and Elias on the mount? How was that? And did they not know our Lord when He was glorified? and are we not told that we shall see Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob? Therefore we shall know them. There will be recognition.

XV.—THE REV. JOHN STOUGHTON.

We presume in heaven we shall love and delight in some more than others. Special sympathies will link certain souls together. There are men described in the Bible, and in Church history, to whom our affections are peculiarly drawn forth. And why may not their society be sought hereafter above that of others? Is it idle speculation to suppose that intercourse with them may receive the highest zest, from the gratification of curiosity respecting their manner of life, opinions, achievements, trials, and history?

And will not those who have been friends here be friends there? It is true there "they neither marry nor are given in marriage;" but these words of Christ plainly refer simply to the matrimonial relationship, and do not militate against the idea of special loving bonds hereafter between those who have sustained the relationship on earth.

I see no reason why those who have been dearest

friends on earth should not when admitted to that happy state continue to be so, with full knowledge and recollection of their former friendship. If a man is still to continue a social being, and capable of friendship, it seems contrary to all probability that he should cast off or forget his former friends, who are partakers with him in the same exaltation. He will be changed, and so will they—

> "That so before the judgment-seat,
> Though changed and glorified each face,
> Not unremember'd may we meet
> For endless ages to embrace."

There are some whom we fully expect to meet in heaven, who have been our fellow-labourers and sufferers in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ. What a joy it will be to recognise those dear ones. There are some whom we hope to meet, though at present they give no signs which are decisive of their having the new life of the Spirit of God; but we look for the answer to our prayers, and the crown of our labours when we are gone, in their salvation and union with us in life's realm of light—and what a joy it will be to meet them there.

There are others respecting whom we have little or no hope, who are living earthly, sordid, sensual lives, who seem breaking away from holy influences; but when the grass shall have grown some summers, and the winds whistled some winters over our grave, a sermon may strike them, a look arrest them, a thought penetrate them, and awaken remembrances of truths they now

labour to forget, they may turn to God after all. What joy to recognise them hereafter! to find them by our side—to say, "And are you here? Thank God, indeed."

To meet in heaven with friends and relatives who have gone before us, or who may be left behind us; to embrace some on the shores of immortality, like mariners escaped from shipwreck; to meet such as were part of ourselves, our children; "No traveller lost—a family in heaven;"—this speaks to the deepest sensibilities of human nature; this brings before us an element of bliss enshrined among our dearest hopes.

XVI.—REV. J. EDMONDSON, M.A.

But how shall we know those holy persons who lived in former ages and in distant climes? The answer is easy: intelligent spirits, who knew them well, will make them known to us in friendly conversations. How did the three disciples of our Lord know Enoch and Elijah when they appeared with Him on the mount? It is probable that they received information from their Master, to whom those departed saints were well known; and in the heavenly world it may be said to us, This is Abraham, that is Job, and that is Daniel. And all those saints when once made known to us will be known for ever. If we were to travel to any civilised region of this world, should we not be introduced to the inhabitants of the place by some friendly person who might know them? And are saints less courteous in the heavenly world than men on earth? In that world of

felicity, holy spirits of every rank take pleasure in communicating happiness; and our happiness will be greatly augmented by a knowledge of all the inhabitants of that place, where we shall live to all eternity.

And will not the Lord of all worlds, who has connected our happiness with the sacred ties of friendship, appoint certain spirits to discover to us those holy friends whom we knew before, and with whom we shall live for ever? Angels have had charge of every good man on earth from the beginning of the world, and they know every one by name. And will not those lovely spirits discover the saints to each other? And shall we not receive from them extensive information of those good men to whom they ministered in the present world? And the saints of former ages, who are far advanced in knowledge, may be appointed to instruct their younger brethren. The Divine Being, who knows all things, employs instruments and agents to instruct men; and why may He not pursue a similar plan, in His wise government of angels and saints, in the world of glory?

We do not pretend to explain how those happy spirits instruct each other. It has not been revealed; and it is a subject which our limited powers cannot discover. For we are unacquainted with their language, their organs of speech, and their method of communicating ideas; but it must be absurd to suppose that they are less perfect in these things than mortal men in the present state of comparative ignorance. No doubt they excell, in every method that can be used, of communicating thought

from one intellectual being to another. And can they be ignorant of each other? Will nothing be said by any intellectual spirit to bring to remembrance persons and things of former times? Scripture and reason are both at variance with this absurd opinion.

But what sweet and edifying conversations may be expected between kindred spirits in the happy world! and how amazingly will these be heightened by a perfect knowledge of each other, when all have passed through this world of sin and sorrow! One will ever be ready to teach another, and all will rejoice in the acquisition of knowledge. The mind of every one will be enlarged, truth will be unfolded, and all will be innocent and holy. The joy arising from a knowledge of each other will be mutual; and to know and be made known will produce pleasure that cannot be expressed. But if former things are to be forgotten, and if we are to remain strangers to each other, our bliss will be imperfect. The ties of friendship in this case will be weakened, and all its peculiar enjoyinents considerably abridged.

"I want to go to heaven," said Dr Emmons, in his old age. "It is an inexpressibly glorious place; the more I think of it, the more delightful it appears. And I want to see *who* is there; I want to see brother Sanford, and brother Niles, and brother Spring, and Dr Hopkins, and Dr West, and a great many other ministers, with whom I have been associated in this world, but who have gone before me. I believe I shall meet

them in heaven; and, it seems to me our meeting there must be peculiarly interesting." He added: "I want to see, too, the old prophets and the apostles. What a society there will be in heaven! There we shall see such men as Moses, and Isaiah, and Elijah, and David, and Paul. I want to see Paul more than any man I can think of."

Such is the language of our eminent divines upon the question before us. We might add to the list of witnesses in favour of the doctrine of heavenly recognition; but enough has been said to exhibit the views and feelings of those distinguished servants of the Church, in whose piety and wisdom we repose the fullest confidence.

We are aware that objections have been raised against our doctrine. But a sentiment so deeply imbedded in the human heart, and so strongly entwined around the warmest affections and sympathies, as this—one that is sustained by reason and by the general desire and expectation of mankind; one that is recognised by Christ and His apostles, and believed in by the great majority of devoted Christians and distinguished divines—is not easily to be set aside or weakened. It is our privilege to cling to it, to find consolation in it in seasons of bereavement, to derive comfort from it in a dying hour, and to anticipate the pleasure of meeting, in "the general assembly and church of the first-born," our beloved Christian friends, and of enjoying their society for ever! We shall with them wander amid the bowers and

streams of a heavenly paradise, walk with them the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, enter with them the temples dedicated to celestial worship, and sing with them the songs of redeeming love!



FT weeping Memory sits alone
Beside some grave, at even,
And calls upon some spirit flown—
Oh, say, shall those on earth our own
Be ours again in heaven?

Amid these lone, sepulchral shades,
Where sleep our dear ones riven,
Is not some lingering spirit near,
To tell if those divided here
Unite and know in heaven?

Shall friends who o'er the waste of life
By the same storms are driven,
Shall they recount in realms of bliss
The fortunes and the tears of this,
And love again in heaven?

When hearts which have on earth been one
By ruthless death are riven,
Why does the one which death has reft
Drag off in grief the one that 's left
If not to meet in heaven?

The warmest love on earth is still
Imperfect when 'tis given;
But there 's a purer clime above,
Where perfect hearts in perfect love
Unite; and this is heaven.

If love on earth is but in part,
As light and shade at even—
If sin doth plant a thorn between
The truest hearts, there is, I ween,
A perfect love in heaven.

Oh, happy world! oh, glorious place!
Where all who are forgiven
Shall find their loved and lost below,
And hearts, like meeting stream, shall flow
For ever one in heaven.

The following touching verses are expressive of a bereaved father's tenderness and hope. They are entitled,

MY CHILD.

CANNOT make him dead!
His fair, sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study-chair;
Yet, when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there!

I walk my parlour-floor,
And through the open door
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
I 'm stepping toward the hall,
To give the boy a call,
And then bethink me that—he is not there!

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin-lid;
Closed are his eyes, cold is his forehead fair;
My hand that marble felt,
O'er it in prayer I knelt,
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there!

I cannot *make* him dead!
When passing by the bed,
So long watched over with parental care.
My spirit and my eye
Seek it inquiringly
Before the thought comes that—he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I 'm with his mother offering up our prayer,
Whate'er I may be *saying*,
I am, in spirit, praying
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!

Not there! Where, then, is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the *raiment* that he used to wear.
The grave that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked;—*he* is not there!

He lives! In all the past
He lives; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now,
And on his angel brow
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me *there!*"

Yes, we all live to God!
FATHER, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That in the spirit-land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'Twill be our heaven to find that—he is *there!*

NO TEARS IN HEAVEN.



HAPPY, happy country! where
There entereth not a sin!
And death, who keeps its portals fair,
May never once come in.
No grief can change their day to night;
The darkness of that land is light;
Sorrow and sighing God has sent
Far thence, to endless banishment.
And never more may one dark tear
Bedim their burning skies;
For every one they shed while here,
In fearful agonies,
Glitters a bright and dazzling gem
In their immortal diadem.

C. BOWLES.

The Heavenly Recognition among the Poets

I LOOK to recognise again, through the beautiful mask of their perfection,
The dear familiar faces I have some while loved on earth:
I long to talk with grateful tongue of storms and perils past,
And praise the mighty Pilot that hath steer'd us through the rapids.

M. F. TUPPER.

O blissful scene! where sever'd hearts
Renew the ties most cherish'd:
Where nought the mourn'd and mourner parts:
Where grief with life is perish'd.
Oh! nought do I desire so well,
As here to die, and there to dwell!

My little one, my fair one, thou canst not come to me,
But nearer draws the number'd hour when I shall go to thee;
And thou, perchance, with seraph smile, and golden harp in hand,
Mayst come the first to welcome me, to our Emmanuel's land.

All is not over with earth's broken tie—
Where, where should sisters love, if not on high?

MRS HEMANS.

A treasure but removed—
A bright bird parted for a clearer day—
Yours still in heaven!



"Poetry has been to me its own exceeding great reward. It has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared solitude; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me."—COLERIDGE.

IN times of bereavement, the mind often becomes utterly depressed and bewildered at its inability of expression, and it turns instinctively to the language of another—to the deep sad harmonies that haunt the breast of the poet, who has foreshadowed a portraiture of our own hearts; and we are comforted by the assurance it gives that *our* state is not peculiar. In the weakness of grief we are apt to feel as if alone, as if set apart as a mark for the shafts of adversity; but we now learn the fact, that we are only *one* of the great brotherhood of sorrow. The discovery that we have sympathy, and that others weep as well as ourselves, dispetses our loneliness, and takes away much of the complaint of our grief.

The poet is a comforter whom all love; he comes to

us so softly, so silently, so feelingly. In the tender hour of fresh bereavement we instinctively withdraw from others, and love to be alone. We hide ourselves from the every-day contact of those who, though they would, cannot feel with us, and measure the full extent and depth of our grief. We shrink even from the incompetence of those who, from genuine kindliness of heart, obtrude their sympathy upon us. The commonplace generalities to which such persons resort, revolt us, as heartless and hackneyed; the human voice even assumes a dissonance, when it urges us to forget a grief over which the heart yearns with a devoted tenderness, feeling as if relief were a treason to the beloved object. Few can afford consolation in periods like these—few should attempt it.

At such times we choose our own comforters, and these must have a sacred, priestly character—speaking a language removed from the commonplace of ordinary life. The poet suits us. He does not only speak gentle and soothing words, but he makes himself the very soul of our grief, speaking rather *in* us than to us. He has felt the same which we now feel, sought the same relief, and now tells us how and where he found it. His words do not flow coldly from his lips, and so fall upon our ears, but we feel them at our heart, welling up from the depths of the soul, warm, tender, and living. Thus he affords light to the heart in its darkness, and life in its death.

Truly has it been said, "The poet is the interpreter of

the human heart, the expounder of its mysteries. An utterance is given to him which is denied to others, even although their feelings may be akin to his own. Through him Truth speaks; and wild or wayward as may seem her revelations, yet it is the common sentiment, the universal emotion, she speaks; she gives the germ of a nobler principle, the incentive to a higher hope. We weep over his words, relieved by a strange sympathy; find through him a voice and utterance for thoughts too deep for expression; and are at once relieved, comforted, and instructed."

The representation of this doctrine by the poets will be useful, and, we believe, welcome to all. In the first piece we introduce, the reader will find a number of forcible arguments, beautifully connected, and happily expressed. They are so much the more striking, because they are placed in such fair contrast with the opposing error.

RECOGNITION IN HEAVEN.



OME tell us all earthly love must die,
Nor enter the heavenly land;
That friendship is lost above the sky
Midst the happy and joyous band.
And can it be so? On that blissful shore
Shall we meet the loved we have lost no more?

They tell us that those unseen on earth
  Shall be dear as an only child;
And the mother beloved, who gave us birth,
  Shall be met as the savage wild!
And can it be so? In that land of love,
Are there no joys of reunion above?

They tell us the pastor, who taught us the way
  To the blessed abode of the just,
Shall know us no more in eternity's day,
  Though the body's redeem'd from the dust.
And can it be so in that world of bliss?
Shall we love less *there* than we do in *this*?

They tell us the martyr, who fell on the shore,
  'Mid the war-cry, and horror untold,
Shall meet his flock with joy no more
  Than the merchant who traffics for gold.
And will it be so in that golden street,
Where Williams, and all he held dear, shall meet?

Is *ignorance* found in the spirit's home?
  Is *memory* left in the dust?
Then shall we not feel that we stand *alone*
  As strangers among the just?
And can it be so in that city of light
Where love is unfading, and joy ever bright?

Is darkness found in that cloudless sky,
  Veiling the life just pass'd;
Forgotten the friends who saw us die,
  All faithful and true to the last?

And can it be so? Shall we meet no more
When this feverish dream of life is o'er?

Then where is the pastor's "crown of joy?"
And where the reward of the saint's employ?
And why do we cherish this restless love,
If all will be lost or forgotten above?
Oh! can it be thus, in that blissful place,
Where we see the redeem'd ones face to face?

AN INDIAN MOTHER'S LOVE.



S-HE-OUI-MAI, the wife of Little Wolf, one of the Iowa Indians, died, while at Paris, of an affection of the lungs, brought on by grief for the death of her child in London. Her husband was unremitting in his endeavours to console and restore her to the love of life; but she constantly replied, "No, no! my four children recall me. I see them by the side of the Great Spirit. They stretch out their arms to me, and are astonished that I do not join them."

No! no! I must depart
From earth's pleasant scenes, for they but wake
Those thrilling memories of the lost which shake
The life-sands from my heart.

Why do ye bid me stay?
Should the rose linger when the young buds die,
Or the tree flourish when the branches lie
Stricken by sad decay?

Doth not the parent dove,
When her young nurslings leave their lowly home,
And soar on joyous wings to heaven's blue dome,
Fly the deserted grove?

Why, then, should I remain?
Have I not seen my sweet-voiced warblers soar,
So far away that love's fond wiles no more
May lure them back again?

They cannot come to me:
But I may go to them; and as the flower
Awaits the dewy eve, I wait the hour
That sets my spirit free.

Hark! heard ye not a sound,
Sweeter than wild bird's note or minstrel's lay?
I know that music well, for night and day
I hear it echoing round.

It is the tuneful chime
Of spirit voices!—'tis my infant band
Calling the mourner from this darken'd land
To joy's unclouded clime.

My beautiful, my blest!
I see them there by the Great Spirit's throne;
With winning words and fond beseeching tone
They woo me to my rest.

They chide my long delay,
And wonder that I linger from their home;
They stretch their loving arms to bid me come!
Now would ye have me stay?

E. S. S.

BELOW AND ABOVE.



OWN below, the wild November whistling
Through the beech's dome of burning red,
And the autumn sprinkling penitential
Dust and ashes on the chestnut's head,

Down below, a pall of airy purple,
Darkly hanging from the mountain side,
And the sunset from his eyebrow staring
O'er the long roll of the leaden tide.

Up above, the tree with leaf unfading,
By the everlasting river's brink,
And the sea of glass, beyond whose margin
Never yet the king was known to sink.

Down below, the white wings of the sea-bird,
Dash'd across the furrows dark with mould,
Flitting, like the memories of our childhood,
Through the trees now waxen pale and old.

Down below, imagination's quivering
Through our human spirits like wind,
Thoughts that toss like leaves about the woodland,
Hopes like sea-birds flash'd across the mind.

Up above, the host no man can number,
In white robes, a palm in every hand;
Each some work sublime for ever working
In the spacious tracts of that great land.

Up above, the thoughts that know not anguish,
Tender care, sweet love for us below;
Noble pity, free from anxious terror,
Larger love, without a touch of woe.

Down below, a sad mysterious music,
Wailing through the woods and on the shore,
Burden'd with a grand majestic secret
That keeps sweeping from us evermore.

Up above, a music that entwineth,
With eternal threads of golden sound,
The great poem of this strange existence,
All whose wondrous meaning hath been found.

Down below, the church, to whose poor window
Glory by the autumnal trees is lent,
And a knot of worshippers in mourning,
Missing some one at the sacrament.

Up above, the burst of hallelujah,
And (without the sacramental mist
Wrapt around us like a sunlight halo)
The great vision of the face of Christ.

Down below, cold sunlight on the tombstones,
And the green wet turf with faded flowers;
Winter roses, once like young hopes burning,
Now beneath the ivy dripp'd with showers:

And the new-made grave within the churchyard,
And the white cap on that young face pale,
And the watcher, ever as it dusketh,
Rocking to and fro with that long wail.

Up above, a crown'd and happy spirit,
Like an infant in the eternal years;
Who shall grow in love and light for ever,
Order'd in his place among his peers.

Oh, the sobbing of the winds of autumn,
Oh, the sunset streak of stormy gold;
Oh, the poor heart thinking in the churchyard,
"Night is coming, and the grave is cold."

Oh, the pale and plash'd and sodden roses,
Oh, the desolate heart that grave above;
Oh, the white cap shaking as it darkens
Round that shrine of memory and love.

Oh, the rest for ever, and the rapture!
Oh, the Hand that wipes the tears away!
Oh, the golden homes beyond the sunset,
And the hope that watches o'er the day!

REV. W. ALEXANDER.

THE DEPARTED FRIEND.

NOT to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,
Descend to contemplate
The form that once was dear;
Feed not our thoughts so loathly horrible—
The spirit is not there
That kindled that dead eye,

That throbb'd in that cold heart,
That in that motionless hand
Has met thy friendly grasp:
The spirit is not there!
It is but lifeless, perishable flesh,
That moulders in the grave;
Earth, air, and water's minist'ring particles
Now to the elements
Resolved, their uses done!

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,
Follow thy friend beloved—
The spirit is not there!
Often together have we talk'd of death—
How sweet it were to see
All doubtful things made clear;
How sweet it were with powers
Such as the cherubim,
To view the depths of heaven!

Oh, thou hast first
Begun the travel of eternity!—
I gaze amid the stars
And think that thou art there,
Unfetter'd as the thought that follows thee.
And we have often said how sweet it were,
With unseen ministry of angel power,
To watch the friends we loved—
We did not err;

Sure I have felt thy presence—thou hast given
A birth to holy thought;

Hast kept me from the world unstain'd and pure—
We did not err.
Our best affections here,
They are not like the toys of infancy—
The soul outgrows them not,
We do not cast them off:
Oh, if it could be so,
It were indeed a dreadful thing to die!

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,
Follow thy friend beloved!
But in the lonely hour,
But in the evening walk.
Think that he companies thy solitude;
Think that he holds with thee
Mysterious intercourse;
And though remembrance wake a tear,
There will be joy in grief.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, 1774–1843.

CHILDREN BORNE HOME BY ANGELS.



ITH roses crown his baby head;
Close with a kiss his tender eyes;
Strew lilies o'er his cradle bed,
For he shall wake in paradise.

What music fills the silent room?
Oh, list! the guardian angel sings:
"Our spirit rosebud springs to bloom,
Our spirit bud unfolds its wings."

O mother! look with inward eyes;
  Dear heart! at once bereaved and blest,
Behold the infant cherub rise;
  He smiles upon an angel's breast.

Rejoice amid thy sorrow's tears;
  Rejoice, for unto thee 'twas given
To swell the music of the spheres,
  To bear an angel-babe for heaven.

THOMAS L. HARRIS.

LOVED ONES IN HEAVEN.



OW many denizens of heaven I know
  Who once with me walk'd through this netner world,
But now beside celestial rivers go,
And golden streets enclosed by gates empearl'd!
Many whom I have loved, and love, are there;
And, ah! how few the scenes of vanish'd years,
Save where in memory's retrospect appears
One, and another, now a seraph fair;
It doubts me, whether those who yet remain
To glad life's circle, be in number great,
As those I cannot hope to see again
Till I may meet them in a deathly state;
That land, whenever I its shores may see,
Can scarcely seem a stranger's land to me.

EDMESTON.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.



LEEP on, sweet babe, the conflict 's o'er,
Why should we mourn for thee?
The spirit is at rest,
Cradled on Jesus' breast,
Who from thy sufferings here in mercy set thee free.

Why should our hearts be sorrowful,
And mourn that thou art gone?
Thy spirit lives above
With everlasting love,
In robes of glory bright before th' eternal throne.

Then weep no more, fond mother,
That God should take His own;
But think how blest
In heaven to rest,
Ere sin her soul had known.

And still she lives for you.
Death for a time may sever,
But cannot part
Those bound in heart,
To serve the Lord for ever.

When God shall call thee home,
Her spirit bright will be,
With smiling face,
In angel's grace,
The first to welcome thee.

Then hush each murmuring thought,
Let faith triumphant reign;
And give your child
To Jesus mild—
In bliss you'll meet again.

H. Y.

THE DISEMBODIED SPIRIT.



SACRED star of evening, tell
In what unseen, celestial sphere
Those spirits of the perfect dwell,
Too pure to rest in sadness here.

Roam they the crystal fields of light,
O'er paths by holy angels trod;
Their robes with heavenly lustre light,
Their home the paradise of God?

Soul of the just! and canst thou soar
Amidst the radiant spheres sublime,
Where countless hosts of heaven adore
Beyond the bounds of space or time?

And canst thou join the sacred choir,
Through heaven's high dome the song to raise,
When seraphs strike the golden lyre
In ever-during notes of praise?

Oh! who would heed the chilling blast
That blows o'er time's eventful sea
If bid to hail, its perils past,
The light wave of eternity!

And who the sorrows would not bear
Of such a transient world as this,
Where hope displays, beyond its care,
So bright an entrance into bliss!

W. O. B. PEABODY.

A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.



SHINE in the light of God,
His image stamps my brow,
Though the shadows of death my feet have trod,
I reign in glory now;
No breaking heart is here,
No keen and thrilling pain,
No wasted cheek where the frequent tear
Hath roll'd and left its stain.

I have found the joys of heaven,
I am one of the angel band,
To my head a crown of gold is given,
And a harp is in my hand;
I have learn'd the song they sing,
Whom Jesus hath set free,
And the glorious walls of heaven still ring
With my new-born melody.

No sins, no griefs, no pains,
  Safe in my happy home,
My fears all fled, my foes all slain,
  My hour of triumph come;
O friends of my mortal years,
  The trusted and the true!
Ye are walking still through the vale of tears,
  But I wait to welcome you.

Do I forget? Ah, no!
  For memory's golden chain
Still binds my heart to the hearts below,
  Till they meet and touch again;
Each link is strong and bright,
  And love's eclectic flame
Flows freely down like a river of light,
  To the world from which I came.

Do you mourn when another star
  Shines out from the glittering sky?
Do you weep when the raging voice of war,
  Or the storms of conflict die?
Then why should your tears run down,
  And your hearts be sorely riven,
For another gem in the Saviour's crown,
  And another soul in heaven!

MY LAMBS.


LOVED them so,
That when the elder Shepherd of the fold
Came, cover'd with the storm, and pale, and cold,
And begg'd for one of my sweet lambs to hold,
I bade Him go.

He claim'd the pet;
A little, fondling thing, that to my breast
Clung always, either in quiet or unrest;
I thought of all my lambs I loved him best,
And yet—and yet—

I laid him down
In those white shrouded arms, with bitter tears,
For some voice told me that, in after-years,
He should know nought of passion, grief, or fears,
As I had known.

And yet again
That elder Shepherd came; my heart grew faint,
He claim'd another lamb, with sadder plaint,
Another! She who, gentle as a saint,
Ne'er gave me pain.

Aghast I turn'd away;
There sat she, lovely as an angel's dream,
Her golden locks with sunlight all a-gleam,
Her holy eyes with heaven in their beam;
I knelt to pray:

"Is it Thy will,
My Father, say, must this pet lamb be given?
Oh, Thou hast many such, dear Lord, in heaven!"
And a soft voice said, "Nobly hast thou striven;
But—peace, be still!"

Oh, how I wept!
And clasp'd her to my bosom, with a wild
And yearning love—my lamb, my pleasant child;
Her, too, I spare—the little angel smiled,
And *slept.*

"Go! go!" I cried;
For, once again, that Shepherd laid His hand
Upon the noblest of our household band:
Like a pale spectre, there He took His stand,
Close to his side.

And yet how wondrous sweet
The look with which He heard my passionate cry—
"Touch not my lamb; for him, oh, let me die!"
"A little while," He said, with smile and sigh,
"Again to meet."

Hopeless I fell;
And when I rose, the light had burn'd so low,
So faint, *I could not see my darling go.*
He had not bidden me farewell; but ah,
I *felt* farewell.

More deeply far
Than if my arms had compass'd that slight frame,
Though could I but have heard him breathe my name,—
"Dear mother!"—but in heaven 'twill be the same;
There burns my star.

He will not take
Another lamb, I thought, for only one
Of the dear fold is spared to be my sun,
My guide, my mourner when this life is done;
My heart would break.

Oh, with what thrill
I heard Him enter; but I did not know
(For it was dark) that He had robb'd me so.
The idol of my soul, *he* could not go.
O heart, be still!

Came morning; can I tell
How this poor frame its sorrowful tenant kept?
For waking tears were mine; I, sleeping, wept,
And days, months, years that weary vigil kept.
Alas, "Farewell!"

How often it is said
I sit and think, and wonder, too, sometime,
How it will seem when, in that happier clime,
It never will ring out like funeral chime
Over the dead.

No tears! no tears!
Will there a day come that I shall not weep?
For I bedew my pillow in my sleep.
Yes, yes, thank God, no grief that clime shall keep,
No weary years.

Ay, it is well!
Well with my lambs, and with their earthly guide;
There pleasant rivers wander they beside,
Or strike harps upon its silver tide—
Ay, it is well!

Through the dreary day
They often come from glorious light to me;
I cannot feel their touch, their faces see,
Yet my soul whispers, they do come to me;
Heaven is not far away.

THE HIGHEST RANK IN HEAVEN.



N heavenly choirs a question rose,
That stirr'd-up strife will never close:
"What rank of all the ransom'd race
Owes highest praise to Sovereign grace?"

Babes thither caught from womb and breast
Claim'd right to sing above the rest;
Because they found the happy shore
They never saw nor sought before.

RALPH ERSKINE.



HE following sweet poetic dialogue cannot fail to awaken the tenderest emotions in a mother's breast. It is entitled—

THE MOTHER AND HER DYING BOY.

BOY.

My mother, my mother, oh, let me depart!
Your tears and your pleadings are swords to my heart;
I hear gentle voices, that chide my delay;
I see lovely visions, that woo me away.
My prison is broken, my trials are o'er!
O mother, my mother, detain me no more!

MOTHER.

And will you then leave us, my brightest, my best?
And will you run nestling no more to my breast?
The summer is coming to sky and to bower,
The tree that you planted will soon be in flower;
You loved the soft season of song and of bloom,
Oh, shall it return and find you in the tomb!

BOY.

Yes, mother, I loved in the sunshine to play,
And talk with the birds and the blossoms all day;
But sweeter the songs of the spirits on high,
And brighter the glories round God in the sky;
I see them, I hear them, they pull at my heart—
My mother, my mother, oh, let me depart!

MOTHER.

Oh, do not desert us! Our hearts will be drear,
Our home will be lonely when thou art not here;
Your brother will sigh 'mid his playthings, and say,
I wonder dear William so long can delay:
That foot like the wild wind, that glance like a star,
Oh, what will this world be when they are afar?

BOY.

This world, dearest mother, oh, live not for this;
No, press on with me to the fulness of bliss!
And trust me, whatever bright fields I may roam,
My heart will not wander from you and from home.
Believe me still near you on pinions of love;
Expect me to hail you when soaring above.

MOTHER.

Well, go, my beloved! The conflict is o'er;
My pleas are all selfish, I urge them no more;
Why chain your bright spirit down here to the clod,
So thirsting for freedom, so ripe for its God?
Farewell, then, farewell, till we meet at the Throne,
Where love fears no parting, and tears are unknown!

BOY.

O glory! O glory! what music! what light!
What wonders break in on my heart, on my sight.
I come, blessed spirits! I hear you from high;
O frail, faithless nature, can this be to die?
So near! what, so near to my Saviour and King?
Oh, help me, ye angels, His glories to sing!



HERE is no doubt danger that some may comfort themselves with the hope of meeting their friends in heaven, who have themselves no sure title to that blessed place; so deceitful is the heart, and so hastily does it seize at pleasant conclusions, without making all right by the way. What a sore and bitter disappointment will that be, when, instead of meeting their friends in heaven, they find themselves excluded from it for ever! Let the truth be deeply impressed upon our hearts, that if we would see our friends in heaven, our first duty is to become CHRISTIANS. No others shall ever enter through the gates into that blissful city. Let the first two lines be pondered by all who love their friends, but love not Christ.

Yes—if I have not sacrificed all other claims to Thine,
Surrender'd with a selfish love, because that Thou wert mine,
I still may hope to feel that bliss within my soul revive,
Which never in this yearning heart will languish while I live;
May hear thy unforgotten voice join the archangels' song,
And know my own beloved one, amidst a holy throng;
May see thee by the light that breaks the shadows of the tomb,
A portion of my happiness in the bright world to come!

GONE—BUT NOT LOST.



WEET bud of earth's wilderness, rifled and torn!
Fond eyes have wept o'er thee, fond hearts still will mourn;
The spoiler hath come, with his cold withering breath,
And the loved and the cherish'd lies silent in death.

He felt not the burden and heat of the day!
He hath pass'd from this earth, and its sorrows, away.
With the dew of the morning yet fresh on his brow:—
Sweet bud of earth's wilderness, where art thou now?

And oh! do you question, with tremulous breath,
Why the joy of your household lies silent in death?
Do you mourn round the place of your perishing dust?
Look onward and upward with holier trust!

Who cometh to meet him, with light on her brow?
What angel form greets him so tenderly now!
'Tis the pure sainted mother, springs onward to bear
The child of her love from this region of care!

She beareth him on to that realm of repose,
Where no cloud ever gathers, no storm ever blows:
For the Saviour calls home to the mansions above,
This frail trembling floweret in mercy and love.

There shall he for ever, unchanged by decay,
Beside the still waters and green pastures stray;
And there shall he join Him, with earth's ransom'd host—
Look onward and upward! "he's *gone*—but not *lost!*"

MRS ELLEN STONE.



HERE is only a certain class of mourners who can feel the tenderness of the following touching allusion of Southey. For them it is here inserted. As in piety, so in mourning, there is a *secret* which belongs entirely to those who have it by their own experience.

Our first-born and our only babe bereft!
Too fair a flower was she for this rude earth!
The features of her beauteous infancy
Have faded from me, like a passing cloud,
Or like the glories of an evening sky:
And seldom hath my tongue pronounced her name
Since she was summon'd to a happier sphere.
But that dear love, so deeply wounded then,
I in my soul with silent faith sincere
Devoutly cherish till we meet again.

REUNION ABOVE.



F yon bright stars, which gem the night,
Be each a blissful dwelling sphere,
Where kindred spirits reunite
Whom death hath torn asunder here,
How sweet it were at once to die,
To leave this blighted orb afar;
Mixt soul and soul to cleave the sky,
And soar away from star to star.

But oh, how dark, how drear and lone,
Would seem the brightest world of bliss,
If, wandering through each radiant one,
We fail'd to find the love of this?
If there no more the ties shall twine
Which death's cold hand alone could sever,
Ah, then those stars in mockery shine,
More hateful as they shine for ever!

It cannot be—each hope, each fear,
That lights the eye or clouds the brow,
Proclaims there is a happier sphere
Than this bleak world that holds us now.
There is a voice which sorrow hears,
When heaviest weighs life's galling chain,
'Tis heaven that whispers, "Dry your tears,
The pure in heart shall meet again."

LEGGETT.

"SORROW NOT, EVEN AS OTHERS WHICH HAVE NO HOPE."

IF death my friend and me divide,
Thou dost not, Lord, my sorrows chide,
Nor frown my tears to see;
Restrain'd from passionate excess
Thou bidst me mourn in calm distress,
For them that rest in Thee.

I feel a strong, immortal hope,
Which bears my mournful spirit up
  Beneath its mountain load;
Redeem'd from death, and grief, and pain,
I soon shall find my friend again,
  Within the arms of God.

Pass the few fleeting moments more,
And death the blessing shall restore,
  Which death hath snatch'd away:
For me Thou wilt the summons send,
And give me back my parted friend.
  In that eternal day!

CHARLES WESLEY.

FROM SACRED LYRICS, BY R. HUIE.



LEEP on, my babe! thy little bed
  Is cold indeed, and narrow;
Yet calmly there shall rest thy head,
And neither mortal pain nor dread
  Shall e'er thy feelings harrow!

Thou may'st no more return to me,
  But there 's a time, my dearest,
When I shall lay me down by thee,
And when of all, my babe shall be,
  That sleep around, the nearest!

And sound our sleep shall be, my child,
Were earth's foundation shaken;
Till He, the pure, the undefiled,
Who once, like thee, an infant smiled,
The dead to life awaken!

Then, if to Him, with faith sincere,
My babe at death was given,
The kindred tie that bound us here,
Though rent apart with many a tear,
Shall be renew'd in heaven!

NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

SAY, why should friendship grieve for those
Who safe arrive on Canaan's shore?
Released from all their hurtful foes,
They are not lost—but gone before.

How many painful days on earth
Their fainting spirits number'd o'er!
Now they enjoy a heavenly birth;
They are not lost—but gone before.

Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,
And sweet the strains which angels pour;
Oh, why should we in anguish weep?
They are not lost—but gone before.

Secure from every mortal care,
  By sin and sorrow vex'd no more,
Eternal happiness they share,
  Who are not lost—but gone before.

To Zion's peaceful courts above,
  In faith triumphant may we soar,
Embracing in the arms of love
  The friends not lost—but gone before.

On Jordan's banks whene'er we come,
  And hear the swelling waters roar,
Father, convey us safely home,
  To friends not lost—but gone before.

Ye who mourn
Whene'er yon vacant cradle, or the robes
That deck'd the lost one's form, call back a tide
Of alienated joy, can ye not trust
Your treasure to *His* arms, whose changeless care
Passeth a mother's love? Can ye not hope,
When a few hastening years their course have run,
To go to him, though he no more on earth
Returns to you?
And when glad faith doth catch
Some echo of celestial harmonies,
Archangels' praises, with the high response
Of cherubim, and seraphim, oh, think—
Think that your babe is there!

DREAMS OF HEAVEN.



WOMAN! with thy soft sad eye
Of spiritual gleam!
Tell me of those bright realms on high,
How doth thy deep heart dream!

By thy sweet mournful voice I know,
On thy pale brow I see,
That thou hast loved in silent woe—
Say, what is heaven to *thee?*

"Oh! heaven is where no secret dread
May haunt Love's meeting hour;
Where from the past no gloom is shed
O'er the heart's chosen bower;

"Where every sever'd wreath is bound;
And none have heard the knell,
That smites the soul in that wild sound—
Farewell! Beloved, farewell!"

MRS HEMANS.



N witnessing the burial of an emigrant's child, in real sympathy with the bereaved, Mrs Hemans beautifully sings—

And to her who bore him,
Her who long must weep,
Yet shall Heaven restore him,
From his pale sweet sleep!
Those blue eyes of love and peace again
Through her soul will shine, undimm'd by pain.

Weep not for her! There is no cause for woe;
But rather nerve thy spirit, that it walk
Unshrinking o'er the thorny paths below,
And from earth's low defilements keep thee back;
So, when a few fleet severing years have flown,
She 'll meet thee at heaven's gate—and lead thee on;
Weep not for her!

This beautiful poem is doubly sweet and comforting, as it has been set to excellent music; thus it has found a deeper lodgment in the hearts and associations of many than it could otherwise have done. I have frequently noticed the deep effect it produced when sung at the breaking up of small social circles among the young. How many upon whose lips it lingered in parting have not met again! Youthful associates, alas! how they scatter! The circles of our early love,—how the gems have dropped away! In different places, and amid various fortunes, bright and sad, the companions of our early life are crowding towards the grave. So pass we away! May we not hope that the reading of this poem here, may beget in the heart of the reader a stronger resolution to strive after the eternal inheritance of the saints—and at the same time draw forth a prayer for those far away? And will it not open afresh a fountain of true consolation to such as are separated from pious friends?

REUNION IN HEAVEN.



HEN shall we meet again?
Meet ne'er to sever?
When shall peace wreath her chain
Round us for ever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose
Safe from each blast that blows
In this dark vale of woes—
Never—no, Never!

When shall love freely flow,
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow,
Changeless for ever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And tears of parting chill—
Never—no, Never!

Up to that world of light,
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy, for ever:
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel—
Never—no, Never!

Soon shall we meet again—
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will peace wreath her chain
Round us for ever;

Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close—
Never—no, Never!

SWEET TO DIE.

 H! it is sweet to die,—to part from earth,—
And win all heaven for things of idle worth;
Then sure thou wouldst not, though thou couldst awake
The little slumberer, for its mother's sake.
It is when those we love, in death depart,
That earth has slightest hold upon the heart.
Hath not bereavement higher wishes taught,
And purified from earth, thine earth-born thought?
I know it hath. Hope then appears more dear,
And heaven's bright *realms* shine brightest through a tear.
Though it be hard to bid thy heart divide,
And lay the gem of all thy love aside—
Faith tells thee, and it tells thee not in vain,
That thou shalt meet thine infant yet again.
On seraph-wings the new-born spirit flies,
To brighter regions and serener skies;
And ere thou art aware the day may be,
When to those skies thy babe shall welcome thee.

DEPARTED FRIENDS.

 OW natural it is, when we gaze upon the bright skies in a beautiful star-light night, to think of the spirits of the dead! This all have experienced. Then, what a feeling comes over us, strangely made up of silent dread, inward joy, and holy longing! The poem we here introduce, was written under the influence of such a night scene, and commends itself to the heart.

Who ever look'd upon yon starry spheres,
  Which brightly shine from out the dark-blue sky,
Nor call'd to mind the friends of other years,
The hopes, the joys, the transient smiles and tears,
  Gushing from out where buried memories lie,
  And waking the full heart to highest ecstasy!

Oh, what a glorious vision, when the moon,
  Silently gliding through her pathless way,
Has reach'd the extremest point of her high noon,
Shedding o'er this our earth her radiant boon,
  While twinkling stars, and orbs of steadier ray,
  Shine with a light that mocks the intenser glare of day!

Oh, who has ever gazed on such a scene,
  Nor thought the spirits of the blest were there?
Who, that beholds not in that blue serene,
Bright isles the abode of pleasures yet unseen,
  Except by those who, freed from mortal care,
  Have wing'd their raptured flight to realms of upper air.

The mother, who has watch'd with sleepless eye
Her babe, and rock'd with tireless foot the while,
And when she saw the little sufferer die,
Bow'd her meek head and wept in agony,
Fancies she hears, in yonder starry isle,
Her little cherub's voice, and sees his angel smile.

O ye departed spirits of my sires,
And ye, the loved ones of my childhood's days,
While now I look on yonder heavenly fires,
Methinks I hear you tune your seraph lyres,
Methinks I see you bend your pitying gaze
On him who still must tread alone earth's gloomy maze!

Thou angel spirit who so oft did sing
My infant cares to sleep upon thy breast,
Let me but hear the rustling of thy wing,
Around thy child its guardian influence fling!
Oh, come thou from the island of the blest,
And bear my weary soul up to thy sainted rest!

Can we forget departed friends? Ah, no!
Within our hearts their memory buried lies;
The thought that where they are, we too shall go,
Will cast a light o'er darkest scenes of woe;
For to their own blest dwellings in the skies,
The souls whom CHRIST sets free exultingly shall rise.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF DEATH.

DEATH comes to take me where I long to be;
One pang, and bright blooms the immortal flower.
Death comes to lead me from mortality,
To lands which know not one unhappy hour;
I have a hope, a faith—from sorrow here
I'm led by death away—why should I start and fear?

A change from woe to joy—from earth to heaven:
Death gives me this—it leads me calmly where
The souls that long ago from mine were riven
May meet again!—death answers many a prayer.
Bright day, shine on! be glad: days brighter far
Are stretch'd before my eyes than those of mortals are!

Our Angel Companions.

And is there care in heaven? and is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is; else much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts; but oh! the exceeding grace
Of highest God! that loves His creatures so,
That all His works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels He sends to and fro,
To save wicked man, to save His wicked foe.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succour us, that succour want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant!
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And then bright squadrons round about us plant,
And all for love, and nothing for reward;
Oh, why should heavenly God to men have such regard!

SPENSER.

"Praise ye Him, all His angels."—PSALM cxlviii. 2.
"And all the angels stood round about the throne.—REV. vii. 11.

"Low warblings, now, and solitary harps,
Were heard among the angels, touch'd and tuned
As to an evening hymn, preluding soft
To cherub voices. Louder as they swell'd,
Deep strings struck in, and hoarser instruments,
Mix'd with clear silver sounds, till concord rose,
Full as the harmony of winds, to heaven;
Yet sweet as nature's spring-tide melodies
To some worn pilgrim, first, with glistening eyes
Greeting his native valley, whence the sounds
Of rural gladness, herds, and bleating flocks,
Blent with the dulcet distance-mellow'd bell,
Come, like the echo of his early joys.
In every pause, from spirits in mid air,
Responsive still were golden viols heard,
And heavenly symphonies stole faintly down."

FOR a knowledge of the existence, character, and employments, of those holy and resplendent beings who crowd the courts and palaces, and cities, of the great King, we are indebted solely to the sacred Scriptures. The light of nature furnishes no evidences respecting them, although analogy renders it probable, since there are successive gradations of being below man,

that there are higher orders of intelligences above him. While we find every department of nature which we have explored instinct with life, and crowded with animate existences, we cannot suppose that man constitutes the boundary line on the ascending scale. From the investigations and discoveries of modern science, we learn that even far below the last range of beings visible to the naked eye, there are countless myriads of animalculæ, more than a million of which find ample accommodation in a single drop of water. Indeed, we are told, what is hardly conceivable, that, "within the narrow space of a grain of mustard seed, eight millions of living, active creatures can exist, all richly endowed with the organs and faculties of animal life." In taking one, and subjecting it to a careful microscopic examination, it displays a nice and complicated organisation, consisting of bones, muscles, sinews, lungs, and all the parts of a perfect and active being. Within this little form are found the sensibilities, emotions, instincts, and desires, that belong to higher orders of animate existence. Those that inhabit, as myriads do, delicate flowers, are environed with beauties and splendours, that to them constitute a glorious paradise.

If, with so lavish a hand, the Creator has thus crowded every leaf, flower, and drop of water with sportive and happy beings, can we suppose that the formation of man has exhausted His power, and that in regions above, there are vast moral wasets which were never occupied by higher orders of intelligences? Is there given to these

minute insects a paradise of the richest lustre and variegated splendour;—is every flower a world, with its costly architure, its beautiful scenery, and its various orders of busy inhabitants;—while in God's mighty spiritual kingdom there are none to admire His works, or render to Him homage, except the comparatively few that have been here redeemed from the dominion of sin? We cannot for a moment entertain such a thought; and yet, as we have already remarked, our only positive and reliable source of evidence upon the subject is the Bible. To the unprejudiced and believing mind, however, the proofs from this source are abundant and satisfactory; for the existence of holy angels is recognised by nearly all the inspired writers. The resplendent beings are represented as surrounding the throne of the Deity, as engaged in acts of worship, as moving amid the splendours of a celestial paradise, and as employed on missions of high importance, and on errands of benevolence. The early Hebrews and the patriarchs were favoured with visits and communications from them. They appeared sometimes in visible forms, and at other times in dreams and visions. During the period of the Judges, and about the time of the Babylonian captivity, they are introduced to our notice. Previous to the introduction of Christianity, they were seen gathering around the earth, hovering over the Holy Land, and giving to the devoted servants of God intimations of the Messiah's approach. But the period most distinguished for their appearance and agency was that marked by the mission of our

Saviour and the labours of the apostles. Then they came not only as interested spectators of the thrilling scenes which were transpiring, but to aid in carrying out the benevolent designs of Heaven toward an apostate world. As a celestial convoy they accompanied the Saviour in His journey and visits, watching over Him in times of peril, strengthening Him when weak, and comforting Him in His trials and sorrows.

But, besides Jewish and Christian writers, those of other nations have entertained and advanced opinions, respecting orders of intermediate spirits, corresponding somewhat to those recorded in the Scriptures. The Egyptians and the Greeks, according to the testimony of their eminent philosophers, believed in the existence of spirits, and in their agency in the affairs of mankind. They thought that the immense interval between their own souls and the infinite Deity, could not be, reasonably, regarded as a vast waste, but must be filled with orders of spiritual existences, of various degrees of power and perfection. Plato, Aristotle, and the Stoics, all admitted this doctrine, although they differed in their views respecting some branches of it.

When Christ was upon earth, the Sadducees were regarded as holding a fundamental error, in denying the existence of angels, and contending that the language used in the Old Testament, in reference to them, was to be taken figuratively. Several distinguished modern infidels have adopted and advocated the same opinion. Others have erred in the opposite direction, by assigning

to the angels too exalted a character, and rendering to them superstitious worship.

As a subject of purely scientific inquiry, the doctrine of angelic existence has claims upon our attention. But that which specially awakens our interest in it is the fact that we look to this order of intelligences for our companions and instructors in the future life. Besides anticipating the joyful recognition of our pious friends in the spirit world, the true Christian aspires to a companionship with those holy beings, who for ages have been studying the works and perfections of Deity, and ministering at the altars and worshipping within the courts of the celestial temple. If, therefore, we can learn somewhat of the bright inhabitants of these distant realms ere our departure thither,—if we can be convinced that we shall be welcomed to the upper kingdoms by orders of intelligences that in purity, power, and splendour far surpass our loftiest conceptions,—our zeal to make preparation for that world will be quickened, and our views of its blessedness will be greatly elevated.

Our investigations will respect *the origin, nature, character,* and *employments of the holy angels.*

With regard to their origin, the sacred writers give us no definite or satisfactory information. Moses, in his historic records, treats of the creation of our globe, and of man, without reference to other orders of intelligences, or to what transpired previous to these events. St Paul, indeed, declares that God created all things that are in heaven and in earth, "visible and invisible, whether they

be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers." Consequently He created angels; at what period, however, or under what circumstances, we have no data upon which to form an opinion.

Various views have been expressed by distinguished writers respecting the time of their creation, many of which are entitled to but little consideration. Some have held that they were created after man, as God, in the Mosaic account of the creation, proceeded from the lower and inferior of His works up to the higher. This opinion was advocated by Gennadius,* in the fifth century, and in modern times by Schubert, of Helmstadt. It was, however, opposed by Augustine, who, with Theodoret, Peter of Lombardy, and others, maintained that angels were created on the first of the six days, and were interested spectators of the sublime manifestations of Divine power that were subsequently made. But the opinion that seems most in accordance with reason and the Scriptures, is that they were created before the visible world, and acted an important part in the affairs of the universe for ages previous to the creation of man. This view was taken by many of the fathers of the Church, and is advocated by distinguished modern theologians.

Nor is it an idea altogether fanciful that they may have passed through, upon material worlds, a state of probation bearing some analogy to our own; and that they may have been subjected, in the infancy of their being, to a course of moral discipline that fitted them

* "Knapp's Theology," translated by President Woods, pp. 208, 209.

for their present high station and important duties. The law of discipline under which man lives, and makes progress and attains to virtue and holiness, may be the universal law of sentient beings. We cannot, indeed, conceive of one's acquiring force of character and strength of religious principle, without the exercise of resistance; nor can we conceive of the exercise of resistance without temptation or evil in some form to resist. If temptation could reach those angels "which kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation," and if our first parents were so early called to meet it, it may be a force that every intelligent being, in some stage of his existence, must resist. But it is needless to pursue a point upon which we can only give conjectures, and concerning which both nature and revelation are silent.

With regard to the nature of angels, we can only conceive of them as spiritual beings, possessing mental endowments like our own, although in a much higher state of perfection. Our knowledge of being in general, and of the possible varieties and capabilities of different orders of intelligences, is exceedingly limited. For even our ideas of God we are dependent upon the consciousness we have of our own mental attributes, states, and feelings. We conceive of Him as a being having our spiritual attributes in an infinite degree. We can in no other way, with our present organisation, form notions of Him, and notions thus formed must necessarily be crude and imperfect.

Thus, in our conceptions of angels, we picture to our

minds beings in nature like ourselves, though far surpassing us in every intellectual and moral attribute. Their range of knowledge, their power of investigating and discerning truth, their capabilities of managing great enterprises, and discharging the duties of lofty and responsible positions, greatly transcend these advantages and qualities in man in his highest state of culture.

The question, whether angels have a bodily organisation, is one that we shall not attempt to decide. The Bible is silent upon this point, and the arguments *à priori* which are sometimes adduced in favour of the idea prove nothing. The assertion, that if angels were pure spirits, they could not act upon the material world, is entitled to no consideration, from the fact that it can neither be sustained nor refuted. The early fathers who were imbued with the Platonic philosophy—Justin, Clement of Alexandria, Tertullian, and others—regarded all spirits as inhabiting subtle bodies, which are imperceptible to any of our senses. This opinion was opposed by many of the schoolmen, who maintained that angels had no bodies, although they had the power of assuming a bodily form, *corpora extra ordinaria*, when it was necessary for the accomplishment of a particular mission.

While, however, the Scriptures are silent upon this and some other points, they teach that there are various ranks among these angelic intelligences, possessing different degrees of dignity, power, and excellence, corresponding in some measure to the gradation which exists in human society. The fact is clearly brought to light

in the writings of Daniel and Zechariah, and was recognised by Christ and His apostles.

We would next inquire into the character and attributes of the heavenly inhabitants. The Scriptures teach us that they are distinguished for their intellectual faculties and attainments, their power, holiness, benevolence, and great personal glory.

While we conceive of them as richly endowed with intelligence and wisdom, we would be cautious not to ascribe to them divine attributes. However elevated and superior a created intelligence may be, the distance between him and the Creator is still infinite. And though he continues to advance from one height to another, as the ages of eternity roll on, yet there remains a vast gulf which he can never pass. There are regions above, stretching away into measureless distances, which he can never reach.

The boundaries, however, of angelic intelligence and knowledge we cannot accurately define. It is evident that there are subjects which are beyond their comprehension. Connected with the scheme of redemption, there are deep mysteries "which the angels desire to look into." The hour of the destruction of Jerusalem, our Saviour declares, "knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven." And in the Book of Job we are told that God charged His angels with folly. Yet their intellectual power, their vast stores of knowledge, the wonderful discoveries that they have made, are such as surpass all human comprehension. For ages they have

been studying the works of God; searching the profound depths of the Divine wisdom and goodness; penetrating into the qualities and essence of matter and mind; exploring the physical, intellectual, and moral universe; having a range of inquiry and research extending from the throne of God down to the minutest atom; and, consequently, their powers and acquisition vastly transcend our conceptions. In anticipating companionship with such beings, we may indulge the expectation of deriving the highest intellectual benefits from their society. We may reasonably hope that communing with their spirits, or listening to their discourses, will greatly stimulate our own minds, and will enrich our understandings with the most precious treasures of knowledge. A thousand difficulties will be solved. Perplexing mysteries will be cleared up. Scientific and moral truth will be clothed with fresh charms under their instructions, and the soul will kindle into a glow of intense enthusiasm at the thought of the splendid fields of knowledge that are yet to be traversed, and of the facilities and aids to be enjoyed in exploring them.

The power of angels is represented as immensely great. This is indicated in the appellations given to them in the Scriptures. They are called Powers, Thrones, Authorities, Dominions, Principalities, &c. David exclaims, "Bless the Lord, ye his angels, *who excel in strength.*" Several instances are given in the Scriptures of the exercise of their power.

Eminent holiness is also a characteristic of the celes-

tial inhabitants. This is abundantly evident from the nature of their abode, their proximity to the holy of holies, the biblical representations of their character, and the services and worship in which they are constantly engaged. On the morning of the creation, they are introduced as employed in acts of worship. As the beauties of the new-made earth appear, and planets and suns burst forth from chaos and darkness at the summons of Omnipotence, "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

As the Lord of Glory leaves His throne, and comes upon His sacred mission, a multitude of heavenly hosts attend Him; and as the royal retinue draw near to earth they are heard by pious shepherds "praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men." The news that one wanderer is returning to his Father's house, that one spirit is breaking away from the dominion of sin, sends a thrill of joy through their shining ranks; it flies from host to host, rolling up a wave of exultation, and causing heaven to swell with new anthems of praise and fresh songs of triumph.

The holiness of angels is indicated in their cheerful and uniform obedience. They are often spoken of as being sent by God upon various missions to the earth. "My God *hath sent* his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me," (Dan. vi. 22.) "In the sixth month the angel Gabriel *was sent from God* unto a city of Galilee named Nazareth," (Luke i. 26.)

"Now I know of a surety that the Lord *hath sent* his angel, and hath delivered me out of the hand of Herod," (Acts xii. 11.)

Thus we find that the angels are ever ready to obey their Sovereign, and execute His will. Their plans and purposes are in unison with the Divine mind. They have no selfish ends in view, no unholy desires to gratify. They have no higher ambition than to execute with fidelity and success the commands of their King. They delight in serving. They glory in their loyalty. They covet no other state, for they have reached the highest attainable by created intelligences. They can go no higher without being infinite. They can occupy no loftier positions without being gods.

They know, too, that holiness and happiness are inseparably connected. One sinful act, they are aware, would banish them from royal courts, strip them of all honours, plunge them from light into darkness,—from celestial heights and pleasures into the regions of despair. Hence they are held by the strongest motives in their allegiance to God. They feel that their interests are identified with the interests of God's holy kingdom, and that their happiness depends upon the perpetuity of the Divine government and the supremacy of the Divine will.

How delightful to contemplate these pure and bright beings, whose thoughts, purposes, and deeds are resplendent with holiness, whose characters are free from the east imperfection, and over whose spirits no shadow of

sin or evil ever passes! Their very names give to us exalted conceptions of their purity, dignity, and elevated position. They are called *sons of God.* They bear the image of the Father, are the members of His family, the recipients of His warm paternal affections; and they return to Him the love and services of obedient children. They are *living ones;* beings instinct with life, full of animation, in whom are condensed all the attributes of intelligence and the perfections of moral worth. Their powers have developed and expanded under the genial influences of Heaven, and amid beauties and splendours that have left their images impressed upon them. They are *burning ones;* beings that shone with celestial lustre with the brightness of "morning stars." They reflect the beams of the Sun of righteousness, and are radiant with the beauteous tints of the rainbow.

Another characteristic of the celestial inhabitants is their *pure benevolence.* Although they are often represented as executing the judgments of Jehovah, as in the sublime visions that passed before John, yet they delight in missions of love. With what alacrity did an angel hasten to Hagar in the wilderness, to relieve her distress and afford her comfort in her loneliness and sorrow! What earnestness did the angels manifest to save Lot and his family from the ruin in which Sodom and its guilty inhabitants were to be involved! A very touching example of angelic tenderness in the case of the prophet Elijah. But the most beautiful and affecting instances of the love of angels are furnished in their

ministrations to our Lord while He was upon the earth.

But our limits will not allow us to refer to all the instances of angelic sympathy and love recorded in the Scriptures. We have said enough to show the nature and character of the inhabitants of that bright world, to which the saints are soon to be introduced. We have seen that holy angels occupy the highest rank in the scale of created intelligences; that they are endowed with brilliant powers, vast capacities, an intense desire for knowledge and love of truth; that they possess every virtue that contributes to form an elevated and holy character; that there is a grandeur connected with them, that is calculated to excite our highest admiration and warmest affection. To dwell with such bright pure spirits for ever, to enjoy their society, listen to their discourses, walk with them amid the bowers, streams, and fountains of the celestial paradise; worship with them in the temples of the New Jerusalem; soar with them amid the worlds and systems that float around the throne of their great King, to bow with them in deep reverence before the Eternal,—how blessed and glorious such anticipations! How rapidly will our social nature be developed and strengthened under circumstances so favourable! With what delight shall we look upon their white robes, their celestial forms, their dazzling countenances, their eyes beaming with true affection, their lips uttering words of wisdom and love!

With what rapture shall we listen to their songs of

praise! As we approach the eternal city, we may hear bursting from every inhabitant the loud chorus, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men!" As we draw nearer, the cry from the heralding angels reaches us: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in!" The choirs from within are heard anxiously inquiring, "Who is the King of glory?" The shout of the approaching hosts answers, "The Lord, strong and mighty; the Lord mighty in battle."

Again the summons peals forth from the glowing resplendent legions,—"Lift up your heads, O ye gates." The same inquiry comes from within the city, "Who is this King of glory?" The innumerable hosts, now burning with devotion, and wrought up to the highest degree of enthusiasm, thunder out, in peals that almost shake the walls and gates—"The Lord of hosts, He is the King of glory!" The Lord of cherubim and seraphim, angels and archangels, of the redeemed multitudes gathered out of every nation, tribe, and kingdom, "He is the King of glory!"

But when we are admitted within the city, and the full splendour of angelic worship bursts upon us, we can only give vent to our overpowering emotions in the sublime language of St John: "I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands; saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the

Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing."

GOD'S ANGELS.



AR in the glory of the sunset clouds,
Angels methinks are there;
But most where hearts, lone hearts, pale grief enshrouds,
They stand with radiant hair.

They watch o'er children in their rosy bloom,
And o'er the trembling, desolate, and weak
With stricken mourners weeping at a tomb,
With o'ercharged hearts that break.

In solemn beauty, and in strength and power,
Comes the soul's guardian from his home afar,
To stand beside us in temptation's hour,
Pure as a glittering star.

They see all clear what mortals cannot know,
Each spring of thought the cloudless angels find;
Our dearest friends misjudge us, and are slow
Deciphering heart and mind.

They read our wants, and give us tenderest care,
Tuned by one heart of love their bosoms beat;
They know the trials we are call'd to bear—
The thorns that pierce our feet.

They teach us mysteries of life and death,
In the soul's silence breathing hallow'd things,
With heaven's hush'd music in their fragrant breath,
God's glory on their wings.

Faith's ladder pales not, angels yet are found
All beauteous in calm and holy light;
Their silver robes have skirted many a cloud
Thronging the purple night.

Swift from the golden gates they come and go,
And glad fulfil their Master's high behest,
Bringing celestial balms for human woe,
Blessing and being blest.

The tempter hath his legions; earth is trod
By their hard feet imprinting sin and care;
And shall not they, the pure white souls of God,
Lift their high influence there?

A soul is wrestling!—see Gethsemane:
E'en to our Christ the holy angels came;
They waited on Him in His agony,
Shrouding on wings of flame.

And have we not sore need the faith to hold
Of the surrounding of the angel bands?
'Mid all earth's dust to trace their steps of gold,
And feel the uplifting hands?

To feel them near in hours of toil and weeping?
With reverence hail each soul's celestial guest?
Till they shall come, the final Harvest reaping
To fold us into Rest.

THE ANGELS OF OUR HOME.

'TIS said that ever round our path
The unseen angels stray,
That give us blissful dreams by night,
And guard our steps by day.
But there's an angel in the house,
Meek, watchful, and sincere,
That whispers words of hope to us
When none beside are near:
It is the one, the chosen one,
That's link'd to us for life,
The angel of the happy home,
The faithful, trusting wife.

'Tis said that angels walk the earth—
I 'm sure it must be so—
When round our path, scarce seen by us,
Such bright things come and go.
Are there not beings by our side
As fair as angels are,
As pure, as stainless, as the forms
That dwell beyond the star?
Yes! there are angels of the earth,
Pure, innocent, and mild,
The angels of our hearts and homes,
Each loved and loving child.

—J. E. CARPENTER

Eternal Life.

BY THE

RIGHT REV. LORD BISHOP OF RIPON.

Come, Lord, and tarry not,
Bring the long-look'd-for day;
Oh, why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay?

Come, for Thy saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh;
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;
Dost not Thou hear the cry?

Come, for the corn is ripe,
Put in Thy sickle now,
Reap the great harvest of the earth;
Sower and Reaper Thou!

Come in Thy glorious might,
Come with the iron rod,
Scattering Thy foes before Thy face,
Most mighty Son of God.

Come, and make all things new,
Build up this ruin'd earth,
Restore our faded Paradise—
Creation's second birth.

Come, and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
Great King of Righteousness!

—BONAR.

"Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life."—1 Tim. vi. 12.

THERE is a deep and solemn interest which always belongs to the last words of a dying fellow-creature. More especially is this the case, if he who is departing out of life has long been eminent for his piety and devotion. With what eagerness, in such cases, will his children or kindred bend down to receive his parting counsel or his farewell blessing! Many such instances are recorded in Scripture. We all recollect how the aged Israel, when the time drew near when he must die, gathered his children around him, recounted the dealings of God with them in the past, and foretold the events that were yet future. So it was with Joseph; so it was again with Moses; so it was with David. And it is in harmony with these Old Testament narratives that we find in the course of the New Testament how our blessed Lord, when the time of His departure from earth was drawing near, addressed His beloved disciples in tones of more than wonted tenderness and affection, as if He

would thereby comfort them in the prospect of their approaching bereavement.

Now, something of this kind of interest belongs to these Epistles of Paul to Timothy. True, indeed, these are not his dying words; we are not carried, as it were, by these Epistles to the dying chamber of the apostle—for, as you all know, it was by the rough path of martyrdom that he was carried to his everlasting rest; and yet they are, so to speak, his last utterances to his beloved son in the faith. They were spoken at a time when he knew that his departure was nigh, and when he could say that he had fought the good fight, had finished his course, and had kept the faith. So that we seem, in reading these Epistles, to be listening, as it were, to the last words of an aged parent to a beloved son in the faith. We bend down to listen, and it is as though we heard a voice speaking from the confines of eternity, exclaiming, "Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life." The exhortation derives greater force and impressiveness when we recollect the experience of him by whom it was delivered. Who has ever had fuller experience of the trials and the conflicts of the Christian warfare than the apostle St Paul? From the time when he was miraculously arrested on his way to Damascus, and transformed out of the persecutor Saul into Paul the apostle, trials, afflictions, bonds, imprisonments, and scourgings had been his portion. He had been the bold, unflinching, uncompromising champion of the cross. And what does he say with reference to

the past? Had he any misgivings with regard to the warfare in which he had been engaged? Does his language breathe any tones of disappointment at the result? No; so far from this, addressing this young warrior of the cross, his beloved Timothy, with a full realisation of all the trials of the past, and in full anticipation of his approaching martyrdom, with his dying breath he counsels Timothy: "Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life." And to us, young and old, rich and poor, the Spirit of God speaks in these words, and counsels each one of us: "Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life."

Eternal life is an expression used in God's Word to denote the happiness and the glory of heaven. We are not to limit the meaning of this expression to the one idea of never-ending duration. On the contrary, eternal life is a term used to denote all the happiness, all the glory, all the dignity which God can confer on a redeemed creature in eternity. All that you can conceive of heavenly blessedness, all that Scripture sets forth to us of the happiness reserved for the saint in the life to come—all is comprehended and included within this brief, comprehensive phrase, eternal life. Of that eternal life we know comparatively little as to its real nature. The happiness of heaven is for the most part, in God's Word, set forth to us either negatively or by the help of imagery borrowed from earthly things. Negatively, the happiness of heaven is described by the absence of all which upon earth tends to mar our enjoyment or im-

bitter our peace. Thus, we are told, in heaven there will be no pain, no sorrow, no want, no hunger, no thirst, no weariness, no night. Heaven is described also, as I have said, by the help of imagery borrowed from earthly things. For example, we are told of heaven as an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, or as of a city which hath foundations, with walls of jasper and streets of shining gold; or, again, the triumph of the blessed in eternity is set forth by such descriptions as speak of their wearing an everlasting crown, and the palm branch of victory, and having in their hands harps of gold with which they shall everlastingly sound forth the praise of the Lamb. But after all, make the most you will of these descriptions of heaven, surely we must all feel that they leave us very imperfectly informed as to the real nature of the heavenly blessedness.

Now, it is not to attempt to be wise above what is written, if we endeavour to ascertain from God's Word, at least some of the elements of which this eternal life is composed. I will take three.

First, I observe eternal life will comprehend the perfect knowledge of God. We have the authority of our Lord himself for saying this. "This," said our blessed Lord, "is eternal life, to *know* thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." Man, by reason of sin, has lost the correct knowledge of God. The understanding is darkened, the will perverted, and the whole moral nature enfeebled. But for the light of the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ, there would be no correct

knowledge of the true God. Man is in ignorance with respect to the character of God, apart from the light of revelation. Witness the state of the whole Gentile world, unenlightened by revelation; witness the numberless attempts on the part of the heathen to find and frame themselves a God; witness the many fruitless efforts of philosophy, unenlightened by revelation, to discover the supreme good, or to find out the one self-existing Jehovah. We cannot arrive at any other conclusion but that the understanding is darkened, and that, apart from the light of the knowledge of the gospel, man wanders in ignorance. Philosophy may do its utmost; art and science may contribute their efforts to arrive at the true knowledge of God; but, apart from the revelation of God in Christ, we come to the same conclusion announced by the apostle: "The world by wisdom knew not God." And what is the whole design of the gospel of Christ, but to reveal to us the true character of God, to teach men the right knowledge of the ever-living Creator? And in proportion as the gospel is known and embraced, in that degree men come to know God as He really is, and to be possessed of a correct knowledge with respect to the everlasting, ever-living Creator. Now, upon earth this knowledge will ever be imperfect—"we know but in part." The largest discoveries we have respecting the character or the attributes of God leave us still but partially, but imperfectly informed; we wait for the dawn of eternity, in order to arrive at the perfect knowledge of God as He really is.

"Now we know in part, then shall we know even as also we are known." One element of eternal life will consist in a perfect knowledge of God. Then we shall see the King in His beauty. We shall see Him as He is. We shall trace Him in all the works of creation. The secrets of nature will then be perfectly unfolded to our enraptured gaze. We shall be privileged to traverse at large the whole workmanship of God in creation; and the more we know of the works of His hands the more cause we shall find for adoration and praise. We shall know Him in all the dispensations of providence. Those dispensations are often dark and perplexing. We endeavour in vain to trace the hand of infinite wisdom and love in the apportionment of many a trial, or the permission of many a form of evil; but hereafter, in eternity, all the ways and dealings of God in providence will be fully disclosed. That which is now a sealed book will then be an open volume. We shall be able to trace the wisdom of every dispensation, the mercy of every trial, the love and the wisdom which overrules every affliction, howsoever dark and perplexing to us in our present state. We shall know God also in the mysteries of grace. The mysteries of grace at present baffle our keenest penetration. We cannot fully explain them; but in eternity all will be made clear. We shall know, even as God knows, the wonderful combination of attributes which are concerned in the accomplishment of man's salvation. As we shall know God in His works, and know Him in the dealings of His providence, so

also we shall know Him in the mysteries of grace. "This is eternal life, to know thee, the only true God."

Take another element of eternal life—perfected resemblance to Christ. Now, I need not pause to remind you that one great object of the gospel of our blessed Lord and Redeemer is to accomplish the restoration of man to the Divine image; and in proportion as the gospel of Christ gains its legitimate hold upon any man, in that degree he is conformed to the Saviour's image—"changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." But this resemblance upon earth will never be perfect. There is too much of sin inherent in our nature to render it possible for us, under the present dispensation, ever to attain to a perfect resemblance of Christ. But it will be one part of the glorious inheritance reserved for the saint in eternity, that he shall be made fully to resemble the Redeemer. The inspired psalmist looked for that when he said, "I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness." And that declaration on the part of the inspired psalmist found its responsive echo in the language of the evangelist: "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." And do you ask in what this resemblance will consist? I say, in part, this resemblance will be produced on the body. Raised from the dust by the trumpet-note of the archangel, we shall be raised in

the Divine image. "He shall change our vile body, that it may be like unto His glorious body." "That which is sown in corruption shall be raised in incorruption." "What is sown in weakness shall be raised in power." "What is sown in dishonour shall be raised in glory." And with bodies made like to the glorified body of Jesus, the saints of God will enter upon the full fruition of their eternal inheritance. And then, more especially, this resemblance to Christ will be traced on the soul. On the soul, then completely sanctified, divested of every trace of imperfection and sin, all the moral lineaments of the character of the Redeemer will be indelibly impressed. We shall share of His holiness, of His happiness, of His love, of His meekness; every moral excellency that characterised the Redeemer will be seen portrayed then in the saints of God in eternity. This perfected resemblance to Christ will constitute the second element of eternal life.

Thirdly, I would notice that eternal life will consist in the companionship with all the blessed—with all the saints of God from Abel, the first martyr, downwards to the last saint that shall be brought forth to complete the spiritual edifice. All, in every age, in every clime, in every country, all who have ever known, and loved, and served the same Lord, shall be brought together in one glorious throng, to unite for ever and for ever in celebrating and adoring the wisdom and the goodness of Christ. These, then, are some of the elements of that eternal life, respecting which the apostle delivered the exhortation: "Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life."

TO THE MEMORY OF "ANNIE,"

WHO DIED AT MILAN, JUNE 6, 1860.

"JESUS saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, said unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him."

IN the fair gardens of celestial peace
Walketh a Gardener in meekness clad;
Fair are the flowers that wreath His dewy locks,
And His mysterious eyes are sweet and sad.

Fair are the silent foldings of His robes,
Falling with saintly calmness to His feet;
And when He walks, each floweret to His will
With living pulse of sweet accord doth beat.

Every green leaf thrills to its tender heart,
In the mild summer radiance of His eye;
No fear of storm, or cold, or bitter frost,
Shadows the flowerets when their Sun is nigh.

And all our pleasant haunts of earthly love
Are nurseries to those gardens of the air;
And His far-darting eyes with starry beam,
Watcheth the growing of His treasures there.

We call them ours, o'erwept with selfish tears,
O'erwatch'd with restless longings night and day;
Forgetful of the high mysterious right
He holds to bear our cherish'd plants away.

But when some sunny spot in those bright fields
Needs the fair presence of an added flower,
Down sweeps a starry angel in the night;—
At morn, the rose has vanish'd from our bower.

Where stood our tree, our flower, there is a grave?
Blank, silent, vacant; but in worlds above—
Like a new star outblossom'd in the skies—
The angels hail an added flower of love.

Dear friends, no more upon that lonely mound—
Strew'd with the red and yellow autumn leaf—
Drop thou the tear, but raise the fainting eye
Beyond the autumn mists of earthly grief.

The garden rose-bud bore within its breast
Those mysteries of colour, warm and bright,
That the bleak climate of this lower sphere
Could never awaken into form and light.

Yes, the sweet Gardener hath borne her hence,—
Nor must you ask to take her hence away;
Thou shalt behold her in some coming hour,
Full blossom'd in His fields of cloudless day.

H. B. STOWE.

The Heavenly Recognition in its Practical Effects.

A voice comes o'er the waves of time;
  A voice, consoling, tender, true,
  A voice sublime, yet human too,
And made by suffering more sublime;

Says, "What I do thou know'st not now,
  Hereafter, Peter, thou shalt know."
  "Hereafter,"—never here below,
Although we seek with thought-lined brow,

We cannot know; too weak and small;
  Vain children stumbling to and fro,
  And boasting of how much we know,
Whilst every other step's a fall.

. . . . . .

And when this nursery-time is past,
  And in the larger life of heaven,
  Maturer powers of manhood given,
The buried seed shall spring at last,—

Enough of light for each and all,
  And eyesight strong to bear the sheen,
  When floods dried up and bare clods green,
God's summer-days to us shall fall,—

Christ's word shall hold divinely true,
  "*Hereafter* thou shalt know," saith He;
  So rest we, waiting trustfully,
The perfect year's refulgent blue.

F. G. WILSON.

Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud
To damp our brainless ardours; and abate
That glare of life, which often blinds the wise.
Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth
Our rugged path to death, to break those bars
Of terror and abhorrence, nature throws
'Cross our obstructed way; and thus, to make
Welcome as safe, our port from every storm.

YOUNG.

"WHAT good?"—though this is not the most important question to be asked in the investigation of a doctrine, it nevertheless deserves some consideration, in bringing our minds to a conclusion in respect to its merits. If a doctrine have a good practical tendency, it is a presumption in its favour. Error has no such tendency. It is of the earth, earthy. It always tends to lead the mind and heart towards the seen, the material, the temporal. It tends to beget a cold and sceptical indifference towards the future and the eternal. It does not increase the warmth of our feelings towards realities that lie beyond the reach of sense. Error is necessarily negative, and of course destructive. It leans not on faith, but on sight. Hence it always comes

to an end by running into fruitlessness. The best service it renders to man is when all its effects die out of the heart.

Truth is fruitful in good; and we have the Saviour's own authority for applying to this doctrine, as to all others, the test: "By their fruits ye shall know them." If the fruit is good, the doctrine must be good and true. We have therefore a twofold object in view, in introducing this concluding chapter, on the practical tendencies of this doctrine; while, on the one hand, it will add another argument in favour of its truth, it will also aid us in making a useful application of it.

We would earnestly ask, what bad influence the belief of this doctrine can have on those who hold to it? We can, however, think of many good influences which it sheds over the heart. This tree yields only good fruit. We can say of it, as the spouse did of Christ, the tree of life: "I sat under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste." As the strongest influences are always most gentle and silent, we can only describe them in their most prominent features, leaving the mind to fill out the more delicate and lovely details of the picture.

I. A warm faith in this doctrine has a tendency to elevate, strengthen, and purify all our earthly affections. In this busy, bustling, and jostling life, where self-interest and worldliness are such prominent factors, there is great danger that friendship and love be regarded as mere matters of earthly convenience. Amid these mercenary influences, the higher affections of the soul become

gradually carnalised, and are soon valued, like all things of earth, merely for their present use. Even kindred are often cast coldly away, because they are deemed unprofitable in an earthly point of view. After the manner of Ephraim, "lovers are hired," who love while it yields advantage to them, and cease when the pay ceases; or are themselves dismissed when no more needed. Thus there is a strong tendency to hinge the friendships of life upon the low motives of prudence and policy.

Is it not quite natural that such debasing tendencies should appear, where ties of friendship and even of kindred are supposed to end with earth? Of what use can that be, which begins and ends on earth, but to serve earthly purposes? If friendships do not extend beyond the grave, it is difficult to prove that they are any more worthy of being cherished than other interests which contribute only to earthly convenience and profit. How degrading, however, is this to those ties which are so much praised in poetry, music, eloquence, and religion! Just as intellect is degraded when it is not animated by a life and light from heaven; so friendship, when confined to this life, is but as a crazed wanderer, who for our attention returns us only an idiot's meaningless gaze.

How elevating to our affections, on the other hand, is the thought that friendships are eternal if pure: that the ties we form on earth, on virtuous and holy principles, will continue through death, and be made perfect and permanent in heaven! This makes the cultivation

of friendship a high aim. Even the cultivation of knowledge, so far as it has merely this world in view, and is unsanctified by religion, is low compared with this; for "charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease: whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away." All our intercourse with our friends will be more holy and heavenly, if we regard them as those who shall be ours in heaven as well as upon earth. "The addition of a good friend or relative will be the addition of one who will share with us the joys of immortality; who will enter with us into the city of the living God, and be our everlasting companion in glory."

The sentiment uttered by the pious Baxter, in relation to this subject, commends itself as true, to all who are truly pious, and cannot be content to love what must remain on earth and die. "I must confess, as the experience of my own soul, that the expectation of loving my friends in heaven principally kindles my love to them on earth. If I thought that I should never know them, and consequently never love them after this life is ended, I should in reason number them with temporal things, and love them as such. But I now delight to converse with my pious friends, in a firm persuasion that I shall converse with them for ever; and I take comfort in those of them that are dead or absent, as believing I shall shortly meet them in heaven, and love them with a heavenly love that shall there be perfected."

II. Not only will the belief in eternal friendship

elevate and refine our social affections, and cause us to love our friends more tenderly and more holily, but will induce us also to see the importance of forming only pious friendships. There is a strange recklessness in this respect prevailing. Not only are many of the common friendships of life formed without any reference to religion, but even marriage—if such "unequal yokings" can be called marriages—are often formed betwixt children of Christ and children of Belial! Such connexions would not be formed as they are, were there a deep heartfelt belief that true love and friendship are eternal. There is evidently in such cases no serious reflection as to the final fate of these ties in death.

On this point nothing can be said more appropriate than the following sentiments of Dr Price:—"How shocking must it be to believe that our dearest intimate is one whom we cannot expect to see hereafter in bliss, one who wants to love God, and who is hastening fast to eternal punishment? How can any one think of having in his bosom an enemy to the order of the world, and a child of perdition and ruin? With what pain must an attentive person look upon such a friend, and what concern must he feel for him? On this account, were irreligious friends to allow themselves time enough for reflection, they would necessarily be the causes of the greatest trouble to one another. Did they duly attend to their own circumstances, the danger they are in, the precariousness of life, and the nearness of the time when they shall be separated, never again to meet, except in

that world where joy is never known, and hope never comes; did they, I say, properly attend to these things, they would surely be incapable of bearing one another: their joy would be turned into anguish, and their friendship into horror!"

Where, however, the belief in eternal ties is active, no such unholy fellowship will be formed. There will be a holy shudder at the very idea of living in marriage, through life, with "a vessel of wrath, fitted for destruction;" with not only the danger of being corrupted by a relation so intimate and so evil, but with the sure prospect also that ties which now make "a fair show in the flesh" of being love, will end at death in an eternal blank!

Thus a firm and devout faith in this doctrine would not only greatly change our notions of the value of friends, but also of the nature of friendship. The light of love would then have to be the light of piety; and all other dazzling qualities would be regarded but as the false light of a splendid cheat! Love towards others would then be regarded by us—what it really is—the love of God in us; and no ties would be either formed or valued except such as have the prospect of extending into an endless life, to be renewed and perfected in the joyous and holy communion of the saints in light.

III. The belief in heavenly recognition has also a tendency to bring us more strongly aud sweetly under the power of heavenly realities and attractions.

We think of heaven but vaguely unless we think of it as the abode of sainted friends. Though our Saviour is

the chief attraction of the place, yet He, as the light of the upper temple, reveals to us also the saints as the happy worshippers; thus presenting to our minds these subordinate attractions, begetting in us a kind of familiar home-feeling, and giving to heavenly joys a definiteness which they would not otherwise have. When we hear of a distant country, especially if we hear much in praise of it, we think and speak of it, it is true, yet not in the same way as we do, when once some of our dearest friends have gone to dwell there; then our thoughts and feelings assume a definiteness in reference to it, which they had not before. So in regard to heaven, when once we regard it as the home of our sainted friends. Then it is, to us, no more heaven in a vague and general idea, but it is heaven as the abode of our departed friends—it is heaven as the place where we expect soon to rejoin them; —this gives distinctness and intensity to all our thoughts of it. Then our hearts transfer themselves to it, and live in it. Then, in faith,

> "Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud
> To damp our brainless ardours; and abate
> That glare of life, which often blinds the wise."

Much is gained as help to devout reverence and tender piety in thus drawing around us the solemn mysteries of eternity; especially so, if we can recognise by faith the alluring smiles of friends, looking out upon us through the cloudy veil which partly hides its mysteries, like the golden light through the vista of clouds which hang along the evening sky. The love which we bear towards the

saints in the triumphant church, draws us towards them with humble reverence. It is a sweet attraction, which causes us to linger, in affectionate longings, on the confines of the shadowy spirit-land. It gives us an indescribable desire for their "silent company." It is said that the home-sickness of the Swiss soldiers in foreign lands was often so strong that they must return to their beloved home in the Alps or die; all was dreary and tasteless to them in absence, while the "sweet home" of their childhood hovered in smiles around them in visions of the day, and in dreams of the night. So it is with those to whom heaven is a Fatherland—the bright home-like abode of kindred and friends. It brings with it an unquenchable desire to leave this foreign land and return home. It familiarises us with death as a narrow crossing. It keeps the power of eternal things near us; and, to a great extent, converts the valley of the shadow of death into gardens of the Lord, through which lies the Father's pleasant highway, by which His children return to Him and to each other.

We very much need influences like these to break in upon the lower attachments of life, which are too prone to detain our thoughts and feelings. Even when we very well know, in theory, what value to set upon earthly things, we need also to learn the value of heavenly things, in order to enable us to feel practically the vanity of earth. The poet has truly said,

> "'Tis, by comparison, an easy task,
> Earth to despise; but, to commune with heaven—
> 'Tis not so easy."

As already suggested, it is true that Christ, and the things which He has prepared for us, ought to be to us the chief attraction of heaven, and we shall no doubt find it to be so when we get there; but while we are in this world of imperfections, God graciously stoops to our infirmities, and draws us also by the love of our beloved friends as with the "cords of a man." "The memory of the sainted dead hovers, a blessed and purifying influence, over the hearts of men. At the grave of the good, so far from loosing heart, the spiritually-minded find new strength. They weep, but as they weep, they look down into the sepulchre, and behold angels sitting, and the dead come nearer, and are united to them by a fellowship more intimate than that of blood."

How soul-subduing is the thought, that but a thin veil, which a moment may lift, divides us from the conscious fellowship of our beloved dead! How solemn the thought that, being raised into a higher sphere, they may even now know much more of us than we do of them! How like devotion does the place become to us, when we sit alone and summon around us their familiar faces; or, when we think of them in their white robes, with harps and palms, bending before the throne or walking in "heavenly pastime!" It makes us feel almost like the publican, who stood afar off, casting a wishful and reverend look towards the holiest place, but conscious of his unworthiness to enter it. A sweet penitence comes over our hearts, and we look immediately to Jesus for a fresh application of His cleansing blood, that we may be

made more like those into whose holy society we expect soon to be introduced. When the spirit of earthliness and sense hangs too heavily upon our affections and thoughts, so that we cannot rise to the contemplation of heavenly attractions as we desire, the prayer of the poet is excusable :—

> Ye holy dead, now come around,
> In season more profound!
> And through the barriers of our sense
> Shed round your calming influence;
> In silence come and solitude,
> With thoughts that o'er the mourner brood.

IV. The belief in heavenly recognition presents a strong and touching motive to piety.

How can we, who have sainted friends, continue to live in an unregenerate and sinful state? We have heard of one, who declared that nothing troubled him more in his sinful state than the thought of his mother in heaven! He feared that she knew of it; and he also dreaded an eternal separation from her! Do we believe that our separation from our friends will be an eternal one, unless we repent and become pious? Can we be content one moment longer in sin, when we firmly believe that, should we die in our present condition, the look which we cast upon the face of our dear friend before the coffin-lid was closed, was the last look for ever!—that those eyes, that countenance, shall beam on us no more!—that where he is we can never come! Who can endure this searching thought, and continue to sin on earth while his bosom friend is singing in heaven? Alas! that such

infatuation should be found on earth! Yet there are many who have parents, brothers, sisters, husbands, wives, and children in heaven, whom they will never see! But is not this in spite of this touching motive to piety? Is it not a strange madness?

> Who would not strive to win a heaven
> Where all we love shall live again?

God graciously designs that the death of our friends, and our desire to meet them again, should lead us to piety. "No one dieth to himself." Their death, as well as their life, is in this way to be of real service to us. It is most beautifully said—who can read it without tenderness?—

> Smitten friends
> Are angels sent on errands full of love;
> For us they languish, and for us they die;
> And shall they languish, shall they die in vain?
> Ungrateful shall we grieve their hovering shades,
> Which wait the revolution in our hearts?
> Shall we disdain their silent soft address;
> Their posthumous advice, and pious prayer;
> Senseless as herds which graze their hallow'd graves,
> Tread under foot their agonies and groans,
> Frustrate their anguish, and destroy their deaths?

In many cases this sweet motive to piety has led to blessed results—no doubt much oftener than is known. "Several years ago," says a pastor, "I was called to attend the funeral of a child *five* years of age. She had sickened and died suddenly. The father I knew not, except that he was an infidel. The child had attended my Sabbath-school, and she had left behind some interesting conversation with several members of the church.

This, after the child had died, was communicated to the bereaved mother for her consolation. At the funeral the mother appeared more deeply interested in the subject of her own salvation than that of the loss of her child. The next Sabbath this family were at my church, and requested prayers that their afflictions might be sanctified. They continued to attend my church Sabbath after Sabbath, and on the fifth Sabbath the father became hopefully pious. Soon after this, his wife became pious, and then a sister, and then a young lady residing in the family; and the father, mother, sister, and young lady, all, on the same Sabbath, made a public profession of their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. That father is now a pillar in the Church. This great change in that family was produced, instrumentally, by the death of that child!" Following their sainted child into a holy world, they felt that they were not prepared to meet it there, and this led to deep and saving penitence. Thus,

> Heaven gives us friends to bless the present scene,
> Resumes them to prepare us for the next.

There are none on earth so near to us as our children. Yet there are no bereavements that occur more frequently than these. Half the human race die in infancy—all graveyards have more small graves than large ones. There are few parents, therefore, that have not wept at little graves—few that have not infants in heaven! How tenderly they plead, that, since they cannot return to us, we should prepare to come to them. Reader, have you a little white-robed warbler in the celestial choir? Are you content to see his face no more for ever? If you die in

your present unregenerate state, where your child is you can never come!

Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
And none will ever enter there,
But followers of the Lamb.

Far from that blessed abode of innocence and love lies that gloomy land where dwell all the enemies of God. Between you and your child "there is a great gulf fixed." The stroke of death which has separated you has separated you for ever, except you become pious. Ought not the belief in future recognition to press you, in the tender hour of bereavement and sorrow, to decide at once for Christ and heaven—and for an eternal reunion with your sainted child? There your treasure is, there let your heart be also. What you do, do quickly—eternity is growing nigh!

V. The doctrine of the heavenly recognition is very consoling to the pious under bereavement.

How often has it been whispered into the ear of grief? The thought that the separation made by death between us and our friends is for ever, adds the sting of despair to the wound of affliction; but the hope of reunion after life's remaining ills are past, is like healing oil to the wounded heart. Our faith follows them within the veil, and sees them blest. Instead of a sad thought, it is rather a pleasant one. For,

'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse,
How grows in Paradise our store.

"Is not the bitterness of their death thus removed,

and its sting extracted? Can we not, with Job, say, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord?' Can we not, with Aaron, exclaim, 'It is the Lord; let him do as seemeth to him good?' Can we not, with David, rejoicingly declare, 'They cannot come to us, but we can go to them?' Yes, we can go to them. 'They are not lost, but gone before.' There, in that world of light, and love, and joy, they await our coming. There do they beckon us to ascend. There do they stand ready to welcome us. There may we meet them, when a few more suns or seasons shall cast their departing shadows upon our silent grave. Then shall our joys be full, and our sorrows ended, and all tears wiped from our eyes."*

What greater consolation can we have, who have departed children, than to be able to say, in the assurance of faith, "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" and then, looking heavenward, add the Saviour's words in reference to their children, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven!" "We have known," says a Moravian missionary in Labrador—"We have known what it is to mourn over the loss of beloved children, having accompanied two to their resting-place during our service in this distant land. I was once standing by the grave of my departed children, under a brilliant sun and cloudless sky, when suddenly a light shadow passed over the green turf. Looking up for the cause, I beheld a snow-white gull winging her lofty flight through the air. The thought immediately

* Smyth.

struck me, thus it is with the dear objects of my mournful remembrance. Here, indeed, lies the shadow, but above is the living principle. Nor was the reflection without comfort to my wounded spirit, since of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The thought that many of our friends have gone before us, and that we shall shortly rejoin them in heaven, must be peculiarly animating and consoling to us at that trying hour when we ourselves shall be called to die. Death will be but going away from our friends on earth to join a greater number in heaven; and, in addition to this, we have also the assurance that even those we leave behind will soon follow us. Death, in that case, will be like going home. It will be but a short farewell to those we leave behind, and an eternal reunion with those who have gone before. Dying will be as when one taketh rest in sleep—and oh! what a BLISSFUL WAKING!

"Yes! the hour—the hour is hasting,
Spirit *shall* with spirit blend;
Fast mortality is wasting,
Then the secret all shall end!
Let, then, thoughts hold sweet communion,
Let us breathe the mutual prayer,
Till in heaven's eternal union,
O my friend! to meet thee there."

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